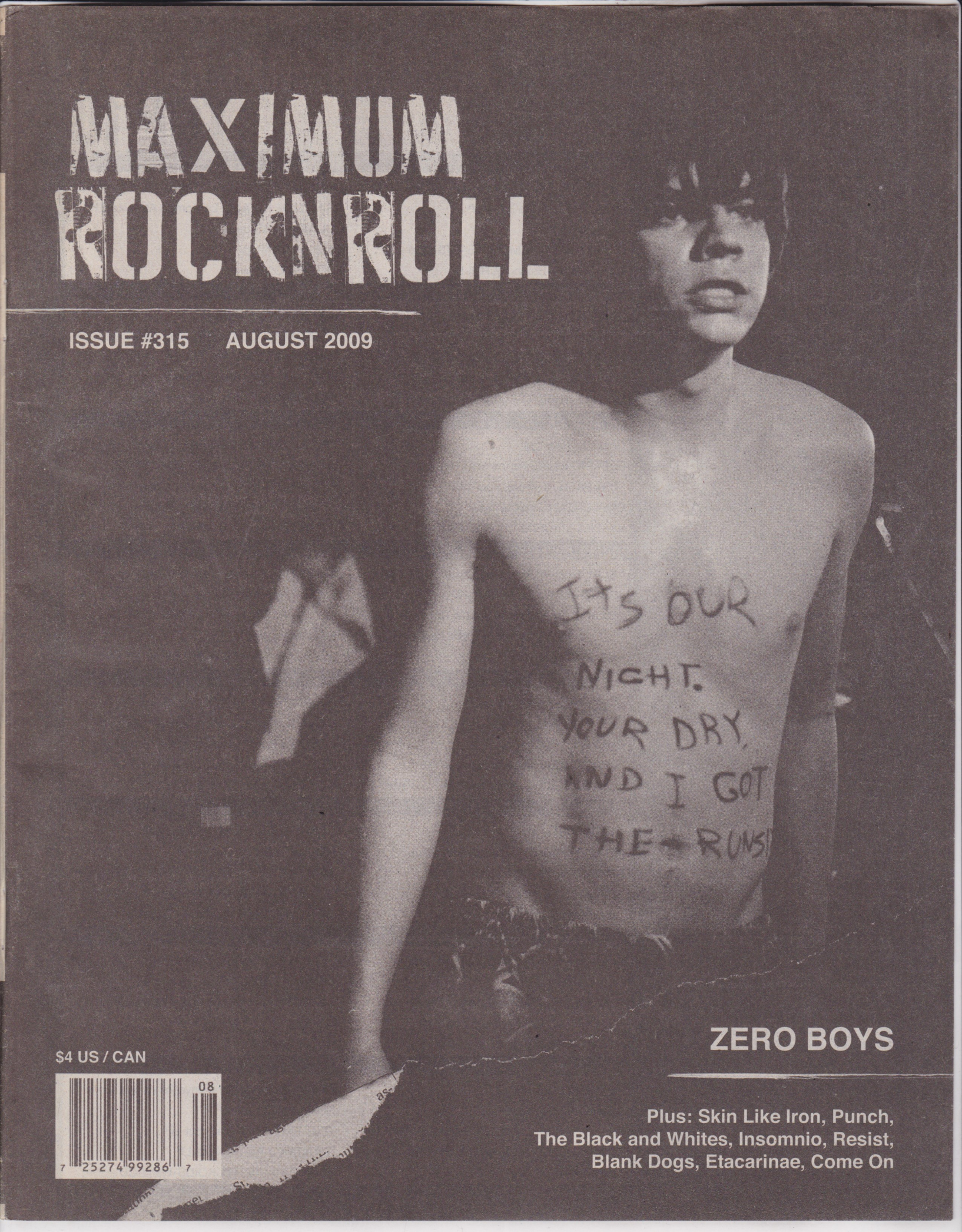
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

ISSUE #315 AUGUST 2009



ZERO BOYS

Plus: Skin Like Iron, Punch,
The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist,
Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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•Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#156 pt. 2, 175, 179-181, 184, 186-197, 199, 204, 206, 208, 209214, 215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-247, 249-306, 308-314

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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BACK COVER: San Francisco's Doomed!

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

DIANE ANASTASIO

- DESTINO FINAL-Atrapados-LP
- MIKA MIKO-We Be Xuxa-LP
- CULT RITUAL-LP
- CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS-Drop In-EP
- TIMEBOMBS-Belong in Hell-LP
- DESKONOCIDOS-Donde Lloran los Valientes-EP
- CRIMEN DE ESTADO-La Bomba Atomica-EP
- CULTURE KIDS-tape
- RANK XEROX-tape
- ZOMBIE DOGS-live

LOGAN WORRELL – GUESTING FOR JUSTIN BRIGGS

- CRIMEN DE ESTADO-La Bomba Atomica-EP
- VAASKA-LP
- DESKONOCIDOS/SACRED SHOCK-split EP
- NO TOLERANCE-Boston Straightedge-EP
- MUNDO MUERTO-Rompe El Silencio-EP
- JUDGEMENT-Just Be-EP
- DESKONOCIDOS-Donde Lloran los Valientes-EP
- WARCRY-EP / ACEPHALIX-EP
- DESTINO FINAL-Atrapados-LP
- COCK SPARRER-Here We Stand-LP

TIM BROOKS

- Chaos In Tejas fest
- DESTINO FINAL-Atrapados-LP+Live
- TEST PATTERNS-Blackout-LP
- SMALLTOWN-Implosion-LP
- VAASKA-LP/CRIMEN DE ESTADO-EP
- SACRED SHOCK/DESKONOCIDOS-split EP
- JUDGEMENT-EP / NO TOLERANCE-EP
- REIGNING SOUND-Love and Curses-CD
- SELVHENTER-EP/ACEPHALIX-EP
- CUSTOMERS-EP / RUDI-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- CROW-Flock of Beast I/Flock of Beast II-45
- JUDGEMENT-Just Be-EP+live
- WITCH HUNT-Burning Bridges to Nowhere-LP+live
- FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS-LP
- VIDEO DISEASE-EP / KNUCKLESCRAPER-EP
- SURRENDER-There is No War-EP
- WARCRY-EP / AI-LP+live
- NUCLEAR FAMILY-EP / LEMOXYL-EP
- EL BANDA-Wisi Mi-EP
- ACEPHALIX-EP / DESTINO FINAL-LP+live

LAYLA GIBBON

- MIKA MIKO-We Be Xuxa-LP
- DESTINO FINAL-Atrapados-LP
- CULT RITUAL-LP+live
- HUMAN MESS-Anger Problems-EP
- DESKONOCIDOS-EP/CRIMEN DE ESTADO-EP
- RETAINERS-EP / TIMEBOMBS-LP
- DEAD CLODETTES-Flou/La Suer Coule-45
- RONDOS-Destroy the Entertainment-2xLP
- ESQUERITA-45 / FRANCIS HAROLD-LP
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-LP/NO TOLERANCE-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- QUICK FIX-Fake-EP
- NO TOLERANCE-Boston Straightedge-EP
- HUMAN MESS-Anger Problems-EP
- MANIKINS–I Want My Baby Dead-45
- SPG-Special Patrol Group-EP
- COKE BUST-Lines in the Sand-LP
- DARK AGES-Vicious Lie-EP
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-Paranoid Mess-LP
- COCK SPARRER-Here We Stand-LP
- DE CYLINDERS-I Wanna Get Married-45

KENNY KAOS

- CHEAP TIME-Woodland Drive/Penny and Jenny-45
- HUMANS-Pop!-EP
- STOLEN HEARTS-Heart Collector-EP
- MANIKINS–I Want My Baby Dead-45
- COCK SPARRER-Here We Stand-LP
- SNAZZY BOYS-BBQ Party-LP
- DIGITAL LEATHER-Power Surge-45
- CUSTOMERS-Howling at the Moon-EP
- DAVILLA 666-Pingorocha-EP
- RUDI-I Spy-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- TY SEGALL-Lemons-CD
- DAVILLA 666-Pingorocha-EP
- FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS-LP
- CRASH NORMAL-Finger Shower-10"
- LENGUAS LARGAS-I Feel-EP
- CHEAP TIME-Woodland Drive/Penny and Jenny-45
- HUMAN MESS-LP+EP
- TEST PATTERNS-Blackout-LP
- MIKA MIKO-We Be Xuxa-LP
- ESQUERITA-45 / HICKOIDS-Waltz-CD

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

PAUL LUCICH – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- WORMBURNER-If Life is a Highway-EP
- DIGITAL LEATHER-Power Surge-45
- RONDOS-Destroy the Entertainment-2xLP
- JEFFREY NOVAK-One of a Kind/Short Trip Home-EP
- DE CYLINDERS-I Wanna Get Married-45
- RETAINERS-Waste of Time/Die Baby Die-45
- CROW-Flock of Beast I/Flock of Beast II-45
- CULTURAL DECAY-LP
- READYMADES-San Francisco Mostly Live-LP
- COLORS-Teenage Furniture-LP

RAY LUJAN

- READYMADES-San Francisco Mostly Live-LP
- BASEMENT BLACK-Recovery Stories-CD
- SMALLTOWN-Implosion-LP
- TEST PATTERNS-Blackout-LP
- CUSTOMERS-Howling at the Moon-EP
- MANIKINS–I Want My Baby Dead-45
- KINTARA-Power Love-EP
- BLACK TAPES-CD
- WORMBURNER-If Life is a Highway-EP
- AMATEUR PARTY-Public Utility Complaint-EP

MARK MURRMANN

- RONDOS-Destroy the Entertainment-2xLP
- JETS-Catch Me/Breaking it Down-45
- RUDI-I Spy-EP
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-Paranoid Mess-LP
- DE CYLINDERS-I Wanna Get Married-45
- FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS-LP
- ESQUERITA-You Better Believe Me-45
- RETAINERS-Waste of Time/Die Baby Die-45
- CHEAP TIME-Woodland Drive/Penny and Jenny-45
- MANIKINS–I Want My Baby Dead-45

BRUCE ROEHRS

- COCK SPARRER/YOUNG OFFENDERS-live
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-Paranoid Mess-LP
- WAR VICTIMS-Dogs of War-EP
- HUMAN MESS-Anger Problems-EP
- ACEPHALIX-Nothing-EP
- BRAIN KILLER-EP / KNUCKLESCRAPER-EP
- WAKING TERROR-Global Oppression-EP
- NUNSLAUGHTER/SYPHILITIC VAGINAS-split EP
- PROJECT HOPELESS-EP / VIDEO DISEASE-EP
- DESKONOCIDOS/SACRED SHOCK-split EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- SURRENDER-There is No War-EP
- SHELLSHAG/THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB-split EP
- GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE/SHANG-A-LANG-split EP
- RETAINERS-Waste of Time-EP
- NUCLEAR FAMILY-Doublespeak-EP
- LENGUAS LARGAS-I Feel-EP
- BEYOND PINK-Try This at Home Kids-EP
- DESKONOCIDOS-Donde Lloran los Valientes-EP
- HJERTESTOP-Aarh, Fuck Der Er Hjertestop-EP
- DESTINO FINAL-Atrapados-LP

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- DESTINO FINAL-Atrapados-LP
- VAASKA-LP
- DESKONOCIDOS-Donde Lloran los Valientes-EP
- DESKONOCIDOS/SACRED SHOCK-split EP
- CRIMEN DE ESTADO-La Bomba Atomica-EP
- EXTORTION-Terminal Cancer-EP
- BRAIN KILLER-Endless-EP
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-Paranoid Mess-LP
- ACEPHALIX-Nothing-EP / CROW-45
- AI-LP / CULT RITUAL-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

ON THE ROAD WITH LIMP WRIST!

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Modern Hate Vibe #3*
- *Distort #21/ Ratcharge #19*
- *8 Letters #2*
- *Dirge #4&5*
- *Turboslut Tour Diaries*
- *Rise and Fall of the Harbor Area#13*
- *Nerf Jihad #8*
- *Multiplicities #1&2*
- *How I Learned to Love Myself...*
- *The Match #107*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Halóes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality."

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Mortícia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Awow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Koche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report!

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Below you'll find a list of distros in Europe and elsewhere. We've been doing our best to cover as much territory outside of the USA as we can, but we still need your help in establishing contacts with like-minded punx who are interested in carrying *MRR*. We're providing this list to you in order to let you know where you can currently get your monthly fix of *MRR*, but we're always looking for more help; so if you do a distro, would be interested in selling *MRR* at shows, or just want to go in with a crew of friends to get a cheaper post rate—go to www.maximumrocknroll.com for details! Please note that several of the distributors below are now offering subscription services. If you're not sure, just ask! Thanks again for all your support.

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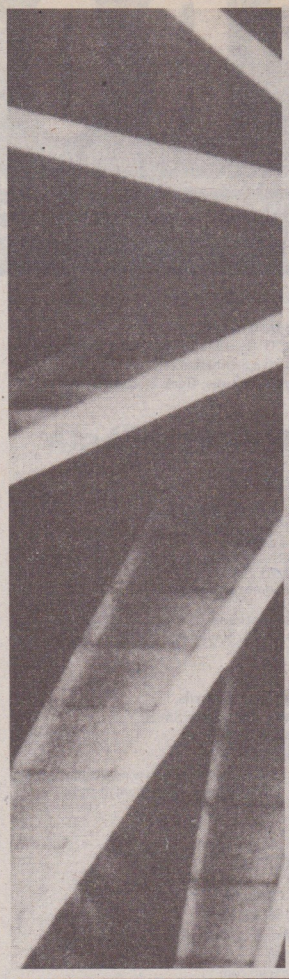

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR

In the June issue, Felix Havoc, fairly thoroughly went through the issue of price hikes in record sales/re-sales and wholesale prices. I'm in a fledgling hardcore band out of Madison WI and I recently went through the ordeal of trying to get a record released; a 7" EP. And I did my research. The problem that was posed to us was that there was little conceivable way for us to sell 500 or more records, and we'd end up with overstock that would eat any over head we would have hoped to put in our gas tanks or bus passes. Most places won't do runs under 500 units. Most places are conglomerates that dangle passages like so many salty tentacles. Buying quantity in mastering/plating and pressing is the only way to keep prices under $4 cost per unit that I saw, unless you cut corners. But, cutting certain corners leaves you not only with a worse product, but a need to outsource every individual task, which eats your overhead with shipping costs. I was ultimately able to figure out how to do each step, minus using a reputable mastering/plating business, and no sticker labels heat pressed to the vinyl, and work copier inserts, with 100 units for $420. That figure doesn't include shipping costs. We released the EP on tape. Which is cool but not that cool.

I know too many bands that ordered their 500 units and continue to sit on at least half, while the band breaks up because they can't afford the shitty house with the rancid basement/practice space. I know two. But two is too many. Punks live hand to mouth, and not allowing for government intrusion, though helpful means $650 is a lot of money. Hell $20 is a lot of money. Smaller bands should have an outlet to produce smaller amounts. It's not an issue of trying to make collectables, but trying to minimize losing money. And trying to make something at all. I know of no platers or presses willing to make it affordable for the DIY band. Most of the processes are cheap too, but the machinery is ridiculously expensive as an initial investment, there's not too many folks with the technical expertise andit's time consuming and artful.

We still plan to release vinyl for the love of it, but must plan for the loss and budget for the loss and budget against gas for our van and squalid living conditions. But then I read Felix's article and he quotes his wholesale prices at $2. Two Fucking Dollars! How? Even on runs of 500 this would be impossible from all the quotes I've read or requested. Do you need to be marketable as a band and do runs of 1000+? Being marketable doesn't sound very punk to me.
—Tibs of Corpse Donor

It's true, I still wholesale Havoc Label 7"s at $2 each, and LP/CD at 5.50 each. I usually press 2000 7"s and 5000 covers/inserts. I am able to control costs through economies of scale, low overhead, and the fact I'm willing to sit on a lot of inventory for a long time. I'm doing a label for the ages, not for a quick buck. Getting a lot of records out at a low price is an old fashioned way of running a label, but until recently it was a good long haul strategy. I couldn't imagine pressing less than 500 copies of 7", for any less than that, why not do a tape, CDR or a free download? If less than 500 people are interested in your band than doing a cheaper more DIY format might be the way to go. You can dub CDs or tapes at home and screenprint covers for short runs. The economics really argue against short runs for vinyl.
—Felix

MRR,

I want to thank Brace Belden for his entertaining review of the first LP by our band the Rogue Nations in #314. Actually, he listed us as Rogue Nation, but since I understand he skipped out on school a lot in his youth I can understand the mistake. In his review Brace insisted that when we were in high school we should have been out "doing as many drugs as possible," "stealing cars," and "screwing until (our) prick threatens to leave home" instead of possibly trying to get some sort of education. The reason I find guys like Brace so entertaining is that you just know if they truly lived the bad ass life they recommend for everyone else, they would now be in prison or dead instead of sitting around writing record reviews.
Keep up the good work, Brace! You are too funny!
—Chris Peigler/The Rogue Nations

The idea of Brace leading a "bad-ass life" just made me laugh. It's true that Brace is both in prison and dead, and is still able to write record reviews, and a column. He is not however "too funny," and as far as I can tell is not doing any "good work"
—Layla

Hello my dear friends in all over the world—

This is Shoko and Yosh Nagumo of CIRCLEDELIC. What we are going to tell you guys is that we are closing the store soon. Circledelic has run for 15 years with great support from you people and we really, truly appreciate it. It was just me and my husband (and a three years old kid) doing this job and was only a short benefit business so, things got harder and harder along the years.

Finally the government and lawyer sentenced us the bankruptcy and they'll take our place (house) really soon. We have to find another job and must get out of here to start everything all over again... Maybe we'll have another luck and restart the shop in another six months or later we don't know. Well that's the story, sorry for taking your time for reading this bullshit!!

Some of you people may know that the most important punk zine in Japan, *Doll* (that I had been contributing to for years) is also going to end it's period of 30 years of history too, and you know, it is really severe to keep DIY life here in Japan. I really would like to thank you guys in the world (I really thank god if there is any god, for us to have such wonderful customers around the world) and thanks to the bands that cooperated with Speedstate records, and apologize for the many things I might done that have been caused you troubles.

Thank you people I really love you. I got too much emotional because of the situation so please don't get very seriously since I know these things are happening all over the place and there are more people suffering even in this moment.

Wow this letter looks like a spam that I've been receiving tons of everyday lol.
Thanks anyway and I wish everybody a happiness through the whole life!!
—Shoko

I was deeply disappointed to receive the following email regarding Circledelic, online Japanese record store, halting operations. Over the years I have made a number of orders with them was always pleased with the incredible condition of the records as well as the very friendly and fast service.
—Vinnie

It's important to support local, DIY businesses that in turn support and nurture the DIY punk

and hardcore scene. It's hard to believe that along with Circedelic, Doll *magazine will be no more, all of this news is a blow to the international punk community. MRR and Doll have been around for nearly the same amount of time, supporting eachother and trading content, and it's very disheartening to hear of Doll's demise.*
—Layla

Dear MRR—
I just got a few hours ago the July issue and I can be more happy to see that despite money problems the mag is still running. But first let me introduce myself... My name is Carlos Palacios and I'm from Peru, but actually I'm living in Frankfurt, Germany, what brings me here? It is an easy word and an amazing feeling "Love," and it's just the same feeling that made me create, in 1996, *Entes Anomicos*, a zine that I'm still running (issue 11 has been out for about four weeks) and is all about hxcpunk. But *Entes Anomicos* is not only a fanzine, it is also a DIY label which supports mostly Latin-American hxcpunk bands in CDR and CD, (only in co-releases) at the moment we have out some amazing bands from Peru and Chile and are planning put some more records for next year.

I remember when I was a teenie and a guy from MRR came to Peru to do a scene report; it was the very first time that I saw the magazine and I was thinking to myself that is the kind of work that I wanted to do, and now a few years later at 31 years old, (at the moment that I'm writing this email it is my birthday), I can say that I'm still here doing zines, working with bands, going to shows, supporting the global hxcpunk scene.

Publications like yours help me to believe in a global info network, in the belief that to stay doing the things that we do really pays off, though not with money for sure. The feeling of seeing someone reading my zine or meeting people at concerts asking me about my new records and zines gives me something that money cant buy, it is the feeling that somehow it's worth it being around here.
It's like so much people said before... A way of life!
—Carlos Palacios/Entes Anomicos
PS: I love trades and our new releases on CDR are open to trade so lets do it. Here's my email recontrapunk@hotmail.com

Hey Carlos—
Glad you like the magazine, we are also excited to still be in existence, hopefully for many more years! We also are big fans of Latin American punk—send in some of those CDRs for review! We love getting scene reports and band interviews from people like yourself, all over the world, who also see punk as something you make happen, DIY style till death!
—Layla

Dear MRR—
Just an FYI, the Mydolls are from Houston, not Austin, as mentioned in Layla's column. The ladies and gent were regulars at the bar my girlfriend worked at, Notsuohs in downtown Houston. Saw them play at said bar back in November '08 truly living up to the deserved hype they are and have received as of late by way of the current CD release. Houston is, for the most part, overshadowed by the punk rock snot-bed that is Austin but still actively worships the ground pissed on by the Mydolls, Really Red, Legionnaires Disease, DRI, etc. Needless to say, Houston punk bands don't get much credit. This is no condemnation by all means, for if the entity that is MRR was to dry up like a French sailors teabag I would spend many weeks in downward facing fetal position, crying myself to sleep. Keep up the good work.
—Klaus Goopslinger
Austin, TX

Man, that's a big oops! Sorry Houston punks for unintentionally undermining your raging punk history…I would recommend getting the Mydolls CD-it's a fantastic document of an awesome all-girl punk band from the early eighties upholding the tradition of classic Texas punk
—Layla

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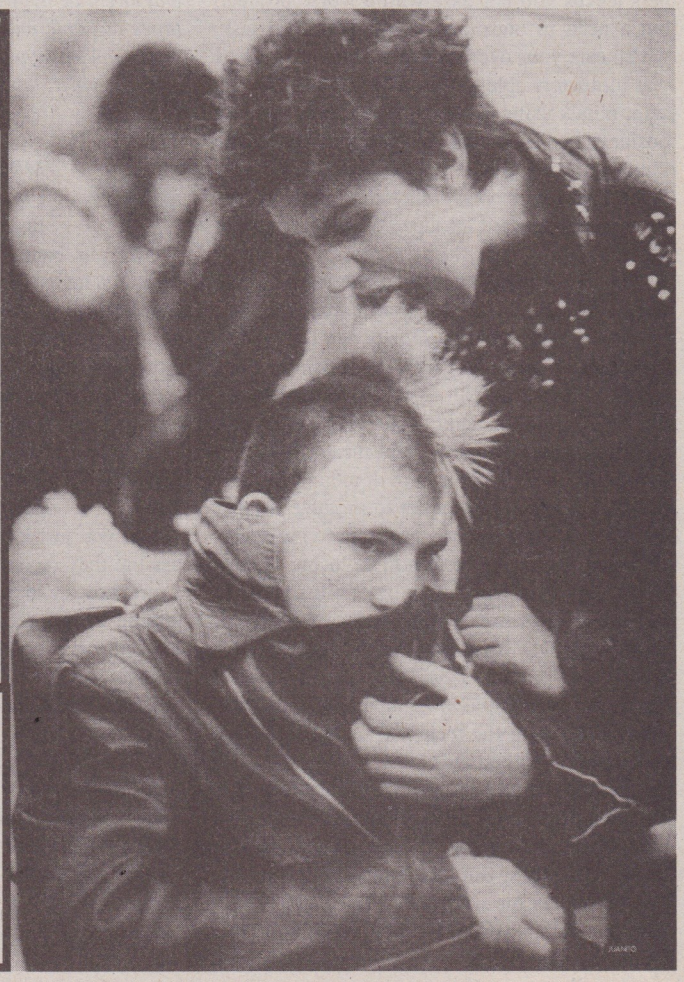

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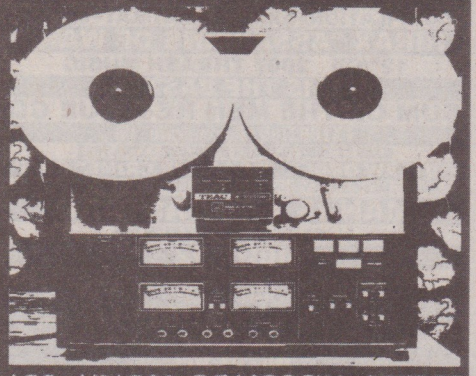

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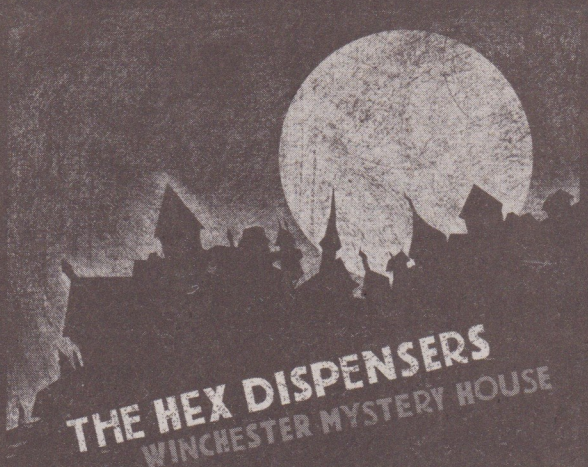

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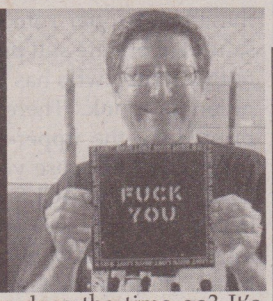

I ask you where does the time go? It's been five years since Ronald Reagan shuffled off this mortal coil. You know how some people remember where they were when 9/11 happened? Or, for us old folks, where we were when the first moonwalk happened or Jack Kennedy was assassinated? I'm not old enough to remember the last one but should note, at this point, I've lived three more years than JFK.

When I found out about Ronnie, Ellen and I were down on Cape Cod celebrating our wedding anniversary, which is June 5. I was doing a bit of netsurfing on the hotel's computer and saw the news. So now our wedding anniversary is forever linked to the date of his death. I don't know if I'd call the latter a joyous occasion, since I'm not as mean as some folks, but I certainly didn't have a very high opinion of the man. I think that anyone who got into punk or hardcore in the '80s and had any sort of leftist/socially conscious (god that's a lame term) viewpoints pretty much hated Reagan with all their being. Or perhaps the music spurred those thoughts. There were more than enough anti-Reagan songs, after all.

There was even a Rock Against Reagan tour in 1983 that I blew off work at my crappy bank job to go see. It's one of my favorite punk rock memories: making a road trip to UMass, in the western part of the state (in Amherst, the same town where DEEP WOUND got their start), and watching such bands as DRI, THE DICKS, MDC and CRUCIFIX on a grassy area in the middle of the campus. There were four of us in my tiny Chevy Chevette and one of them, Chris, was letting off a steady stream of farts the whole time. And then he was extolling the greatness of his dick and stated at one point that it once swallowed a goat. I still wonder what was going on in that guy's mind but acknowledge he's a great artist—he did the GBH pencil sketch that appeared on the cover of the seventh issue of my zine *Suburban Punk* (that's what it was called at the time).

The show almost got shut down during MDC's set due to an alleged lack of a permit. That was right after Dave nearly knocked himself cold when he took a leap on the truck where the "stage" was and hit his head on a metal crossbar. There were also frat boys parading an American flag through the crowd and started sucker punching people, both boys and girls. I also recall one of them singing "Belsen Was A Gas." I'd imagine that, a few years later, some of 'em would have approved of MURPHY'S LAW's pro-Reagan "California Pipeline" (*"I'm a rad Republican, yeah!"*).

There was some controversy around the tour, since it turns out it was organized by the Yippies—the Youth International Party—so-called radical activists who got their start during the '60s. When I interviewed Gary Floyd from THE DICKS around ten years ago for the zine, now known as *Suburban Voice*, he expressed some rather negative viewpoints about it. He called it *"one of the most miserable experiences of my entire life."* According to Gary, it was barely together. He said that the Yippies' *"past as rebels or something had given them permission to take on the punk yoke and it didn't at all. For the most part, it was people smoking a lot of pot and making decisions for 50 or 60 people and it just didn't work."*

Pete Stahl from SCREAM went further when he said the Yippies were trying to manipulate the punks and recruit them for their causes. I joked to Gary about how punks and hippies were sworn enemies and he said, "they really were after that" and that it almost made a Republican out of him!

At the time, though, it seemed like some righteous experience, and my friends and I felt some kind of special kinship with those bands, thinking we were all united in our hatred of Reagan and that, dang, this music could overthrow the administration or something. Goddamn, how fucking naïve. I look back on that time with a tremendous amount of fondness, though—as well as a tremendous amount of cringing.

Of course, when he died, I had to get out every anti-Reagan song I could come up with for a very special edition of Sonic Overload. And I managed to fill up nearly two hours of airtime, taking a few breaks for some non-Reagan fodder. It's probably the most popular show I ever did and I've just uploaded it to *subvox.blogspot.com* if you'd like to check it out. When the fifth anniversary approached, I knew I'd have to mark it again with a similar type of program, only not two hours worth.

There were other things to discuss, too, such as the racist reaction by such right-wing scumbags as G. Gordon Liddy, Newt Gingrich, Tom Tancredo (former congressman from Colorado and an anti-immigration extremist) to the nomination of Sonia Sotomayor to the Supreme Court. I played "Killing Floor," by NAKED AGGRESSION, in discussing the murder of Dr. George Tiller, one of the few doctors in the country who performed late-term abortions, and there were anti-abortionists who were cheering his death. I suppose I'm guilty of cheering Reagan's death a bit, and played such songs as "Hinckley Had A Vision" by the CRUCIFUCKS, dealing with the attempt on his life. Still, after mentioning how Operation Rescue founder Randall Terry pretty much condoned Tiller's murder, there was something incredibly enjoyable/entertaining about hearing Kirsten Patches say, in a soft voice, "Operation Rescue, what do you want me to do," and then yell "SHOVE A COAT HANGER UP MY CUNT??!!"

So while we wonder why the new Reagan statue was placed inside the US Capitol instead of outside, where the birds could pay their proper respects, let's check out some punk rock...

Schizophrenic Records has been busy of late, and I have four records here for your consideration.

DISCO ASSAULT's *Saturday Night Bleeder* 7" is cranked up and ready to kill, or at

least assault. Sorry—rock writer lameness at work. But Disco Assault accomplishes that, in a euphemistic sense. Loud 'n' fast hardcore with throat shredding vocals. There's the same no-bullshit mode as OUT COLD, particularly for opening song "My Fate," and the vocalist, who calls himself "The Mangler," lets out some hellacious screams, especially on "Work To Survive." Their cover of semi-obscure Florida punk legends ROACH MOTEL's "More Beer" shows an astute sense of history and they even offer a shout-out to that band's George Tabb, urging support (George has suffered from health issues since 9/11). Angry as fuck, but I get the feeling they're having a blast making this noise—and I'm having a blast listening to it.

On the label of DEATHCAGE's *Chaos Nightrider* 7", it says "Distort Sydney" but this Aussie band's sound is more in league with some of the "burning spirits" Japanese bands. That means a coupling of aggressive thrash and metallic guitar leads. Hardly groundbreaking, but the band's overall roughness is definitely a plus.

Next up is a pair of comps both featuring Toronto bands. *Toronto's Burning* is one of them thar scene comps, and a pretty good one, overall. There's some stylistic diversity starting off with the rippin' hardcore of the REPROBATES and SCHOOL JERKS. I imagine there's some punnery at work, since for the latter "High School" sounds more than a bit like the CIRCLE JERKS' "Red Tape." HAZARDOUS WASTE favors the less-distorted hardcore punk attack. The thrashy UTI's vocalist Leah unleashes vocals that sound as though her vocal chords have had an acid rinse. They slow it down for "Schadenfreude," where she really gives those chords a workout. RAMMER brings on the crossover metal for their sole track, "Leatherface." LIVING DARKNESS has a lower-tuned Swede-core assault. BLACK SPOKES also incorporates a hint of crossover, but it's clearly on more of the punk rock side of things. MADMEN—a project from Jonah of CAREER SUICIDE and FUCKED UP—provides some formidable, high-energy bash. URBAN BLIGHT has a raw, speedy tumult with a strong breakdown for "Waste." Only the power-poppy DANGERLOVES doesn't do all that much for me.

As for the other comp, it's actually a tribute to the *Yes L.A.* Dangerhouse Records compilation. The original was a six-song, one-sided picture disc, and that's what you get here, with bands from T.O. covering those songs. The bands add their own touch to the songs and the results are very mixed. STEF AND THE STUDS go through fairly standard renditions of the BAGS' "We Don't Need The English" and the ALLEY CATS' "Too Much Junk." There's a snotty gnash to the sound, although Stef's vocals chafe a bit. Instead of organ, CAREER SUICIDE use piano for their take on the EYES' "Disneyland." It's a good song, but I'm not particularly enamored with their treatment, and it could be one of the weakest songs I've heard from the band. Actually, considering the fact that it's been bouncing around in my brain since hearing it, perhaps there's some sort of subliminal charm that's materializing.

THE BROWN KNUCKLER's reading of BLACK RANDY's "Down At The Laundrymat" doesn't deviate much from the original but manages to replicate the song's offbeat charm. Meanwhile, as much as I wasn't too into the DANGERLOVES on the *Toronto's Burning* comp, they fare better with X's "Los Angeles" and the John 'n' Exene vocal parts are well-done. Finally, metallions LEGION 666 bash through a rockin' rendition of the GERMS' "No God," complete with acquired-taste cookie monster vocals. I kind of see this as a novelty deal, but if it piques your interest, there are only 300 of these suckers. (17 W. 4th St., Hamilton, ON L9C 3M2, CANADA, www.schizophrenicrex.com)

THE HORROR is a party not heard from in a while, since its been approximately three years since this UK band's last album. The new LP, *Spoils of War*, provides some brutalizing hardcore, sticking to the UK tradition established by the likes of RIP-CORD, EXTREME NOISE TERROR and some US bands. "The Menace," for instance, has a mid-period POISON IDEA feel. Sure, they borrow on occasion, such as the intro to "Blame The Kids" coming from the BAD BRAINS' "Big Takeover." Once in a while, the speed doubles but, for the most part, this is streamlined, ruthlessly efficient thrash fodder that's loud and blazing throughout.

There's also a lyrical pragmatism. Sure, there's plenty of ranting against political atrocities but there are also barbs aimed at social climbing and *affluenza*. "Choose Your Fight," though, lays the claim that "*For all our talk of repression, control and faux democracy; if there's one thing this country gives guys like you and me; this is the privilege of being angry; the gift of biting the hand that feeds.*" Stating that not all battles can be fought, not everything can be changed—but then there are still doubts about that kind of compromise and acquiescence. In other words, significant change could be a load of bollocks. Some might view that as giving in too easily, but I think it's a credible reality check. Or maybe I'm just cynical. Whatever the case, there's no missing the impact of these sounds. (Grot, www.myspace.com/grotrecords)

The songs on the split 12" from GIANT HAYSTACKS and YOUNG OFFENDERS were both recorded in 2007. After all the hardcore reviewed in this space, both of these bands offer something less volume-saturated but are still punk as hell—at least to this writer, who has a pretty broad definition of punk. There's a "sale" sticker printed on the upper-right corner of the cover and I suppose you could say this is GIANT HAYSTACKS going-out-of-business sale since these are their last recordings. They're probably sick of having the MINUTEMEN and GANG OF FOUR reference points pinned on 'em, but they're hard to avoid, especially with the spaciousness and tension of "We're All In This Together."

Still, it's more in the structure of the music, as these gentlemen also add some strong hooks here and there. So it's a starting point but not the totality of their sound. They might have been popular in their Bay Area home base but I still don't think this band totally got their due. Meanwhile, YOUNG OFFENDERS has a sharp, brash sound with melodic properties underpinning their jabbing attack: strong harmonizing and a solid mesh of instruments. I like the way the guitar and bass play off each other on the last track, "Battleships." (625, www.625thrash.com)

Saving the best for last, my record of the month is *Level The Forest*, the second 12" from Portland, OR band THE CRAWLERS. After their mighty impressive self-titled debut in 2007, they return with another crackerjack punk rock attack. These guys have it nailed: aggressive without any bluster and a good mixture of thrashy hardcore and pounding mid-tempo fodder. And, to use a trite expression, they have "something to say," as well, with songs about overdevelopment in their hometown of Portland, OR, football player Michael Vick, who was convicted of murdering dogs, "righteous" evangelists and a rather visceral rant at someone who done someone else wrong for the creatively titled "Cold As A Veal Farmer." It's a bit early but I think this will definitely end up on my "best of 2009" list. Everything that's still good about hardcore in one head-grabbing package. (Blind Spot, PO Box 40064, Portland, OR 97240, www.myspace.com/thecrawlers)

As always, if you want to see more reviews/musical content, go to my blog at subvox.blogspot.com. Incidentally, I'm keeping my PO box open for now so the address will remain the same.
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The "She's Over It" Lucky Thirteen Make Out List:
(punk rockers i wanna swap spit with....)
Osa Atoe (New Bloods, *Shotgun Seamstress* zine): You already know who this lady is. She's my better half.
Cassie Ramone (Vivian Girls): Sometimes I wonder if I were a straight dude, what kind of straight dude would I be? I know the answer! The kind who would want to swap spit with Cassie. She's a dirty blond with bomb fashion and she plays a mean (pretty) guitar—*and* she's totally famous. Vivian Girls played with Hunx and his Punx and I was in *full* broke-ass punk mode and politely begged for a free record and she gave me one! I would be her loser, closeted boyfriend anytime…
Juan (Abe Vigoda): I have to admit this band is kinda removed from my usual scene and I don't really come into contact with lots of "new" things (you could say that my finger isn't on "the pulse"), but I stumbled upon his band's show and I don't even remember what they sound like because I was clocking Juan *soooooo* hard—heart totally skipped a beat.

Who was this beautiful brown warrior? He was dressed like an indie rocker, which was a little bit of a deal breaker 'cause I *swore* back in 2004 *never* to make out with boys who dress like indie rockers *ever again*, but I'll make an exception for him. To be completely honest, I don't even remember what his band sounded like because all I could hear in my head was "We Belong Together" by Mariah Carey.
Jess Scott (Brilliant Colors): Jess is my dreamy soft-butch power pop dyke boyfriend. She bends me over like a lil' bitch all the time and I get all the perks of dating a total rock star—like getting into shows for free and free records at Amoeba. Long live our love!
Black Rainbow: I have *never* heard this band sound anything less than sonically brilliant, OK? Greg (da bass player) and I made out in 2001 on the last night I lived in Chattanooga, Tennessee (the birthplace of "region rock"). He has the biggest and cutest ass I've ever seen on a white boy. Ivy (singer) and I share a mutual love for African-Haitian dance and are going to Haiti together as soon as we can find a way to hitchhike there. I wanna kiss Eric cause he dresses like a sexy Crip—and Morgan, well that's another story…
Jenna (Mika Miko): I love all the members of Mika Miko dearly, but I have to say I have a sore spot for Jenna. She's the firecracker. I love punk voices that have moxie and she's got moxie: sarcastic, deadpan, bratty, and *pissed* all at once! We're gonna have sexy Afro-Jewish rocker babies.
Hunx (Hunx and His Punx): Hunx be lookin' *hella* fruity on all his record covers. He dresses like a French new wave Hooker, and what's hotter than that? He's also my older brother, so technically making out with him is incest. Whatever.
Steve List: This man is a fucking legend—and my landlord. We go hiking on Sundays and he's still super sweet to me, even after the 40th time I was late with rent. I call him "Dad."
Josh (Thomas Function): Josh and I were teen punkers together back in Alabama. He was in this garage band called the Panic Buttons at the time, and I was in this riot grrrl/hardcore band called the Social Lies, and we would war at shows sometimes. Now he's kicking ass in the Thomas Function. I know it's super gross to print this, but I mostly wanna make out with him because he has (as a matter of fact) one of the biggest dicks in punk right now. It is *perfectly* acceptable to like a boy because he has a huge one. Let's be "real" about it. Oh yeah, and his band is pretty good too.
Mick Pack (Hidden Spots): Back when I was an itty bitty punker living in Chattanooga, Mick Pack introduced me to a drug called "Marijuana" and life hasn't been the same since. We'd take hits off the gravity bong and listen to all these old power pop records and I'd sit there with my mind blown. And because of his influence, I play my own "dirty" version of power pop these days. I haven't spoken to my old mentor in a long time, but I think about his awesomeness all the time and I know for a *fact* that the Hidden Spots' song "Telephone Line" is about *me* and me only.
Dan (Used Kids): A couple of years ago I was on this doomed tour and the van broke down and I had to stay in Wisconsin for a week. It was fate. Dan (who was in the Modern Machines at the time) took me on a date. We went to see some huge lake, made out, and then played *Paper Boy* on his Nintendo 8-bit. I've been sprung ever since, and I can *still* call him if I'm stuck in his town and need a bass amp. He's the sweetest and bestest boy in punk rock and I'm gonna marry him.
Martin (Limp Wrist): I made out with his butthole once.
Matt Adore (Younger Lovers): He plays bass in the Younger Lovers and I'm completely smitten with him. He's living proof that you can't lose in life with a cute ass and face. I love the way they grow the boys in Southern California. The only time I didn't want to make out with him is when he wanted to do that Billy Idol cover. I was tempted to let him have his way just cause he's pretty, but then I remembered that I have common sense…sometimes.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

The BILLY BAO Sacrilege CD features the *Dialectics Of Shit* LP, the *Fuck Separation* 10" and the *Accumulation* 7", in that order, on a very modern-looking shiny compact disc. The name is supposedly a reference to the profane use of CDs to store and represent the tunes within, and the booklet contains a lengthy tirade against its very existence by an aggrieved critic of the band's latest format choice.

That's if you can get to it, wrapped as it is in sandpaper and gaffer tape ala FEEDERZ, or some dead French commie book. I'd highly recommend that anyone intrigued by the confrontational vision of this Spanish band purchase this dirt cheap CD for their younger siblings—or for anyone who has not heard—they are the most effective communicators of noise rock horror in 2009. Lead in the pencil, etc.

Also of recent interest from Spain is the GRUPO SUB 1 *Rebelde Wave* 7", a four-song 7" of snotty synth punk. Like if LOST SOUNDS recruited a Spaniard for their singer enamoured with Johnny Rotten's enunciation. Excellent stuff here if you are a new wave cunt.

If you are not a new wave cunt and have an affection for the absurdity of late-'80s New York Hardcore, you might want

to track down the new OMEGAS 7". The French Canadians summon the exuberant spirit of BAD BRAINS, but desecrate it with the hedonistic decadence of '70s punks like the DEAD BOYS. It's a strange blend of seemingly opposing ideas, but the OMEGAS struggle to find common ground between the two, applying a fast beat with a STOOGES-style lead solo and degenerative vocal howl, and then ripping into a breakdown that sounds suspiciously like something from the OUR GANG demo.

Do you get the picture? It doesn't always work, as you'd expect, and they have a bit of distance to travel before I'm convinced this is going to offer anything but creative application of cut 'n' paste skills, but this is good hardcore. No doubt highly influenced by DEAD STOP and ANNIHILATION TIME, given the locality and insert photography. Onto Greece: Fuckin' Greece, man. I know little about Greek history, punk or otherwise, but the literary masterminds behind *Mountza* fanzine have attempted to settle this gross inadequacy by mailing me a couple copies of their fanzine along with the demo tape and 7" from their affiliated band, ANTIMOB. The fanzine is a pretty slick looking slab of paper, probably about the thickness of *MRR* but with cardstock paper.

The layout and overall feel remind me of a fanzine I used to get from the Netherlands when I was 16, called *Reflections*. For anybody unfamiliar with this, it was very earnest, and characteristic of the '90s-styled straightedge zine. *Mountza*'s content is restricted to band interviews, which are pretty predictable and unchallenging, and a series of generally positive reviews.

There are a couple columns written in Greek, but most of the zine is in English. There are interviews with bands from all over Europe and the US, an obvious attempt to give people in Greece a perspective on international punk (and hopefully in the process generate some interest in Greek punk). Unfortunately, it neglects to cover much of the former, but this is obviously because *This is Melbourne, not Athens*.

ANTIMOB's demo tape offers fast, gravely, crusty hardcore that's dominated by a couple seething vocalists and punctuated by trudging song intros that highlight a more creative guitarwork and gloomy, peace punk feel. If I'd had a chance to review the demo when it was released, I would have pleaded with the band to abandon their UK hardcore influence and stick with the morose tension of these trudging parts—but the 7" is more of their crusty hardcore. While hardly inept or horseshit, they aren't as interesting fast and crusty.

When I left Europe, I got a 7" emailed to me (two *.jpg* cover images and two mp3 songs, all fitting into one email—modern world) from the Chinese garage punk band JEHOSOPHAT BLOW, who play a couple mediocre Memphis garage rawk tunes. You've heard this before—but have you heard it... from China? It's interesting to consider what this 7" represents: Someone has attempted to translate the experience of bored, American beer-swilling frustration into the framework of life in a country where boredom and frustration would mean *totally* different things.

In the US, perhaps realizations of consumer emptiness and long-term unemployment would provoke such pathos. But in China? Fuck, I have no idea. According to JEHOSOPHAT, it's the same: "No Beer, no Chicks" is his lament. I can't help but feel like this is some strange performance artwork, because it does not make sense.

Down to Australia: Probably the most interesting band to come out of Melbourne this year is SUCIO PODER, three Melbourne punks who channel an affection for Spanish-speaking punk with an actual Spanish-speaking (Columbian immigrant) vocalist. Their demo tape offers awkward, shy vocals over the band's UK82-style of punk rock. At the best moments, it has the dark, terse energy of Spanish punk and early UK oi, and comes highly recommended. Definitely the first Spanish-speaking punk band from Australia!

From Adelaide, is the poorly recorded demo tape from BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS, the band that came out of the HOMOSEXUAL TOURISTS. Under the fuzz, you can make out some pretty standard, fast hardcore, which occasionally shows promise with an interesting guitar riff—and given the direction of HOMO TOURISTS, I believe these guys are capable of kicking out the jams in future. The name is a reference to an oft-quoted story of reggae enthusiasts BAD BRAINS (they are not Rastafarian homophobes).

NAKED ON THE VAGUE's new 7" on Sacred Bones offers two great tunes—experimental goth-punk squall. In a recent interview with the band I asked them how living in Sydney has influenced their sound, and among other answers, Lucy said: "It's funny, coz while we were in the US I remember people saying they didn't understand how bleak music could come from sunny Australia. Firstly, they mustn't have ever listened to a single Aussie band. And second, Australia is a really isolated convict colony with a history of genocide and extreme racism. It's a really 'dark' continent—well, at least its colonial history is."

I thought this was probably one of the best introductions to the band. Their ability to interpret the stark desperation of their city into their music makes them one of the most important Australian bands in 2009, as I'm sure many people are beginning to understand. Highly recommended.

If you play music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan or Sweden, get in touch. My address is D. STEWART: PO BOX 239, NORTH CARLTON, VICTORIA, 3054. AUSTRALIA. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld@gmail.com.

"Tell me another story about the boy's puppyhood," Jill says to me as we watch Caesar the Dog Whisperer kick a German shepherd's ass on TV. Scooter, aka "PJ," tilts his head and then licks her face.

I swear he understands everything we say. So I tell her a story involving a German shepherd, blind people and more!

***

"What?" I ask PJ, my seven-pound Yorkshire terrier, as we stand on 23rd Street between Sixth and Seventh avenues in our home of New York City.

PJ just whines again.

"You want to get down?" I ask my fluffy faced friend, as he squirms around in my arms, swimming nowhere in the air. PJ growls.

"If I put you down," I tell my dog, "no bark. Do you understand? No bark. And no chasing people."

PJ looks me in the eyes then licks his lips.

I take this as an "I understand," so I put him down.

And he acts fine.

For about five seconds.

Then it happens again.

An old blind man approaches us as we stand near a fire hydrant, waiting for The Ex. She's upstairs in some building doing whatever. As the guy gets closer, PJ starts to bark like crazy. The blind guy, hearing this, tries to veer away from PJ's voice, and bumps into other pedestrians. I guess for all he knows, PJ could be a 100-pound pit bull. Well, a 100-pound pit bull with a high-pitched park. Maybe some other pit bull—or Rottweiler—bit his balls off.

Anyway, PJ barks like crazy, even over my pleas of "No bark!"

Then he goes for the stick.

The white stick.

With the red tip.

PJ grabs a hold of the blind man's cane, and starts tugging on it.

"Oh my God," shrieks the old blind dude.

"PJ," I yell, "drop the toy. It's not yours."

"Toy?" the guy with the dark sunglasses yells at me. "Toy? That's my cane, Goddammit!"

"Sorry," I say, as I try to pry my dogs jaws off the old man's seeing utensil.

But PJ won't let go. In fact, he just pulls on the cane, harder.

"Get that damn dog off of me," warns the blind guy, "or I'll mace him."

Mace?

"Um," I say to the old man, "I wouldn't do that. He's a 75-pound German shepherd with very sharp teeth." The guy then yells for me to please get my dog off his cane, which I eventually do. As the blind man walks away, I tell him that I am very sorry about my dog's behavior.

"Fuck you," he says.

Not more than two minutes later, a blind couple comes strolling up the sidewalk. They both have canes, and are tapping their way along. PJ, hearing and seeing them, begins to bark. I pick him up and tell him he's bad, and "No bark."

Of course, that means nothing to my little pal, who yelps his head off. As the blind couple passes us, I hear the woman make some comment about how non-Seeing Eye dogs are useless. So I put PJ down.

And of course he runs up behind the duo, barking bloody murder. The couple rush forward, almost running into a mailbox, and I smile to myself.

Five minutes later and The Ex is still upstairs doing whatever it is she's doing. Most likely yapping with her friends about the latest fashions, or how O'Rielly on *Oz* is really cute. Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes a huge black St. Bernard. And attached to that dog is a blind person: about 50 or so, with a very kind face.

"Charlie," says the blind woman to her St. Bernard, "where are you taking me?"

Charlie doesn't answer, because, well, he's a dog. He just pulls her over toward PJ and I.

"Charlie," yells the woman, "No! You are pulling me toward the street!"

Charlie the big black St. Bernard ignores her and pulls himself over to PJ so he can sniff his butt.

"Bad dog!" yells the blind lady, as she can clearly hear PJ's harness and tags jingling as the dogs exchange whiffs. "Sorry," I say to the blind lady, "my dog just wants to be friendly."

"Well Charlie is trained *not* to do this," the woman yells in a stern voice.

I pick up PJ and again apologize.

The woman tells me that my dog and I are a menace to the neighborhood, and then takes off.

Not more than a minute later, a young blind guy comes walking toward us with his Seeing Eye dog. A retriever, I'd guess. Of course, the dog gets one look at PJ and suddenly he's heading for us at full force.

I'm not quick enough to pick up PJ, who I put down again, and the next thing I know, the dogs are at it, sniffing one another's butts. "Bad Sassy," the young guy yells at his dog. "Bad!" I tell the guy that PJ is just a friendly dog and wants to say hello to everyone.

He tells me that this block is filled with housing for blind people, like himself, and perhaps PJ and I should hang out somewhere else. I tell him that's a good idea, and as soon as Wendy shows up, I'm leaving.

He's nice enough to let Sassy sniff at PJ a bit more, and then they take off.

"Nice guy," I mumble to myself.

Five minutes later and I really begin to hate O'Reilly. *Oz*. Fashion.

And blind people.

Three more of them come tapping by, and although I hold PJ so he can't bite their canes, he barks like crazy, and they curse out my Yorkie and me.

Finally, it seems quiet, so I put PJ down again. No blind people in sight.

But I should have thought about approaching wheelchairs.

And the people in them.

Too late.

The next thing I knew, he was on some woman's lap, snarling, and she screamed.

Finally, The Ex comes out of the building and asks how our wait for her on 23rd Street was.

"Typical," was my answer.

"That's nice," she says. And with that, we make our way home.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

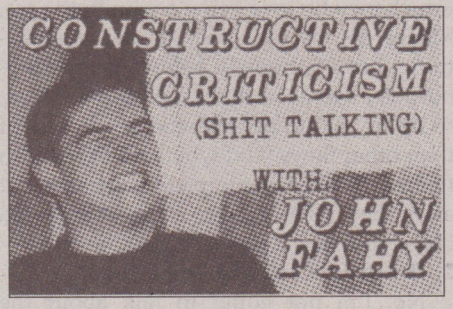
1. *ClickFree* is a new brand of hard drive you hook up to your computer with a USB cable (which comes with it). It copies new files. It's rad, cheap and really fast. I got the 500 gig one and it rules. Lots of Punk Rock tunes for sure!

2. Another gadget I got to check out was the *Top Gun* game for the Iphone or Itouch. I am not that impressed. While the graphics look great, I'll stick to my PSP or Nintendo DS for games. More control, ya know?

3. Ubisoft's *Broken Sword* for the DS is awesome! It's a point-and-click game and is very funny and clever—and you learn a lot about those knights who killed everyone in the name of Jesus. The game is kooky at times, like *Holy Grail*! Right On! Also cool is *Up* from Disney for all platforms. Its just got a nice story and is *funny*! The old guy is very punk rock! Actually, he reminds me of Tim Yo!

Gravity for the Wii and *Henry Hatsworth In The Puzzling Adventure* are really fun games like you have never played before. Well, you've played them, just not like two games at once! It?s sort of awesome! Oh, the DS title is from EA, which is really rocking out some good titles! Oh, *Avalon Code* is a DS title I just got and seems very *Zelda*-cool. But I just started it. More next month on that!

4. Speaking of rocking out—rumor has it that *Potatoe Famine* is gonna be at it again! Yay! Oregon's best gong, back for seconds with a new album! Oh, John Sewell sent me the *Teenage Love* CD. It's old punk tunes done anew and it is so fucking punk rock that my dog is stage-diving off my stereo speakers! Yeah! Oh, watch out for his sharp spiky collar! Happy almost summer!



1. Piss People the Fuck off and Don't Compromise

Listen: Two friends and I walk into a Denny's some time back to get some nasty food. The waitress comes over to us and

we ask her what's up with the men's room, which is roped off with yellow tape. She tells us the following story about a homeless man who came into the place a few weeks back.

Apparently, a fellow came up to the counter at the diner and asked for a cup of coffee. After sipping the drink a while, he suddenly left without paying. The workers didn't really mind, only he took the cup with him. He returned a few days later and was spotted by the waitress who'd helped him the first day. She walked up to him at the counter and leaned across and politely, quietly said the following: "Listen, we don't mind if you want to come in here and warm up with a cup of coffee. We won't make you pay. Just don't take the cup with you when you go, OK?"

Feeling scolded, he murmured defensively a moment and then nodded in agreement that he got the message. Minutes later the waitress walked back to see his spot was empty. He was heading for the door—cup in hand—going, "Hahahahaha!" as he ran out. Now the Denny's staff was pissed. The man brazenly walks in a few days later and orders a cup of coffee. He's told by the manager that since he stole another cup after the waitress tried to be cool with him, he's barred and will not be served, nor tolerated, and he should leave immediately before the staff calls the cops.

He nods, understanding, and says he'd like to use the bathroom before he goes. The manager agrees to let him use it. The homeless man walks into the bathroom and sets fire to every roll of toilet paper, each garbage can and every paper towel machine before briskly walking out the door. We all looked in amazement at the cordoned-off bathroom, and someone said, "There goes the punkest guy we never met."

I have great respect for stubborn motherfuckers who love being a pain in the ass. Maybe it's my Irish background or something, but I genuinely believe being stubborn is an asset and not a problem. I have to tip my hat to people who, regardless of their other flaws (and whether I agree with them or not), stay completely intransigent after they take a position on something. Have your say. Keep your fucking cup.

2. "Hindsight is 20/20, My Friend"

No, I'm not going to talk about the Ergs!, though I do think they're a good band and shouldn't break up. The band pulled the above quote from a damn good movie, *Dirty Work*, suckas. But anyway, I'm here to talk about hindsight. My feelings are conflicting about peoples' constant reexamination of the history of hardcore punk. On one hand, there's still a lot that deserves to be looked at and talked about. On the other, we all in the independent music scene are taken with romanticizing the past, and it's kind of silly. Often, we're so caught up in talking up a band like the Wipers—who are great, don't get me wrong—that we ignore what's right in front of our face. The past is legend, and because we can't be there, we make it what we want it to be. We don't talk about the shows that were boring, the records that were mediocre, we only talk about salad days that probably weren't as good as we think they were. Instead of putting an era up on a pedestal and adoring it, like chumps, I think we should look to the past only to see how to do things better.

It reminds me of a famous boxing match, "The Rumble in the Jungle." If you've ever seen *When We Were Kings*, the documentary about the classic fight between Muhammad Ali and George Foreman, you know it's excellent. I'm not really into sports, but I like sports documentaries because of the talking heads discussing a past event and making it into a legend, which is far more interesting than the truth. I finally saw the entire fight between Ali and Foreman, and it was fucking boring, no apologies: two huge men slowly beating the shit out of each other in blistering heat for eight rounds. Now, this fight, while important, has been reexamined a million times and talked about endlessly. Meanwhile, a Puerto Rican boxer is fighting some Cuban guy, live, in a fight a thousand times more entertaining and brutal—and nobody is watching or talking about it. Myself included.

We've got to get beyond hardcore's past and talk about something relevant to today. We have to stop fooling ourselves by creating mysteries and illusions and start coming up with new ideas that will make the present seem exciting and worthwhile. By now, punk has been around a very long time. We're so far removed from its roots that we need to start ignoring them a little. The question is, what makes you punk today? If you're angry, or rebelling against something, it's not the same as whatever was happening ten, twenty or thirty years ago. There's no point in staying so attached to that time. Since we are a new generation, discovering this music is new and exciting to us, we just have to stop heaping such adulation onto it.

I am guilty of this too, hence the constant use of "we." When I do look backwards and run my mouth, I try to take aim at some things I think flew under the radar. I grew up in the '90s, so I spend a lot of time on that era, obviously. Next month (I know last month I said I'd be reviewing some more demos, but I have not gotten my grubby little hands on them yet. There's an ass-load of new music coming out of Florida right now and I'm going to try to stay on top of it.) I'm going to take a look at some IN/HUMANITY and GUYANA PUNCH LINE records, because, while everyone knows about them, I don't think they got enough credit during their time. Until then…

ENDNOTES:

1. One of the bands I'm in, MERKIT, just released a split 7" with a band called RESURRECTIONISTS from Germany. RESURRECTIONISTS play devastatingly heavy, dark hardcore with male/female vocals. A guy named Lars is in the band and helped put out the split. He also runs React With Protest Records. We stayed at his house while on tour in Europe and woke up early to hear him blasting furious grindcore while making us breakfast. Someone asked, "Doesn't listening to this stuff first thing in the morning put you in a pissed off mood?" Lars replied unaffected in his German accent, "Only pop music makes me aggressive." Word. You can pick up a split in the US from Pickle: www.ifbrecords.com, and the Deutsche can get it from Lars: www.reactwithprotest.org.

2. The other band I'm in, PANZRAM, is touring briefly in the northeast in late July. This column is so late that it may be irrelevant, but so far I know for sure we'll be in New Brunswick on the 24th, New York on the 25th, and Hartford, CT, on the 26th. Check for the whole schedule here: www.humancrushrecordings.com. Music files will also be available there.

3. Regardless of the stupidity going on with people flipping copies of the record, the new CULT RITUAL LP fucking smokes and is completely worth getting. It is being re-pressed, so there's no need to get your genitals all worked up and spend tons of money on it.

4. Check out www.humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com as well as the site above to hear some more "under the radar" music from the '90s, along with all of the releases on the label.

5. By the time this prints, *Seven Inches To Freedom* #7 will be out and I have two articles in that beast.

Chaos in Tejas was a blast this year. It was great to see some good bands, hang out, and buy/sell/trade records.

Apparently a few people read my column last month. A few made comments to me about some of the points raised therein. I was discussing the rising prices of punk records. One person made the point that the "e-commerce" mentality has finally caught up in the punk world. That is to say, people are willing to pay a little extra to get something fast or limited edition with minimal hassle. This mentality is widespread with other consumer products, but in the early days of online punk commerce there were heated debates about record pricing. As recently as 2004 people were lighting up the "Rev Board" about the 5.50 ppd price of the Iron Boots 7", in a debate that seems quaintly anachronistic now.

It seems like ages ago when one had to special order a record from a local store or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to a label for a catalog to get a hard to find record. Now lots of people are willing to pay a few bucks extra to be able to search for a record and order it with a few clicks in a matter of minutes—especially if said record has some degree of hype. So we can add "paying for convenience" to the list of factors driving up record prices.

Although I keep saying I'm going to stick to writing about music, here's another political column. I've been giving a lot of the though to the Cold War lately. When I was growing up in the '70s and '80s, the Cold War was a dominant theme. The idea of Reagan, Thatcher and Brezhnev blowing the world to oblivion in a nuclear exchange was common theme in punk music and imagery. In theory, the Cold War was a massive confrontation between two ideologies—depending on which side you were on—between Capitalism and Socialism or between Freedom and Totalitarianism.

Of course nothing was ever as black and white as it seemed. Many have pointed out that the Cold War was rather hot if you lived in place like Vietnam, Korea, El Salvador or Angola, where geopolitics turned local conflicts into proxy wars between the super powers. Since the fall of the USSR and China's embracing of market capitalism, the victors were able to write the history of the Cold War as a triumph of American values and free markets.

However, lets look at some of the ideological holdovers of the Cold War. North Korea, Cuba, Vietnam and China are all still one-party Communist states. None of them have much respect for human rights, free speech, or dissent. But the glaring difference in the way China and Vietnam are portrayed and treated as opposed to Cuba and North Korea should give us some reason to pause when we consider the supposed ideological justifications for the Cold War. If the Cold War were really about freedom, the sanctions on China would be just as tough as those on Cuba or North Korea.

The big difference between the two sets of communist countries is the extent to which each has embraced Western capitalism. Cuba and North Korea still bar multinational corporations from setting up shop on their soil, unlike China and Vietnam. There are plenty of regimes as repressive as those in Cuba or North Korea (Burma/Myanmar for instance), but these countries also allow considerable foreign investment and exploitation of resources and labor. This exploitation benefits a native elite, which can continue to cut deals with powerful corporations to the detriment of its people.

The Cold War rhetoric against the former USSR fell away quickly, not when Russia adopted democracy or human rights, but when it allowed foreign companies to buy up its industries and dismantle the Soviet economy for the benefit of a handful of politically connected oligarchs. Indeed, many say that the reason for the bombing of Serbia during the breakup of Yugoslavia was less about the ethnic conflicts in the area than the unwillingness of the Serbian regime to break up and sell off the state-owned assets of the former Yugoslavia to major corporations. And some see the expansion into the Middle East envisioned by the neo-cons, with their disastrous invasion of Iraq, as another attempt to "privatize" the state-owned sectors of local industries (notably, Oil).

If this analysis is even close to correct, what was the "hot" part of the Cold War really about? Were the conflicts in Vietnam and Korea about protecting those countries from communist repression—or about opening them up as markets? It's definitely food for thought, and it puts these "ideological" conflicts more into context with the imperialistic conflicts of the 19th century than say, the Second World War.

Lastly, we must ask if the current model of capitalism can survive without constant rapid growth and expansion. If such growth cannot be achieved by making more clever products, does it have to be advanced by opening up new markets? And if these markets are "closed" by repressive or nationalistic regimes, does that mean they must be overthrown by force? Juxtapose these "closed" repressive nations with those repressive regimes that allow foreign investment, such as Saudi Arabia. This is a return of the "stability" thesis of the Cold War. Or to paraphrase: the "he's a son of a bitch, but he's our son of a bitch" mentality that allowed coddling of dictators such as Duvalier, Marcos and even Saddam Hussein as long as they were comfortable with big banks and corporations and bought lots of NATO-made weaponry.

A lot of people have been saying that today's world would look familiar to the imperialist statesmen of the 19th century. The Bismark would pull up a seat at the G20 and only take a few minutes to get up to speed. But perhaps less has changed than we are lead to believe, and if we crack the "ideological" layer of conflicts away the motivating factor is, as always... money.

We expected broken promises. But the gap between the soaring expectations that accompanied Barack Obama's inauguration and his wretched performance is the broadest such chasm in recent historical memory. This guy makes Bill Clinton look like a paragon of integrity and follow-through.

From healthcare to torture to the economy to war, Obama has reneged on pledges real and implied. So timid and so owned is he that he trembles in fear of offending, of all things, the government of Turkey. Obama has officially reneged on his campaign promise to acknowledge the Armenian genocide. When a president doesn't have the 'nads to annoy the Turks, why does he bother to show up for work in the morning?

Obama is useless. Worse than that, he's dangerous. Which is why, if he has any

patriotism left after the thousands of meetings he has sat through with corporate contributors, blood-sucking lobbyists and corrupt politicians, he ought to step down now—before he drags us further into the abyss.

I refer here to Obama's plan for "preventive detentions." If a cop or other government official thinks you might want to commit a crime someday, you could be held in "prolonged detention." Reports in US state-controlled media imply that Obama's shocking new policy would only apply to Islamic terrorists (or, in this case, wannabe Islamic terrorists, and also kinda-sorta-maybe-thinking-about-terrorism dudes). As if that made it OK.

In practice, Obama wants to let government goons snatch you, me and anyone else they deem annoying off the street.

Preventive detention is the classic defining characteristic of a military dictatorship. Because dictatorial regimes rely on fear rather than consensus, their priority is self-preservation rather than improving their people's lives. They worry obsessively over the one thing they can't control, what Orwell called "thoughtcrime"—contempt for rulers that might someday translate to direct action.

Locking up people who haven't done anything wrong is worse than un-American, and a violent attack on the most basic principles of Western jurisprudence. It is contrary to the most essential notion of human decency. That anyone has ever been subjected to "preventive detention" is an outrage. That the President of the United States, a man who won an election because he promised to elevate our moral and political discourse, would even entertain such a revolting idea offends the idea of civilization itself.

Obama is cute. He is charming. But there is something rotten inside him. Unlike the Republicans who backed Bush, I won't follow a terrible leader just because I voted for him. Obama has revealed himself. He is a monster, and he should remove himself from power.

"Prolonged detention," reported *The New York Times*, would be inflicted upon "terrorism suspects who cannot be tried."

"Cannot be tried." Interesting choice of words.

Any "terrorism suspect" (can you be a suspect if you haven't been charged with a crime?) can be tried. Anyone can be tried for anything. At this writing, a Somali child is sitting in a prison in New York, charged with piracy in the Indian Ocean, where the US has no jurisdiction. Anyone can be tried.

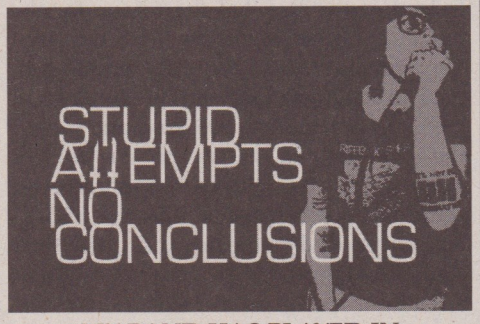
What they mean, of course, is that the hundreds of men and boys languishing at Guantánamo and the thousands of "detainees" the Obama Administration anticipates kidnapping in the future cannot be convicted. As in the old Soviet Union, putting enemies of the state on trial isn't enough. The game has to be fixed. Conviction has to be a foregone conclusion.

Why is it, exactly, that some prisoners "cannot be tried"?

The Old Grey Lady explains why Obama wants this "entirely new chapter in American law" in a boring little sentence buried a couple past the jump and a couple of hundred words down page A16: "Yet another question is what to do with the most problematic group of Guantánamo detainees: those who pose a national security threat but cannot be prosecuted, either for lack of evidence or because evidence is tainted."

In democracies with functioning legal systems, it is assumed that people against whom there is a "lack of evidence" are innocent. They walk free. In countries where the rule of law prevails, in places blessedly free of fearful leaders whose only concern is staying in power, "tainted evidence" is no evidence at all. If you can't prove that a defendant committed a crime—an actual crime, not a thoughtcrime—in a fair trial, you release him and apologize to the judge and jury for wasting their time.

It is amazing and incredible, after eight years of Bush's lawless behavior, to still have to explain these things. For that reason alone, Obama should resign.



MY BAND HAS PLAYED IN PLACES YOURS PROBABLY HASN'T: SMALL, WEIRD PLACES ON TOUR FEATURE SERIES

Marystown, Newfoundland.

In the middle-south of Newfoundland, there's a little leg of land jutting out into the sea that has a burgeoning hardcore scene. "Burgeoning" means we had to watch something slow and metallic—and with keyboards. But it's the Burin Peninsula, where isolation is stacked on top of isolation and crammed in a corner behind some more isolation. That shit happens. Anyway, who cares? We were stoked.

These kids got permission for our crappy bands to play in the gazebo outside of the town hall, about a block from the shipyard. A bitter wind whipped around us. We bundled up to play. Guitarists couldn't feel their fingers. Ambulances and fire trucks, on duty but with not much going on, pulled over to see what was happening. Tim Horton's employees on smoke breaks inched closer. Teenagers moshed from the rafters. There were pile-ups. Dog piles. Overheard: "That was the most fun I've ever had sober." What more could we ask for, a place to stay? Whatever.

An wacky-fun but unfortunate aspect of playing in Marystown is that although the local townspeople seem to want to encourage these alcohol-free youth events, the general public (i.e., the parents everyone lives with) is completely terrified and/or disgusted by the scumbags who make the trip to play these shows, and is uncomfortable with having them in their homes or establishments. Before the show, we followed the kid who organized it in his car, and he took us to an unpaved cul-de-sac on a hill overlooking the town Walmart. We ate some apples and watermelon he had for us in the trunk of his car.

After the show, we had the most respectable-looking members of the band/road crew book a motel room for six of us to sneak into, because the motel had a "no band" policy. ("No skinny jeans, no bandanas, no tattoos, no lip rings.")

Yes, of course, staying in a motel on tour is not punk, but snowing at the end of May is also not punk, so we had to make some compromises. C'mon, judgers, lay off. It was mitten weather and we slept three to a bed.

After the motel was secured, we were taken to see the town, which was mostly a mall, gutted of its normal stores and replaced with the business ventures of today: a call centre that employed a giant chunk of the local young, and a bar across the hall with a doorway of vertical blinds. We checked out the bar. Some men guffawed at me on my way in. The bar tender gestured at me with a cue stick, saying to one of the kids, a regular I walked in beside, "I needs to see some ID from the little missus."

The kid I was with was 18. I'm 25.

I said, "I'm 25!"

She said, "So's am I."

"Well."

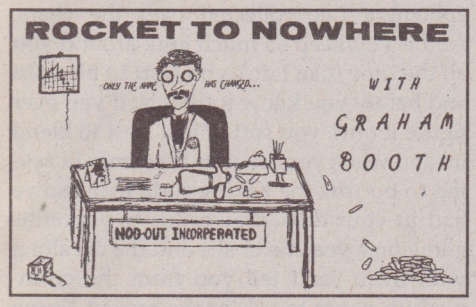
"Wells, I looks a lot older than you."

I stood there, wondering if I'm really being asked to leave a bar for being underage. I left my ID in the motel room because I'm a notorious wallet-loser.

She said, "What was on da go there at the gazebo with all you emos after?" She eyed me, "ID, missus?"

I thanked the 18 year olds for the sick show and went back to the motel room and watched *C.S.I. Miami* with the roadies.

Next month: Peterborough, Ontario.



I am stoked! And it only took ten years!

Have you ever wanted a record that seems totally gettable, yet somehow manages to evade your clutches for months (years!) at a time? Like you've been looking for such a long time that you kind of forget about it, like a suppressed memory? Then something triggers your memory and you're like *what the fuck, I should've gotten that record like eight years ago. What is wrong with me? Why am I being punished?*

I have a bunch of records like that. Not like Giga want-list items. Like semi obscure shit that nobody really cares about.

Er, well there are *also* some records that *were* "semi obscure shit that nobody really cares about" that are now Giga want-list items… like what's up with VARAUS records? I figured that someday both their records would fall into my lap for two bills and the nagging feelings of want would subside. That seems unlikely now. Is VARAUS really *that big* of a BFD? I'm sure I heard it once long, long ago. Zero recollection. I find it hard to believe it deserves EuroHC deity status alongside WRETCHED/INDIGESTI and TK I & II. Seeing as how I will probably never get it, I guess I will never know.

So back to the semi obscure shit that nobody really cares about. I can still remember Rodney Sabruder chatting the DAMAGE *Sins of our Fathers* LP business up to me ten years ago. "You mean the fucking *Live at CBGB's* spray paint band?"

"No. No! It's their *first* record!"

"Come on! You mean like that WOLFPACK NYC bro shit?"

"No, DAMAGE's *First record*! It's awesome Noo Yawk Hawdcowah!"

"You've gotta be kidding me. I can't fucking *give away* that CBGB'S shit"

(I *still* cannot give away that CBGB'S shit!)

(That CBGB's shit is good!)

I remember him showing me the cover and being in complete disbelief. Blue and black cover with the shittiest crude drawing logo, but in one of those slick '80s flimsy glossy style sleeves. Throw that shit in the garbage!

I can't even remember if he played it for me. All I remember thinking was that I knew he had to be right. I just had to swallow shit and find the fucking NYHC record already.

"Don't *worry*, it's like a $20 record. *Nobody* is looking for this thing."

Rodney Sabruder stopped collecting around the year 2000. I was in Chicago maybe a year later at a very awful store. It was especially awful for punk records. So you can imagine my delight that day, whilst grappling with the world's most stuffed record bins, I found DAMAGE mixed in with the Rock - D section. Rock! Shiver me timbers, this copy had a hype sticker on the front to explain it's the DAMAGE record, because the cover was so poorly lettered. Yes! I must say, pretty painless, what, only a year to find a *bonafide* ripper. S-t-o-k-uhh… what the fuh? Forty dollars! *Forty* dollars?! *Are you kidding me*?! Piece of worthless trash Chicago Rock Records Store is charging *$40* for the unknown NYHC? Whose butthole was this price tag removed from? In 2000 you couldn't find a Web site with a DAMAGE LP listed for $40. I know. I looked. An utter fabrication!

I stood there holding that DAMAGE LP. Musta been a good five minutes. Just steaming, doing random calculations about the probability of finding the record somewhere else. You know, the odds game. Like, *hmm, er, well, you see, if I don't buy this copy, hmmrrrph, well, what would be the probability of, er, finding this said, uh, DAMAGE LP at, er, an-other shop at a, more, I say, reasonable pricing point, sir?*

Forty dollars. Who the hell *is* this guy? Like, "Hmmm, what *is* this DAMAGE LP? It looks quite tasty for public consumption. That is *for sure!* So tantalizing, this uncomfortable juxtaposition of such crude artwork, yet such nice, slick packaging. I'm sure I will never see another copy in this lifetime. Surely one of the finest copies ever seen! For this, I cannot take a penny less than $40, and the price tag shall henceforth reflect it."

What would *you* do? WWJD? If it was a different store I might have swallowed it, but this guy is such a fat bastard there is no fucking way I was going to pay his entitled price. Bullshit. Choke on it, gramps.

And so the time passed. A couple weeks later a copy popped up on the internets. No hype job. I figured it was in the bag, maybe 30 bucks. Nope: $75. *What?* Stupid. DAMAGE? Come on! Who cares about this?!

I started to panic. I was in Chicago shortly thereafter. I went back to the fat bastard's store. Surely the DAMAGE LP was sitting there just where I left it—it was only a matter of coughing up. I ended up coughing up *a lot* that day. I think I went back and forth through the Rock - D Section about three times before I conceded defeat. DAMAGE was *gone*. Puzzling. Who the fuck in Chicago is gonna pay $40 to this notoriously fat bastard for a record that nobody was looking for at the time? To this day I cannot believe that record sold for $40. Whatever.

So that was like 2001 or 2002. I've prolly seen that shit on the internets five times in eight years. I still don't think more than five or ten people care. I never won one. I usually bid around $20. I still feel entitled to that price. Is anyone really looking for it? No way.

Well it's 2009 and my card finally came up. I was killing time at work looking at new eBay auctions, and some dude listed a "lot of two punk records," and the fucking DAMAGE LP was there, along with CIRCLE JERKS *Wonderful* LP for $12.99 "buy it now." Buy it now with the quickness! Pay for DAMAGE with CIRCLE JERKS style.

Well I gots it and, what do you know, Sabruder was right. Fucking Ripper. It's kinda weird. The songs all have a slightly different production to them, but the songs are catchy as fuck fast New York Hardcore. Dare I say "brutal?" I'm having a tough time even finding a comparable NYHC LP. *Victim in Pain* is all I can think. This is 1984. Most of the "Classic NYHC" LPs were from '86-'89, and they all sound like it. But 1984 is here to stay! Gnarl Records rulez, OK?

Actually, another record I found this month had me waxing nostalgic for the Sabruder days. LA locals will be pleased to hear I snagged an unexpected grip of cheap punk and post-punk records at a store in your fine city. Amongst the horde was this HYPNOTICS s/t LP on Enigma from '83. I remembered Sabruder and I were both heavily sweating the HYPNOTICS back in 1999. We were in this crazy race to see who could get all the obscuro scorchers first. I

think he got it on the internet for $30 and I found it in Chicago at another (usually) garbage store for $15. One of the most unique-sounding hardcore records ever. Shit is bonkers. Take THE SCREAMERS and take hardcore and put them in a very obnoxious blender and you get HYPNOTICS. Drum machine plus keyboards equals fucking awesome hardcore shit music. Die.

The other LA record store shocker that day was a tasty NAKED RAYGUN *Basement Screams* LP on Ruthless. Damn, I've had a long history of disappointment with that record. I am from Chicago and, as all Chicago collectors know, like it or not NAKED RAYGUN's records are your first "Grail Items." Adding to the disappointment, I started collecting before you could get records on the internet. You could get most of the Homestead Records releases, but *Basement Screams* and *Flammable Solid* were extinct! If they came into a shop, they'd be gone within one hour. You'd hear about NAKED RAYGUN sightings. For years at a time! I never knew what they even looked like (*Basement Screams* is beautiful. Best record sleeve ever?!).

It took me six years to get my first copy of *Basement Screams*. It wasn't about money. It was about being in the right place at the right time. I don't remember what I paid. I think it was around $30. I remember after I got it a few copies came through stores in Chicago and they were selling for $75-$125. I probably woulda paid that much.

Well, the internets killed that! It's not so hard to get anymore, and there's the new reissue that came out too so you can hear it for cheap-ish. The copy I found last week was $6. I probably would've died had I found it for $6 circa 1994. NAKED RAYGUN is awesome. I like it all. I especially like their weird punk early shit, *Throb Throb* and *All Rise*. But they're probably best known for the more anthemic melodic punk from the *Jettison* and *Understand?* era and lineup. Ain't much that sounds anything like them. Awesome!

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Yesterday, I did nothing. Well, no, that's no exactly true: I masturbated four times and listened to the King Tuff LP (Don't think I like it. His voice is too high, it turns me off in the way that Bob Trimble's turns me off: It sounds like a mouse overdubbed its way in there, and also the production is way too shallow) and Cat Stevens' *Mathew and Son* (his first, and it's a classic shove your brown sweater *Harold and Maude* Volkswagen music down the drain; the bass tone on this one made me shit blood).

An entire day of jacking and rumination—I felt very British. But something was missing, something important, something I'd been lacking for a while, and looking down at my naked lower half, I realized what it was. Yes, indeed, something was missing. My balls.

So I paced. I stroked my freshly shaved, classically cleft (and, needless to say, quite handsome, not to mention becoming) chin, thinking and thinking. Its been a while since I stopped pretending it was 1982, acting though I was some sort of mix between Darby Crash and an actual piece of shit (dog, not human), but throughout most of my time I've had gumption, chutzpa, you know, a backbone. Now of course I look like Sally Jesse Raphael if she played bongos in the fuckin' Chesterfield Kings or something, but in that transition, I didn't really lose anything. Sure, I get laid now, but it's not like I tossed out hardcore, though by the time this issue goes to print I'll have traded my *Cleanse the Bacteria* test for…something (not sure, yet, high stakes deal is happening tomorrow and boy are my palms sweaty). But still, something's missing, and being too lazy to figure out why, I had to come up with a solution. So I thought. And I wondered. And I had, I had dreams.

I dreamt that night of the Cro Mags.

They were playing the next day at the Parkside, a shit venue if there ever was one. Tickets were of course long sold out, but using my cunning wit and *MRR* credentials, I procured a pass. Well, actually I know a guy who works at the Parkside who said he could sneak me in if I showed up at the side door before the Cro Mags went on, but let's not split hairs here, OK? I had absolutely no desire to see the opening bands anyways, as tall-tee'd straight-edge chug bands do nothing for me besides give me the nervous sweats and bad leg jitters. Anyway, instead of slogging through that horror, I stuck around my apartment, listened to the Kinks' *Arthur* (which is really a brilliant album, high-energy—without being overbearing—and thankfully bereft of the tropical taste that flavors the next LP) and delayed writing this very column.

I also thought about, but didn't listen to, the Funk Brothers' version of "Bernadette" (you know, the Four Tops song). Jesus, listen to it, you fucking idiots, it's great, and now you can't claim I don't talk about music in my column. So I spent my night doing that: listening to Arthur about seventeen times and thinking about a Funk Brothers' song. I'm a winner, huh?

Well listen you shit, I got mice in my house, I stink, my room is a mess but there's nowhere to even *put* all the useless ephemera I've collected over the years. And if you keep so much junk around you all the time (like I do), you start to blend in and before you know it (that is, if you ever figure it out), you sort of just start to blend in, and when your roommate comes in asking to borrow the baking soda that you've had in your desk drawer for two months going on a year, he or she and the cat along with them can't tell you from the crumpled-up paper towels or the broken Young Rascals 45s that litter your grey-green carpet. But maybe that's just me.

Anyway, it's getting late. I notice it's actually 10:30, which takes me quite by surprise and I panic. I skipped the other show that night, the one at the Knockout (Impediments and Shannon and the Clams—both bands worth watching, but hell if I can go down there. Those shows are such a drag sometimes if you're not trying to get laid), and I knew if I didn't make it down to the Parkside within half an hour I'd surely miss John Joseph and his Cro Magnon Men.

So I flipped, I freaked, I ran out to the bus stop and checked the time for the next bus to 16th Street. It was coming in 45 minutes. So I bit my bottom lip and swore and kicked the wall and I got in a Hybrid cab. The driver smelled like horseshit and talked loudly in Turkish into his Bluetooth, and I sat there, dripping, pouring, waterfalling sweat onto the seat. This is the future, eh? The Turk wasn't even swarthy: fat but no mustache, balding but not offensively so, and his conversation wasn't too loud. The future sucks.

By the time I got there, I'd missed four opening bands and a stabbing. There were around 40 people outside, milling about listlessly. I gave them sympathetic looks as I brushed past, sneaking in the back door and into what basically amounted to a really gay time.

I'll explain. You might've noticed I've mentioned sweat a few times at the beginning of this article—I'll explain why. Sweat has weighed heavily on my mind since this night (this article being written immediate-

ly after the show and then touched up a week later), and it has taken up a great deal of space in my melon since then. Water on the brain, you could say.

You see, from the second I walked in the door, I was saltier and wetter than the Great Salt Lake—a fucking puddle person. It didn't help that I was wearing a really warm jacket and sweater, but I mean holy hell, I figure it's pretty cold outside—cold enough to warrant my clothing choice—but jesus fuck-all I've spent a paragraph talking about how goddamn hot it was there. Coulda just said this: It was hotter than I expected.

Anyway so lemme tell you about the fuckin' freaks at this fucking show. First of all I saw the ugliest girls I've seen anywhere (outside of Florida). I mean these girls made the place look like a battered women's shelter in Little Italy, what with their frazzled hair and meek demeanors. But hey, I don't wanna pick on the broads, should cut 'em a break anyway cuz I doubt any of them got laid that night. It was the guys, the balls-and-cock types there who really made my night. Some of them were Rick Ta Life carny-wiggers, some were wrinkled metalheads—but the vast majority, well…the vast majority…

At least now I know what it's like to be in prison (except without the black people and Puerto Ricans), and I have the Cro Mags to thank for it. The writhing mob that packed the place seethed with unspoken desire. If the band didn't go on soon, this oversold show was going to turn into a balls-to-the-wall man-on-man fuck fest. I mean seriously, what makes a man go shirtless?

All right, I can sort of understand—you spend half your life on a bench press and maybe you want people to see your chiseled chest. I mean, it's hot, you're sweating and the giant white T-shirt you've got on is sticking to your back. Your natural reaction is to remove that shirt shackle, to break free from its cotton confinement. But flip the coin and you'll see a bunch of tough guys dripping with sweat and testosterone, squirming and touching all over each other. Well, some close-minded folks might see that as a little gay.

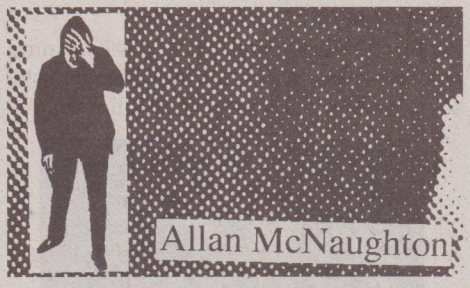
Which is great, if you think about it. These are the same sort of people who have scared the bejeezus out of me since I was old enough to get the shit beat out of me. These sorts have called me faggot on innumerable occasions. One time, even, a group of this sort of guys blindsided my pal at a Righteous Jams show (don't ask me why he was there) with brass knuckles and knocked out his eye (sort of). So I hate this sort, but since I don't hate them nearly enough to do anything about it (not that I could if I wanted to), I'd rather them just realize—finally come to the quite obvious conclusion that they're all a bunch of cocksuckers. Literally.

I mean you should've seen it. The Cro Mags: Yes, you should've seen them—though you'd have to be 9 feet tall. I think I caught a glimpse of John Joseph's hand at one point. But they delivered—at least I'm sure as well as they could, by playing I think the entire first album, two Bad Brains cover and a Leeway tune (*not* Mark of the Squealer). And in general they gave me what I wanted (except the snare drum was the loudest thing they had going on), but who cares what I have to say about music?

I don't remember much about the show except for the various Tom of Finland types mushing together. It was romantic, really, and I felt quite the cuckold, though I consoled myself with the fact that I was probably the only person there who didn't get at least brief stirrings of an erection.

It was sort of fun and I'm glad I saw them, but that's not the real kicker. You see, when I got home and I took a shower and I looked down at my flabby, disgusting body, I felt a sudden surge of pride. For the first time in a long while, for the first time since I can remember, my balls looked back at me.

And they smiled.



It's not your fault you are the authentic version of what the rest of us can only imagine.

Sometimes the opportunity to try something new presents itself: "Step out of your comfort zone," the self-help empowerment cliché would have it. An old friend whom I hadn't seen in maybe ten years was going to be in town, performing with his "improvisational" "noise" band, DEFLAG HAEMORRHAGE/HAIEN KONTRA. They were playing at a loft party in West Oakland, at a house I'd never been to. Secret Oakland house tour stop #27. I carried my bicycle upstairs and left it in what seemed to be someone's workshop. I didn't recognize any of the living room concertgoers. Many of them were enjoying what looked like some sort of lentil stew. I felt like I was intruding on someone's private party, albeit a party that was promoted somewhat cryptically on the Internet.

Serious-looking people busied themselves setting up a bewildering assortment of unfamiliar electronic equipment, coupled together with guitar cables, bits of string, and dissected distortion pedals on stage, while a person I took to be the tenant/proprietor/curator played a wonderful range of old jazz and blues records, many of them 78s. The musicality of the recorded selections would stand as a direct contrast to the live performances to come.

After about an hour it looked like things were ready to start. A young lady and gentleman took the stage and proceeded to twiddle various knobs on their respective bits and bobs of Radio Shack cast-offs, eliciting a series of distorted complaints from the house speakers. Beeps, murmurs and the occasional feedback squawk punctuated the soundtrack seemingly at random. The pair (I have since deduced that they are named Pigs in the Ground) were hunched over their controls and seemed so attuned to what they were doing that it was as if they were unaware the audience was even there. I felt guilty—like I was spying on someone doing something they didn't expect or want to be public. The noises came to an abrupt and not immediately obvious end, and the performers looked up, a little dazed and perhaps surprised to be met by a room full of people greeting them with mild applause.

Pigs in the Ground preceded another duo called Bass Haters. I'm taking this name to be ironic, since 50 percent of the group's music is made with a double bass (the other half is drums). I confess I don't remember much about their performance—except that it seemed to consist of the type of improvised music that looks like a lot of fun for the players but with results that are fairly un-listenable.

In the past I've likened improvised music to more of a sport than an artistic or musical activity. With all the back-and-forth interplay, it's almost like being a spectator at a game of tennis or squash. If the players are well matched, a steady rhythm starts to form and the excitement builds. You can't wait to see what will happen next. If one or both players are rank amateurs, the results are painfully difficult to watch. The rest of the audience, however, did not seem to share my reticence. They stood attentively, heads bowed slightly

toward the stage, arms folded, brows knotted in serious musical appreciation. Again, they somehow seemed to divine the appropriate moments for applause.

Next up came an assortment of Scandinavians—specifically Norwegians—if the lady collecting money on behalf of the touring bands (or perhaps more appropriately, international buskers) was to be believed, although she did misjudge the country of origin of my friend's band by approximately 600 miles. Peninsula Project (aha, from Oslo—thanks, Google!) looked promising as they set up: a double bass (or cello? I never can tell. I was always a huge fan of Tom Cora's work with The Ex, though), a tuba with some kind of potential electronic manipulation (possibly along the lines of the trumpet in Spaceheads?) and an actual guitar.

The bassist/cellist proceeded to wail on her instrument with a violence that surely left her fingers blistered and bloody. The guitarist, however, seemed to have spent more time working on his angular dance moves than on ideas for playing his instrument. Instead he relied on the age-old and boring trope of the "improvisational" guitarist: He attacked the guitar as if he'd never even seen one played before, stretching all the strings and hammering the pickups, while randomly stepping on and off of his distortion pedals. This produced a rather disappointing series of hiccups and a burp or two of feedback. I paid close attention, but nothing close to a note, chord, or riff was ever forthcoming.

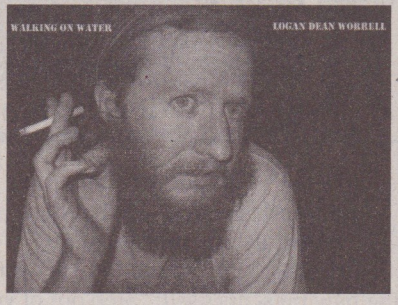
I realize I'm not the target audience for this sort of thing. I still suffer from a base, lowbrow fascination with songs, structure and melody. Although I am a minority among the *MRR* staff who has time for arty, experimental, atonal, or arrhythmic sounds, I think the trick in making serious art is not taking oneself too seriously.

Enter DEFLAG HAEMORRHAGE/HAIEN KONTRA. A collaboration between London musician Tim " "(sic) Goldie and Spaniard Mattin (perhaps best known to readers of this magazine as the guitarist in Billy Bao), they have just released their second album of improvised recordings, "Humiliated" (Tochnit Aleph). How they came to embark on a somewhat hastily (and sketchily) arranged tour of American living rooms will have to be a story for another time, but here they were, and indeed, so was I. I didn't know what to expect from them: I had never heard their music or seen them before. However, knowing Tim's playful personality, I did expect to be entertained.

Assorted bearded chin-strokers positioned themselves in the prime arms-folding zone in front of the stage. I watched as their discomfort grew when they realized that Mattin was not going to honor the golden rule that the performer must act as if they are playing to an empty room. He stepped down from the stage, mic in hand, screaming spit and bile over the laptop soundtrack of a hundred cattle cars clattering their way to the slaughterhouse. He turned to watch his partner on stage rap out a battery on a single cymbal, betraying possession of actual drumming skills. Several minutes of abuse, screaming and snare drum scratches were punctuated by uncomfortable silence.

The set was physical as well as musical, intense yet humorous, yet clearly meant to engage us. Closer to performance art than the clandestine (yet no doubt technically groundbreaking) wanking of the previous artists. I confess this scene is unfamiliar to me. I don't read the *Wire*. But it was clear that there was a difference between what Tim and Mattin were trying to do and what everyone else was doing. It's not my intention to dip a toe into someone else's scene and make sweeping pronouncements about something I clearly don't understand, but it does seem like there's an element of the Emperor's new clothes about the whole thing. Still, it was interesting to go out and spend an evening with people who have never heard of Cocksparrer, if only so I can report my sociological findings to you, my loyal readers.

PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609. Column archives (and hopefully more blog posts) soon at www.maximumrocknroll.com.



Walking on Water

Last week my house got broken into. Well not just my house, my fucking bedroom. I was woken up around 5am by a friend who was staying over, crawled out of my loft naked as the day I was born, and lo and behold there was a frat boy sitting on the couch in my room. Now, I'm from Texas and we don't play that game where I come from, so my first instinct was to shoot the motherfucker, get all Felix Havoc on him and shit. Seeing as I had sold my gun a few years prior, I was literally clueless on how to handle the situation. Do I call the fuzz? Do I run away? Do I take matters into my own hands and beat the Dave Mathews Band loving motherfucker with nothing but a dick and pair of black socks? After quickly reviewing my options, I decided that the third would be the most effective at the moment in time. Not being a big tough, mean good ole boy I did the best I could with what I had, my dick and my socks. He wasn't the best I ever had, so beating the ever living shit outta him wasn't much, but damn was it weird. Remember that movie *Eastern Promises*? It was kinda like that only I ain't good looking and I don't believe he was of Russian descent. Needless to say, my roommates came into the living where the smack down took place and helped me get the dude the fuck outta the house. It's been kind of a rocky year for me and having to use that much force against a guy really made me feel like shit. He deserved it sure, but I'm getting tired of being the bad guy. That's me through and through. The kind of guy that is willing to take one for the team, be made example of, or deliver the bad news, and I'm getting real tired of it. What could I have done differently? Should I have called the cops? Being a punk I have some deep seeded hatred for the cops, which I know is not a unique sentiment in our community. Especially with my checkered past with the man, I ain't about to call the pigs. You tell me, what do you think a cop would do if he got called to a punk house at 5am and found my naked, covered in tattoos, 6-inch beard having ass chilling over a beat down frisbee golf enthusiast. I'll tell you what he'd do, TAKE ME TO FUCKING JAIL. Fuck that. I'm too old and too cute for that shit. On the bright side, I did get to really impress a cute girl and my roommates now officially know who wears the pants in the family.

I kinda realized that a bunch of dumb shit has happened to me over the years. Like when the van exploded and I lost all my shit. That was weak. It was absolutely the worst way to end a great tour. There I was minding my own business smoking pot, listening to George Lopez, and next thing you know I'm freezing my ass off on the side of the highway watching everything I love go up in flames. Then last thing I remember before the van we on fire was Eddie asking me why I was laughing since I didn't get the jokes anyway, being white and all. I mean, no I didn't get the jokes, but I was real stoned so a lot of shit was real funny at that point in time. Now, very

SIX TWO FIVE

OUT SPRING/SUMMER '09:

PARLIAMENTARISK SODOMI - LP
Ballistic 1-man grindcore - insane!

V/A-Bay Area Thrash Detonation
3rd CD comp of psycho NorCal fastcore

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

INSECT WARFARE - 1-Sided 12"LP
Crazed-noise-blast.The last recording

PUNCH - Debut 12"LP
Insane no-holds fastcore from Norcal

SFN - New EP
Midwest powerviolence-the new generation

GET DESTROYED! - Last EP
The final recording of this AZ blast-unit

INFANTICIDE - EP
Straight-forward,no-BS Swedish grind

FLIPOUT AxAx - Flipout CD
Classic Tokyo HC/Thrash-punk.Ex-LIE

DISCARGA - 3rd CD
NEW! 18-songs of highspeed thrash

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - Coll CD
Manic Texas HC from late 90s

RUNNING FOR COVER - LP
All hail 1000mph powerviolence

THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

INFECT - Discography CD
Cult,all female thrash from Brazil

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore

BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
Tokyo cult skate thrash

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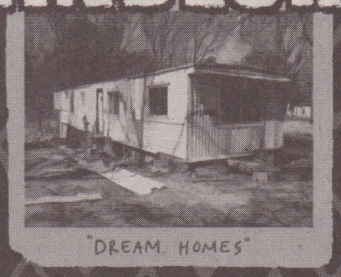

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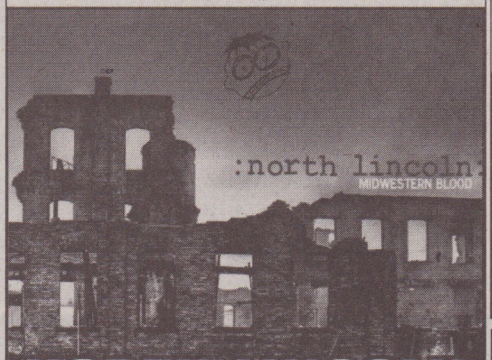

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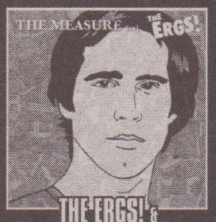

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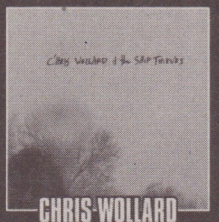

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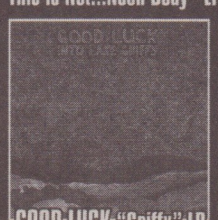

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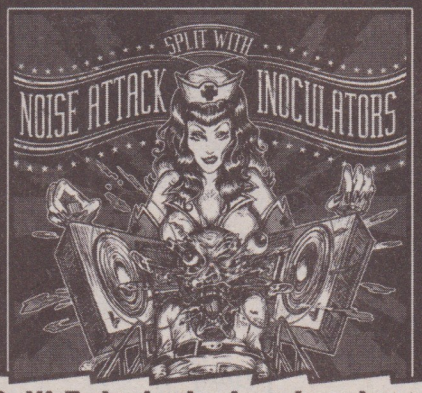

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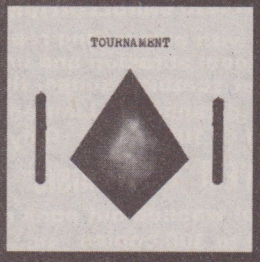

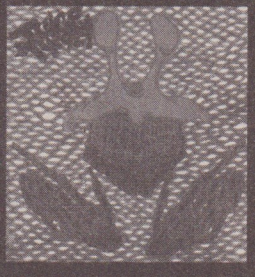

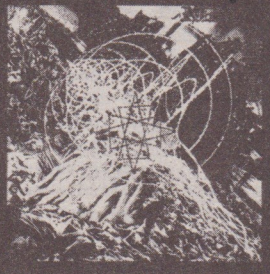

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strange thoughts go through your head when you watch *all your shit* being burnt beyond recognition. The first one being, what could I have possibly done to deserve this? Was it god-punishing Timmy for buying the Bathory LP? Was it the goat or some shit we hit? Maybe a chubacabra. Was it those fine ass girls on the copy of the 2 Live Crew record in the trunk bumping and grinding so hard that it got the van all heated up? Who knows? What I do know is that I ended up riding in the back of a border patrol paddy wagon for and hour on our way to a shitty hotel in the desert. It would have been completely unbearable if it weren't for the Nyquil and Tecate mix TJ and me got popping—I don't know what Ida done. Calling my mom asking for bus fare for Timmy and me was kinda funny though. "Hi mom, its me Logan, remember how you told me to be careful, well guess what just happened, oh and send money." Almost got arrested in San Antone on the way back to Austin for fighting a security guard in the greyhound station. Bad day.

Who knows why this kinda shit happens. All I know is that there is no god and if there is one, he's a fucking bastard. I'd like to take this time to address a couple things…*Pick your King* is the greatest hardcore record of all not, not *Victim In Pain* as was otherwise thought. Check out the Deskonocidos records that just came out, because they are better then most of the stuff that you listen to you. I'd also like to address that my good friend Bruce Rhoers is the best dude alive and all of you should stop and talk to that man whenever you see him. Buy him a beer and ask him about the time he saw the MC5. Trust me, it's a way better story then I could tell and way better than the time you saw Warkrime.

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In compiling my Top Ten for this issue, I realized almost everything that really grabbed my attention was a reissue. The old is new again!

Not to sound like a total old fart, but right now the Old sounds better than a lot of the New shit coming out. I just cannot fucking hang with the sit-down, slow jam, rehashed indie rock crap being passed off as "garage rock" or whatever right now. I need *teeth* in my music. That doesn't mean it has to be fast or hard or vicious, but it needs an immediacy and passion that's lacking in a lot of what I've heard so far this year. For the most part, the guy (or girl) plus guitar sound just comes off as lazy. And boring. The hootenanny is down the street…and for my money, gimmicky bands are fun once, maybe twice.

I'm not completely abandoning new music or anything drastic like that, not a chance. There's plenty of great, new stuff coming out. The MAYYORS finally released their newest, a 12" that's surely gone baby gone by the time you read this. Check ol' eBay. I'm sure a bunch of greedy buggers bought copies just to flip. Turds. They're one of the best live and recorded bands going today, just manic in the best way.

I can even get down with THEE OH SEES (I can't keep up with their releases, but what I've heard, I love). And fuck, that OOGA BOOGAS LP from last year *still* finds its way onto my turntable once a week. The HEX DISPENSERS, too. Totally anxious for their next record…

Maybe I'm just pickier now. Maybe the current shift is just gonna leave me in the dust. Fine. But I refuse to go along with the "lotsa people are raving about this, so it must be good" game. This position definitely saves me from chasing down the latest, ehm, greatest, buy or die releases that go in and outta style in the time it takes put up a record up on eBay. Until WILD THING gets their first 7" out (it better be fucking good Brace!), I'll be spending more money on reissues, spending more time with the oldies.

Of course, plenty of reissues come from that same horrible world of severely limited, exceptionally expensive records that make nerds like me sweat.

Between 1977 Records, out of Japan, and New York's Sing Sing Records, this has been the year of remarkable power pop reissue 7"s. Of course, 1977 has been at it for a number of years now, with spot-on, killer (and essential) reissues. Their catalog includes heavy hitters like the FAST CARS, LONG TALL SHORTY, FRESHIES, BUREAUCRATS, KNOTS and INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND (and their later incarnation the KICKS). Most of it is now long out of print, though I recently picked up a number of the older releases through Incognito in Germany. If you're looking, they might still have some.

Thankfully a few US distros have gotten hip to 1977's releases, so it's not quite as hard to find them Stateside. They're still not cheap: $10-$12 a pop plus shipping is what Florida's Dying, Goner and Smog Veil are charging. That's a lot, especially when they land four at a time. Of course, considering the originals of some of these records hit three digits and just keep climbing, it's not a bad deal. They're well done: excellent artwork, faithful to the originals, good sound.

1977's latest batch features a pair of MODERNS 7"s, *The Year of Today* (which features the great song "Got to Have Pop") and *Ready for the '80s*, DANSETTE DAMAGE's *The Only Sound* 7" and, taking a step toward rawer punk than they've tended in the past, 1977 treats us to the unflushable CELL 609 *Re-Pulsion* 7" (as heard on *Back to Front #5* and *Bloodstains Across Belgium #2*).

Not to be outdone, Sing Sing Records recently released their second batch of erstwhile power pop reissues. All have original artwork, reproduced on the same kind of stock as the original sleeves. Classy! Sound quality is top notch. Following up on their release of Northern Ireland's RUDI's classic, *Big Time*, this time around we're treated to the *I Spy* EP, originally released in 1979.

A related side-note: Late-'70s/early-'80s Northern Irish punk should already be on your radar. I mean, I'm sure you've got the UNDERTONES, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and probably PROTEX down, but when you branch out, you'll discover bands like OUTCASTS, XDREAMYSTS, VICTIM and of course RUDI.

Along with the second helping of RUDI, Sing Sing gives us DE CYLINDERS' *I Wanna Get Married* 7" and the JETZ *Catch Me*. On deck for August: BLAZE X *Some Hope*, DE CYLINDERS *We Must Pay* and another N. Ireland ripper, the TINOPENERS' *Set Me Free*. Sing Sing has a blog, too, where you can listen to all kinds of rare and not-so-rare singles of this ilk.

And while I'm blabbing about reissue 7"s, did you get the REMO-VOOR and BETONG HYSTERIA reissues? Both faithful to the originals. Both killer. Both limited and probably now out of print, but worth tracking down.

Yes, the 7" is the perfect format for music.

Proof of that is in the latest batch of reissues from Rave-Up Records. While the COLORS' *Rave-Up* 7" is among my favorite power pop records (well, the song "Growin' Up American" is one of my faves, anyway), the new LP on Rave-Up is a total

clunker. See my review in this issue. Basically it sounds like yet another New York band chasing pop radio stardom, circa 1981. It's not even that it's total limp dick power pop. It's just toothless, gutless pop.

The other new Rave-Up LPs fall victim to the same cancer that's plagued the whole series—a couple of good songs (usually what's already been comped) filled out by forgettable, unreleased demo songs or live versions of stuff you've already heard. I guess in an archival sense it's cool, but from a purely listening point of view, I'll save my money.

That said, the DAWGS reissue on Rave-Up comes close to being good. Great even. They have that basic, classic rock 'n' roll sound that less refined ears would probably quickly write off as yet another bar band who got lumped in with punk. Fine. Go mosh away, dudes. From Boston, they sorta have an early (and slower) DOGMATICS sound. The Dawgs original 7" on Greenline is, like most Rave-Up releases, the best part of this album. But the material included from their Star-Rhythm LP and even some of the unreleased (studio) material holds up OK. I'd say if you're into Boston rock 'n' roll/punk (REAL KIDS, DMZ, WILLIE ALEXANDER), this would be one to check out—just don't expect that same kind of breathless magic.

The READYMADES LP on Rave-Up is another near exception to the rule. A San Francisco band that kind of fell in with the new wave scene. This album collects their entire recorded output, released and otherwise, for better and worse.

Last month I raved and raved about the *Live to Ride* compilation. This month another, similar kinda comp hit the stores. This one wears the dubious title of *Killed By Glam* (on Moon Boot records). Not a good sign. FYI, the original series wasn't called *Killed By PUNK*. So I don't get the "Killed By" tagline that's been pinned on this and the *Killed By Hardcore* and other comps. Lazy. Get original.

In addition to the lame title, the comp itself doesn't really deliver. There's not nearly enough of the killer ¡stomp and shake! heard on the CD-only Glam comps floating around. You know, the heavy, simple drums, foot stomping. Shit, if they'd just done a pared-down vinyl version of the *Clap Your Hands! Stomp Your Feet!* comp, the world would've been a better place. I had high expectations, still buzzed from the (not really) NWOBHM stunner that is *Live to Ride*. Guess I'll stick to the CD (and mp3) Glam comps for the time being.

If you were one of those who chased down the SOGGY LP, you might wanna start your engines and try to track down the DENTIST album, recently released by the same label (Mémoire Neuve). From 1977/78, Nice, France. Again, another band from the middle of fucking nowhere, making raw, raucous rock 'n' roll more than *punk*, per se. Fast, snarling and vicious. Buy now or pay later.

Meanwhile, back here in the USofA, Violet Times brings us a sorta best-of MIRRORS LP, titled *Something That Would Never Do*. The MIRRORS? Not GREG ASHLEY's pre-GRIS GRIS band (who were awesome, but in a very different way). This is the Cleveland band, man. Early/mid-'70s, when Cleveland was a *real* shithole, a perfect breeding ground for what would become some of the best punk and art rock stuff. The 15-song album includes both tracks from the Hearthan 7", most of the songs from the insanely amazing *Those Were Different Times* 3x10" compilation and a few of the tracks from the CD that Overground did a decade or so ago. Everything is from '74 and '75. Brain-melting, ass-chapping pre-punk Godliness. One of those bands that saw and was actually influenced by the VELVET UNDERGROUND, *at the time*. Plenty of bands can say that now. But then? Pfffffft. The result is predictably rad.

While I'm talking reissues, let me drop (yet another) plug for the ZERO BOYS LPs on Secretly Canadian. Crank those while you impatiently wait for the severely overdue DOW JONES & THE INDUSTRIALS album Family Vineyard/Secretly Canadian has in the works. Hoosier hysteria, indeed!

HEAD'S UP: I am putting together a photo issue for *MRR*: interviews with and photos by old and new punk photographers, a rundown/history of punk photozines and photo books—and lots and lots of photos. Get in touch if you have ideas or think you know someone who should be included (especially *non*-US people).

Send all hits, shits and tits to me c/o *MRR*. Or email: markmurrmann @gmail.com.

MIND LESS CONTENTMENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

Hola Amigos. How's it hangin'? I know its been a long time since I rapped at ya, but I've been way too busy getting my friggin' head blown off by this new VEE DEE LP. And it's not just an LP—it's a double LP, and you know I'm always down for getting more bang for my buck. It's called *Public Mental Health System* and it rips harder than my '84 Monte Carlo. Talk about a rock 'n' roll record…Yeah, let's talk about a rock 'n' roll record!

Everybody's all busy these days being a pop band, or some weird/crazy bedroom synth band, or ripping off the JESUS LIZARD or some shit. Whatever happened to three dudes hunkering down in the studio with a bunch of beers, weed, and tape and recording a totally mind-frying rock 'n' roll record? This is how it's done, folks! Modern psychedelia done in anti-hippie black and white, full of man-sized vocals and jamming guitar whang-and-jam, this shit is that deep. Heavy proto-punk vibes permeate the entire affair, with cryptic lyrics and somehow nostalgic imagery. The total package. This is a record that rock dudes are going to be going nuts for in ten years, so do yourself a solid and start digging on it now. Think about how much cooler you'll look in ten years. (www.criminaliq.com)

I know I bust chops on these "Myspace bedroom-loner band" guys, but how can you not? They're ripe for the pickin'! Once you've release a record you recorded yourself on a four-track in your living room while wearing your bathrobe, you deserve to be put under some scrutiny. Are you really weird enough, or are you just trying too hard? That seems to be the important question here. Sometimes these guys really are weird enough.

The guy in PINK NOISE seems to be one of them. He's released a new LP, titled *Alpha*, and it has some of his best songs yet. When I listen to this record, I feel like it could have been made at any time in the past or future. When I listen to some of the records by other "artists" in the "genre," I feel like I'm just listening to something recorded in 2009—and not in a good way. Is it possible for something just released to already sound dated? I don't know. But this isn't about that. It's about THE PINK NOISE. This record sounds weird in all the right ways: anti-social, claustrophobic, futuristic, paranoiac, psychotic. I could go on. Science fiction from the past, retro sounds from the future. He plays a lot more instruments this time around too (more guitar, less synth!) and it sounds more like CHROME than ever. PINK NOISE = weird enough! (www.almostreadyrecords.com)

I know a lot of you ladies out there are mourning the death of CLOCKCLEANER,

and rightfully so. They were a cute band of chicks. But weep no more, as a new outfit has arisen from their ashes by the name of WATERY LOVE, and they're delivering some Skull Music as well. The record is smartly called *Debut 45*, so no one will be confused when they release their next record (tentatively titled *Second 45*). So far ahead of the curve, these guys…Anyway, the record exists on some HOMOSTUPIDS having a pissfight with BRAINBOMBS level, but lacking any of the elegance of either of those outfits. I imagine their shows are a total sausage fest. That's cool. "(I'm a) Skull" is going to be the living room mosh jam of the year, trust me. (testostertunes.blogspot.com)

While we're discussing the dead-end genre of Skull Music, let's touch upon FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS—a bunch of skinny West Coast MENTORS impersonators who could perhaps fit into the Skull Music category (if I were allowed to make such distinctions. But I'm not). But they're still a really sweet band with some incredible artwork to go along with their reverb-laden punk rockitude. Their debut LP, *Who Said These Were Happy Times?*, is now available as a split-release between the Going Underground and Square Wave labels. Yes, it took the power of two shitty labels to put out a release containing genius this staggering. It's a pretty nasty little punk record.

And while we're discussing little records, they also have a single out on the HozAc Records imprint that's quite impressive. Hoods, bloody naked dudes wearing pig masks, simulated murders/hangings, dog masks, weapon brandishing—these records display everything I love to see on punk records (except for maybe boobs) and possess the musical goods to fulfill the promise their exteriors present. It's ridiculous, sure, but sometimes that makes for great punk. Strong buy on these. (www.goingundergroundrex.com and www.hozacrecords.com)

You know I live on the East Coast, but if there's one thing I love it's Bay Area Budget Rock, and boy is there a bunch of it today. Some new band called THE MUMMIES just played Maxwell's in Jersey, but I think you might like the latest single by seasoned garage-kids CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS a little better. They've released some quality vinyl in the past (and all these kids are in like ten bands at a time, it seems…) but the latest, referred to as the *Drop In Drop Out* 7" is just in a class all its own. Epic surf-punk-garage battles, and the B-side is a monster freak-out called "Stoney Jam." My cousin Jeff Spicoli would heartily approve, and so do I. Check out all their stuff after you buy this one. And then move on to TRADITIONAL FOOLS and TY SEGALL and PARTY FOWL and others…(www.tictactotally.com)

Keeping it Bay Area and shit-fi and garage, how about those motherfucking OUTDOORSMEN? These kids have cranked out two of the absolute best straight-up garage rock 7"s of the past couple of years to little if no acclaim. What gives? I suppose all you hairdressers out there seem to be too busy bopping around to this weeks' HUNX & HIS PUNX single to give a hot damn about some real deal snotty rocking and reeling. I guess their record art is a little bit much, but I friggin' love it. Reminds me of some fine ink I spilled on some notebook covers back in my high school days. Two boner-fide hits to make the beer-drinking afternoons of summer that much more enjoyable. Record and LP fellas, imagine how much artwork you could pack on a 12" sleeve! (www.wildamericanrecords.com)

I'd be remiss if I didn't mention THEE OHSEES at some point in this column. I like them a lot. Maybe not as much as I like HOMOSTUPIDS, but a lot nonetheless. Their latest vinyl venture is a 7" called *Tidal Wave*, on the Woodsist label. Two songs of West Coast garage-psych-pop brilliance that are more than worth the price of admission. This band can really do no wrong right now, which I find a bit unnerving. Their West Coast Sound compatriots THE FRESH AND ONLYS also have a new slab out on the Dirty Knobby label, and again, it's nothing short of totally great. They have a couple LPs coming up (on Woodsist and…In the Red?) and a single projected on HozAc, so they're staying busy. Get in on the ground floor folks! (www.fuckittapes.com and www.dirty-knobby.com)

I'm not a huge fan of the whole Buddy Holly revival thing, but this band called FIRST BASE from Indiana or somewhere are friggin' great. They just released their debut vinyl on the very apt Pizza Party Records label, and it's two absolutely zero-fi AM radio smash hits. So catchy I can't stand it. They had a cassingle out last year that I adored and they have a zillion more hits in the can as well, or so I understand. The world needs more of this. Music that gives hope to my grease-soaked heart. Sigh. To be as innocent as these songs…and in the same sort of genre, I can't help but be moved by this CAVE WEDDINGS single on HozAc as well. Pure lo-fi garage-pop bliss. And they're from Troy, NY! Who the hell is from Troy? I've been there, and it's crazy that a cool band lives there! A+! (myspace.com/pizzapartyrecords and www.hozacrecords.com...again)

Cool Reissue Department: Sing Sing Records has unleashed their second wave of affordably priced reissue 7"s, this time featuring Dutch power poppers DE CYLINDERS, another RUDI release (the *I Spy* EP), and the (s)punky THE JETZ from the UK. All three are beautifully packaged and nicely priced. Looks like the next batch of released contains the TINOPENERS 7"! Hot damn! I'd suggest picking up all of their releases so far, as each one is a classic. (www.singsingrecords.com)

Cool Tape Department: I'm scared to take this insane TIREFIRE cassette out of my tape deck! Black shit-death metal from New Orleans, featuring members of MANGINA, DIE ROTZZ, KAJUN SS, PERSUADERS and more. Three hundred tapes stained with actual blood. Has to be seen and heard to be believed. Highly recommended. (myspace.com/tirefire504)

That's all for now. Hope you're having a bitchin' summer and I'll talk you soon. And if you need to contact me, write a letter to *MRR* or something. My email account got hacked while I was trying to order pills online and I just gave up on checking it. Fuck that shit.

I cannot believe it's column time again already. I've been busy as hell since last month. Flew down with some bands I'm in to gig it up at Chaos In Tejas and see more of my favorite bands assembled on one stage since the time I dreamed I went to Lollapalooza '92. Seeing Judgement live was a legitimate dream come true for myself. But despite all the Texan stage dives and barbecue eating, I did get to fuck around with some recording stuff a bit. Here are a couple things on my mind lately…

Play for the recording…

One thing I've been having a little trouble with recently—and something that's

been a re-occurring issue for me—is the way drummers play on a recording versus at a show. The way you smash the drums at a live show may not always work well when you're recording. A lot of drummers tend to really dig in to slower parts, while having to play lighter during faster and more physically demanding sections. A lot of them don't realize they're doing it because it's natural and makes sense. They're playing the song the way it feels and they're probably used to playing it that way too. It can be a problem because you could either lose a lot of the drums in certain parts of the mix, or on the flipside have them swallowing up the other instruments in other sections.

When you're in a fancy studio, this kind of thing doesn't come up a whole lot. You can usually clean up this kind of mess with some studio magic and a few billable hours. The professionals have nice mics that are dialed in to even-out loud and quiet sounds, fancy compressors to do even more of the same and sometimes computer programs that replace the sounds with sampled drum hits (aka drum triggers). If you're down in the shit, though, getting your hands (and ears) dirty with a 4-track and some cheap mics, it ain't easy (as my fav Ziggy Stardust song points out) to just twist some knobs to get rid of the problem.

Before anyone starts pulling their hair out in frustration, remember that no one is going to hit the drums at a perfectly level volume on every single beat of a song. The dynamics of the sound and little imperfections are what make it different, and better than a drum machine. The key is to really get a good listen to the drummer playing through a song, watch for the kick drum peaking really hard on accents or disappearing during the fast stuff. A bit of overdrive from a pedal, or from a mic going through an amp, can help to even things out a bit—and for some bands it might sound cool to just turn it up and let it distort. Try it on the kick and snare, and remind the drummer it's cool to hang back a little. You want to be able to hear all the parts, not just some of them.

It's much easier to have your drummer play a little quieter than normal to even things out and then turn up the volume later, than having to ride the fader between parts where things are getting loud or quiet. Sometimes it can help give the drums more clarity if you cut back the low frequencies a tad as well. The trade-off will be some of the body, but it's for you, reader, to experiment with.

Are you a bass player or do you play bass?

Punk rock 'n' bass—what the fuck can you do with it, especially with limited options? I don't want to get into every facet here, but here's just a rough outline of where to get started. As a foreword, let me just say that anyone who plays the bass guitar in a heavy rock and/or roll group should have a familiarity with Lemmy Kilmister. The man pretty much wrote the book. Actually, he did write one of the best rock autobiographies, *White Line Fever*, but in addition to that, he's the dude who really fleshed out the hardcore punk bass style. Who do you think Rainy was imitating anyway?

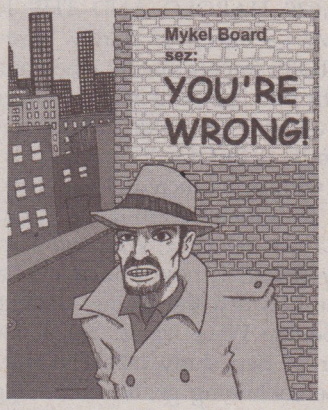
A lot of hardcore and punk bands really don't know what to do with the bass, because it basically acts as an auxiliary guitar and follows the main guitars pretty faithfully. Because of this it can be hard to know what to do with a bass guitar on a recording: A lot of bands end up totally throwing out all the low end and just using a twangy delivery that's more the sound of the pick hitting the strings than anything else. Others end up running it thorough a distortion pedal and making it sound like another guitar, which can work, but it could make it hard to differentiate from the regular guitars. If you're working on a 4-track, and only have room for one bass track and one guitar track, it might actually help to have them sound similar so that things feel a little fuller. Depending on the sound of the band, and what's at your disposal, you may want to try running the bass directly into the recording device. You'll need some kind of preamp—like a pedal, or an amp with a direct line out—or the bass won't have any sustain to it. Crank a lot of distortion into it, and turn the tone knob on the bass down a bit to get things feeling like the INFEST *Mankind* 7" or REPULSION's *Horrified*. It's an ugly sound, but it can give a lot of bottom end to your recording with a more treble-y guitar sound.

If you feel like trying to record your bass amp, obviously it's much better if you have a mic that is keyed-in to bass frequencies. A couple that I've made use of are the AKG D112 and the Shure SM 7B, which is actually a vocal mic, but is pretty versatile. If you don't have access to anything fancy, you still ought to be able to do the job with a standard dynamic mic. You won't be able to capture as much of the thick bassiness, but you can still do a serviceable job in my opinion.

If you've got a dedicated bass mic, set it up maybe an inch from the grill of the bass cab. You may want to cut out some of the lower frequencies a little bit so they're not fighting with the kick drum too much, or compensate on the other end with the kick. If you're not using a mic that's dedicated for bass sounds it's probably going to sound pretty thin. You may want to try it at a 45-degree angle to the grill on the bass cab and/or back it off another inch or two.

If you don't have a shortage of tracks, try running one track of the bass direct and clean, and then another track mic'd through an amp, and then blend the sounds to get the full natural tone of the bass as well as the compressed and juicy sound of an amp.

Enough for now, I got a long weekend ahead. Til next time, some of your favorite recordings already sound this fucked.



"When the Lilliputians first saw Gulliver's watch, that 'wonderful kind of engine…a globe, half silver and half of some transparent metal,' they identified it immediately as the god he worshiped. After all, 'he seldom did anything without consulting it: he called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action in his life.' To Jonathan Swift in 1726 that was worth a bit of satire. Modernity was under way. We're all Gullivers now." -James Gleick

BBC News reported that garden snails are evolving slower metabolisms. Snails with lower metabolisms are at an advantage because they have more energy to spend on other activities, such as growth or reproduction, according to researchers in the journal *Evolution*.

Scientists measured the size of almost 100 garden snails and gauged their standard metabolic rate. After seven months, they recaptured the animals, collecting the empty shells of those that had died. They found size did not predict which animals survived—but metabolic rate did, with surviving snails having a metabolic rate 20 percent lower than that of the snails that

didn't survive. The lower each snail's metabolic rate, the greater its chance of survival.

The researchers now plan to answer the ultimate question: Is having a slow metabolism linked to moving slowly? If it is, that means that snails are not only evolving to use energy more slowly, but are increasingly moving at an even slower snail's pace.

***

I'm shooting a double streamer, missing on both sides. The twin yellow rivulets splash against the men's room floor. I try re-aiming. One side finds the target. The other strays so far to the left it soaks the toilet paper against the wall. I try to correct it, but by now I'm dribbling to a halt. Quickly, I stuff myself back into my pants. An extra, hidden stream leaks out and down the inside of my leg. Fuck, it's my last pair of jeans. I'm gonna smell like piss for a week.

Them's the breaks. I got 15 minutes between classes. If I spend too much time pissing, I'll never get to buy lunch. Shaking my newly wet leg, I run downstairs to the Cuban restaurant for a pair of empanadas. One chicken. One beef. I'll eat 'em on the elevator on the way back to work.

Flashback to this morning: The alarm rings: 7:20 a.m.—real time. My clocks read 8. I set 'em 40 minutes fast so I have *no* travel time. If I have to be somewhere at nine, I leave at nine, my time. I'm never late. Most people have to subtract transportation from their daily itineraries. Not me. I leave when I have to arrive. I teleport.

Since I don't have to start teaching until 9 a.m., I have half an hour until I even *think* about getting ready. With semen still sticking to my pubic strands, I figure I can skip my usual first morning activity. And what else do you do at 7:20, real time? *Facebook*, of course.

So I check a discussion about my trip to the South with Sid. I don't remember the details. Something about how I think Southerners are cool. A lot of people join this discussion. A few insults fly. Pretty soon we'll get to the *Nazi* stage. You know, Godwin's law? Everything gets to the Nazi stage.

Not that all Nazi references are irrelevant here. Sid and I did shake hands with the South Carolina representative of the *National Socialist Party*. But I don't think I wrote about that, so it won't be on Facebook… yet.

Among the discussionites is a pal from Beloit. A guy I reconnected with after 30 years of no contact. Out of the blue, the way things happen on Facebook.

Yo Mykel, remember me? Add me to your friends list.

Flash ahead: I'm on my way back from work, the subway seat next to me empty—on both sides. It must be the smell of piss. I've got stuff to do tonight. Fix the Drink Club/Eat Club Web site. Finish the blog from the Tennessee trip. Sell the family jewels on eBay. Tons of shit. Not a second of free time. Come right home and… check in with Facebook.

My former college pal has banned me. I didn't jump to his defense. I let him *twist in the wind*. Now he's mad.

I was gone! Working. Twelve hours away from the computer and I "abandon a friend of 30 years." Do I need to stay Epoxy-ed to the keyboard to keep my friends? How 'bout some time to respond? Time, huh?

Flash far back: It's 1969, Madison, Wisconsin. I come here for the riots, a few weeks every year. I've snorted enough crystal meth—for the ride and the weekend. I'm so wired I can feel each individual nerve. I follow them, one by one from the parietal to the spinal chord, to the tips of my fingers or my penis. They're on. Full volume. My brain and body are racing.

Bus door opens. *Pow*, I'm off the bus. Fist in air. Power to whoever's asking for it. My army helmet on. Shouting at the cops, who are standing rather innocently on the sidelines.

You're vegetable! I yell at them. *Broccoli, potatoes, zucchini!* (Zucchini?)

Amazingly enough, they don't give me the head smashing I deserve. Instead, they stand patiently, teeth gritted, as I abuse them some more.

Methedrine is wonderful. It lets you go more than full tilt. Move at the speed of light. Stand in front of a moving train and stop it with one hand. Fly. Stand in front of a line of armed cops and call them vegetables. Anything. I'm God.

They give speed to US soldiers in Iraq. They too can do anything. Face roadside bombers. Torture them. Kill kids. They're God!

Flashback to April 2009: Sid and I are in Tullahoma, Tennessee. It's somewhere in the middle of our Southern tour. Sid is on budget freeze. He's just been canned from his business research job. He's fighting an unemployment claim with this boss. Newly impoverished, he faces his first trip to The South.

Our host here, a smooth-faced boyish young man named Seth, has the day planned out for us. We've just arrived, and after a leisurely Mexican dinner, we go to the creek to look at the beavers.

That's it. Just some chewed down trees and some eyes reflected in our flashlights. We don't do anything else. Just look. Once or twice there's the sound of water. A splash. That's it, just Sid, Seth, the beavers and me. What a bore! I could be…what? On Facebook? Complaining about Hitler? Losing a friend? No, no, no. There is *nothing* I could be doing that's more important than just hanging out here watching beavers.

This is Tullahoma, and after watching beavers, we go to sleep and get up the next day…and shoot guns.

Seth takes us to his parents' house. Mom's gonna make dinner for us: Barbecue, cornbread, grits, everything. But we have a whole day. Sid's never shot a gun before. I've done it many times, and love it. Seth also has a shotgun. I've never shot a shotgun before.

Seth and I trudge through the weeds on the other side of the country road he lives on. Together, we lift up an old truck hood to use as the backdrop for the bullets to come. We lug the hood to the front yard of Seth's parents' ramshackle house.

"Dad keeps building," he tells us. "Always a new room, a new porch. It just keeps growing. Takes its time. We got no deadline."

Seth peels some florescent targets from a sticky sheet and pastes them on a piece of wood in front of the truck hood.

Then, he goes through gun safety procedure, like a Boy Scout leader.

Aside: In my experience, it's gun owners, collectors and good ole' boys who are most careful about guns. Illegal pistol-packers in the North are the ones who don't have a clue. I bet if you check accidental gun death stats, you'll find a much higher percentage where guns are tough to get. Where everyone has one—or two—they know how to handle them. **End of Aside.**

Sid prefers the single action rifle. Put in a bullet, aim, and fire. Seth takes the semi-automatic. I want the shotgun.

Seth and I stand back as Sid takes his first shot. He loads the bullet and points the front of the gun in the general direction of the target, and the country road.

"Here comes a car," says Sid, taking aim. "Let's get 'em!"

"No!" shouts Seth. "That's my grandfather!"

As directed during the safety instruc-

tions, we raise the gun barrels and stand "at ease." The car passes and Seth waves hello. It really *is* his grandfather.

Then we watch as Sid again fixes the front of the gun toward the targets. *Blam!* There's no sound of a bullet hitting anything. *Blam!* Again, nothing. Not even the truck hood. Where did the bullets go?

I worry about depleting the local fauna.

Seth sets a water jug in front of the targets.

"Here's something bigger," he says. "Just take your time, and make the little ball look like it's resting in the little notch on the top of the barrel."

We move back as Sid takes aim.

Blam!

Somewhere on the other side of the road, a tree rattles a bit.

Sid shakes his head in frustration.

"I'll never get this," he says.

Suddenly, his eyes brighten and he takes a deep breath.

"My old boss," he says, taking aim.

Blam! The top of the water jug. Shot clean off. A perfect hit. Relieved, we all shoot… for hours.

We kill targets, water jugs, clay pigeons, but not time. We're *using* time, not killing it. Enjoying the moments. Sometime, Mom will call us for dinner and we'll go inside. Until then, we shoot.

At dinner. Mom and Dad say a little prayer and we eat. Great hosts, except Mom is a little upset. We can see it in her eyes, and her actions. Seth will be leaving. The last of her sons to do so. He's moving to San Francisco, leaving Tullahoma.

"There's nothing to do here," says Seth.

The point: About ten years ago, James Gleick wrote a book called, *Faster: The Acceleration of Just About Everything*, where he talked about how things were going faster. Every day brought a modern "convenience" that sped up the pace of living. What you used to expect in a week, you now expect in a day. In 2009, it's an hour.

Things go so fast that I grease up a dildo and by the time it finds its way through my rectal arch d'triumph, I'm ten years older. Last millennium is the last decade already. Jee-zuz fuckin' Methuselah.

Speed kills. Yeah, it kills time. Contrary to the image of the multi-tasking, databasing, texting, super-efficient time savers. Speed destroys time. It makes it gone… usually by way of something as worthless as Facebook.

Watching beavers or spending hours shooting an old truck hood. That *saves* time. And it saves it in the best possible way. It's probably illegal to say, "Kill your boss," so I won't. But I will say throw away your watch. Don't worry about being late. There is no late. We all end up in the same place. Maybe it's better to take our time getting there.

Endnotes: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or Web site viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—> *Just to let you know dept:* My college pal reconsidered and unbanned me. He even apologized for his rash action. Of course, that's not the point. This isn't about him. It's about speed. Everybody's rash actions. There's no time for any other kind.

—> *Let's make "not niceness" illegal dept:* I almost sent $10 to People for the American Way. They're a cool liberal group that wants socialized healthcare and opposes the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. But, on their homepage is rousing support for *hate crimes* legislation.

Thought Crimes legislation is more like it. If I hit you and keep quiet, I get 90 days in jail. If I hit you and yell, *Take that whitey!* I get years.

Makes me embarrassed to be a liberal. When are these guys gonna realize you cannot *outlaw* hate?

—> *Maybe Sid will remember dept:* Sid Yiddish proofreads and edits my columns before I send them off to the *MRR* tribal chieftains. I don't remember if I wrote this one, sent to me on MySpace. He says I haven't use it yet, so:

Q. How many green anarchists does it take to change a light bulb?

A. None—because a light bulb cannot be changed, it must be smashed!

—> *Obama does another thing right dept:* The President discontinued an annual Religious Right-focused prayer service held during the previous eight years at the White House.

Though Obama has indicated that he will sign a proclamation recognizing the National Day of Prayer, no special White House prayer service will be held. This stands in contrast to G.W. Bush. He invited James and Shirley Dobson and other Religious Right leaders to the White House for an annual government-sponsored prayer service.

—> *Obama does the wrong thing dept:* American bombers killed 95 children in Afghanistan, and when US puppet leader Hamid Karzai demanded an end to the bombing, Obama's national security advisor told him: "We can't fight with one hand tied behind our back."

I say maybe you should keep the hand tied, and quit fighting.

Anyway, Obama fired the commanding general in Afghanistan, and replaced him with Lieutenant General Stanley A. McChrystal. A guy the brilliant blogger Jacob Freeze called *the Richard B. Cheney of the US Army*!

According to Freeze: *McChrystal got yanked out of the shadows when 34 of his boys were disciplined for torturing detainees. In the windowless, jet-black garage-size room, some soldiers beat prisoners with rifle butts, yelled and spit in their faces and, in a nearby area, used detainees for target practice in a game of jailer paintball.*

Obama, pull out. You need to learn a thing or two from history. Very recent history.

—> *There ain't nothin' like a Dane dept:* According to a report released by the Organization for Economic Co-Operation and Development, the world's happiest countries are Denmark, Finland and the Netherlands. Outside Europe, Canada and New Zealand land at numbers six and eight, respectively. The United States did not crack the top ten. Switzerland placed seventh and Belgium placed tenth.

The report looked at subjective well being, defined as life satisfaction. Did people feel like their lives were dominated by positive, or negative experiences and feelings?

—> Thanks and a tip of the hat to Rodrigo Cipriano in Corpus Christi, who sent me his low budget murder DVD, *Violent Story*. Yeah!

I haven't watched the whole thing yet. (It takes me a week to watch a DVD.) I'm up to the part with the duct tape and the funnel. Yeah!

More DVDs please!! Send them, *real mail*, to me at: Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince St. Station, NYC, 10012.

—> Also thanks to Superbuick, one of my new favorite bands. They invited me to a great show at Otto's Shrunken Head, where they had to endure waiting through too many 1970s bands doing blues covers. Yuck! And an even more retro band played the Charleston. How'd you like to follow *that* at 1 a.m.?

—> And a third thanks to NOFX and the guys at FAT WRECKCHORDS for sending me the NO FX PASSPORT video. My experiences exactly! Spinal Tap wasn't weird enough!! The only thing that annoyed me was that on their Russian tour, I expected to hear a cover of "How Much Punk Rock Do You Hear in Russia?" But it didn't happen.

—> *Corrections dept:* I just reread the col-

umn where I talk about Noah Levine, who advocates Buddhist recovery for punk rockers. I said that his father was a "mediator," and that he became one too. Sorry. My lysdexia. His father was a *meditator.* And he became one too.

Auuummmmmmmmmmmm!

Lostmissing: A Public Art Project. Part five.

Still going strong, but almost at the end, I think…

A reminder: You know when you have a friend who you think will always be there—no matter what, at least you'll have that friendship, right? Lostmissing is a public art project about the loss of that relationship, a specific relationship for me—right now it's missing. I want to express myself in public space in a way that feels personal and more meaningful than a private expression because I want to connect to other people and other Lostmissing stories. This project is a public expression of grief in order to feel hopeful again. It's about that random poster you see and you don't know what it means but your eyes get bright all the sudden.

Lostmissing #27

I found you in a dream, chased after you and said what I wanted—you kept walking but then stopped and I kept talking and then we were talking and it felt like a relationship again, funny how it's more comforting in my sleep. I woke up thinking maybe it's not over. Am I trying not to give up, even while I'm trying to give up? Seven months now and sometimes I still wonder when you're going to call me back. When you're going to answer.

Lostmissing #28

When I see you in a dream again it's more stressful. I'm doing this dance move in a huge white room, white so high up it's like the sky and I start on the floor jump to the ceiling the hard part is staying up there without hurting my shoulders against not-quite-sky and then back down to the floor and up, people are impressed most by the jump but remember the hardest part is the smooth roll of the shoulders up top. When I'm done I head upstairs to wash up and there you are at the gym in your workout clothes, back to me, I turn around. I'm at the checkout counter but there's no one around, I pile groceries and cosmetics and everything I can into bags I don't even know what all of this is but I walk outside it's New York I figure I can jump into a cab and if someone says did you pay for that I can just hand them a credit card. The street is further from the door than I thought and businessmen are running out ahead of me, when I get to the corner I realize it's the highway. I'm trying to get out of the elevator, but the bags are stuck in the door, the door opens inward not out and then finally I'm out into the abandoned gym of security checkpoints, emptiness without space and finally the locker room, some friendly guys are taking the goods through the backside of the locker but how will I get out?

Lostmissing #29

In the next dream you're all tan and smiling you grab me in a hug and we're walking hand in hand in the sun through the grass and I say, do you remember you're not talking to me, are you talking to me now, and you laugh and we're walking onward. When I wake up I can't decide if this is comforting.

Lostmissing #30

We're in a room where someone's showing us a bunch of film equipment, an endless array of insanely expensive gadgets, one after the other, and I turn to you and say: This is ridiculous. And you say: What do you mean this is ridiculous—it's how you make film, it's just the way it works. And I say: That's what I think is ridiculous. And it's then that I notice your face is contorted in that sudden rage and I'm so upset that you're ruining my dream like this, this night of dreams that flow so smoothly they almost have a beat, but then suddenly there's something pounding in my chest so fast I wake up and wonder if this is what a heart attack feels like.

[Lostmissing #31 is a picture of graffiti reading "LOST, " and Lostmissing #32 is a collage]

Lostmissing #33

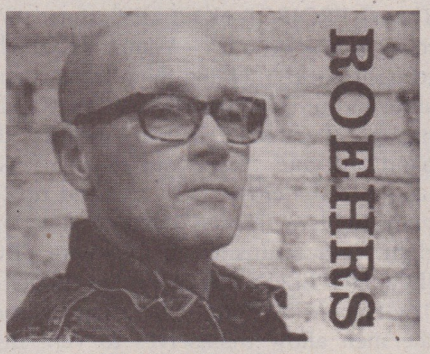
I hate that when I'm leaving the house I still think what if this is the time when I see you, and am I ready? I'm never ready. Like before bed and suddenly I get all tense thinking about what'll happen. In a way that makes sense because mostly I see you when I'm sleeping.

I think about calling you, and then I plan out our whole conversation, just in case you answer the phone. You're not going to answer the phone. Or if you answer, it'll be a mistake, and then you'll hang up, like last time. So then I plan out what to say if you hang up, even though you won't be there so then I don't need a plan, right?

Maybe I need to talk to a pillow, tell the pillow everything I want to tell you, yell and scream and stomp on you and then I can bring you in an elevator up to the top of the Empire State building. I always loved going to the roofs of tall buildings when I was a kid even though the elevators hurt my ears. I can go to the top of the Empire State building and throw you I mean that pillow above the security barrier and down down down those hundreds of feet—but wait, maybe that would hurt someone—I mean even a pillow isn't soft after it falls 1,200 feet.

Maybe I don't need a pillow, I can just close my eyes and kick you into the ocean, bury you in the sand throw you onto the highway into a traffic jam over fences and into the soft cement of a new building before they add layer after layer. Or actually I live pretty high up so I could scatter you over the roofs of Tenderloin buildings I could swing my arms in a circle and fling you everywhere by the time I see you you'll be so scattered that I won't notice. I'm ready not to notice. I'm not ready. I can't believe you've become another thing I need to get out of my body.

If you want to participate in this Lostmissing project, feel free to put up these posters anywhere you desire, and send photos if you're driven—you can download all the posters via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com, or I can also send you them. My latest book is a novel, So Many Ways to Sleep Badly, *and yes unfortunately I'm still sleeping badly! You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore .com, which includes past* MRR *columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.*



GOTTA GET OUT

BRAINKILLER from Allston, Mass. has

a brutal attack poised for your delicate frontal lobes. These hardcore cretins splay you open like a fresh-caught mackerel—blood everywhere! BRAINKILLER starts the generous bloodletting with "Endless." Read on: "Sixty agonizing minutes before the attack / Endless destruction, endless decay… / Explosions, fire and death." Fuck! That's bleak! The next weapon in the BRAINKILLER arsenal is the song "Sterile Living." The lyrics go like this: "Mindless fuckers following like sheep… / Nothing more than secluded vermin brain-washed with whitewash / Following like fucking sheep." The final angry blast on side A is entitled "Is This What We Call Life," and it's another raging indictment. Side B starts out screaming with "Black Cloud." BRAINKILLER rails about "Chemical attacks on their own soil / Controlling us with their haze and signals / Force feeding us shit of their perfection / Numbing us to the very end." Fuck yes! The death-knell is provided by "They Live/We Sleep." This song pummels you with brute force and sheer power. BRAINKILLER rants: "Capital paranoia at it's highest, flooding streets with their cameras and guns / Recording and tracing our every move / Constant surveillance / Government perversion / Voyeuristic bastards / I've never seen so much abuse of power in my life!" This is an excellent EP! Get your BRAINKILLER *Endless* EP from that great Canadian label, Deranged Records. Contact BRAINKILLER at: 610 Cambridge St., Allston, MA 02134, PH: 603-289-9548.

PROJECT HOPELESS from Malmö, Sweden has unleashed one fierce display of thrash prowess on you knuckleheads! The new PROJECT HOPELESS EP has a dual-singer punch that provides a brute-force point-counter-point for you punks and skins. PROJECT HOPELESS lambasts the power brokers that use capitalism as a tool to crush and oppress the people. The sleeve offers lyrics in both Swedish and English. Very nice! In "Name Them-Frame Them" PROJECT HOPELESS sings, "We focus to stay on track – Wanna know who to fight back? / Name them-frame them, show us our real enemy!" Yes! There's a lot of anger there! In "Crucified Freedom" the band tell you: "Stand out of line / Get nailed to the cross / Try to stand up for your fights / Never kneel—this is our right." No confusion about where PROJECT HOPELESS stands on that issue! In "Av Hela Mitt Hjärta—Hatar Jag Polisen" the men allow themselves to vent in a vicious diatribe about the police. Read this: "From the bottom of my heart, I hate the fucking police! / When confrontations between police forces and the people increases, the common masses are being fed with media lies about reasons of 'To Serve And Protect' / Protect from what? / Truncheons swung through the air and rubber bullets and gas grenades / Where do we turn? / What do we turn? / Most definitely not the other cheek! / The people will strike back against our governments puppets / Direct your anger!" Those are very succinct observations! This record is fucking brilliant! For your copy contact: crisispointrecords@hotmail.com, www.myspace.com/crisispointrecords, or Distroy c/o Alex Fitzgerald, 12 Mulberry Park, Ballinode, Sligo, Ireland, irelandmediadistro@yahoo.co.uk. To contact PROJECT HOPELESS write to: NE Poststugan 144, 211 65 Malmö, Sweden, dustnconcrete@yahoo.com, www.projecthopeless.tk

Fuck yes! Brian Hopper, the lead guitar player from HELLSHOCK, has a great new split for you punks and skins!! The Portland, Oregon rock and roll commandos are called BURNING LEATHER and they share a split EP with Japan's G.A.T.E.S. BURNING LEATHER kicks off the festivities with a stone-cold MOTÖRHEAD style rock and roll anthem called "Road Burn." This fucking song encapsulates the joys and travails of being on the road with a rock band. The lyrics go something like this: "It's been a month now goin' down the road / Getting' real tired, don't know where to go / Hot as hell, smell is ripe / Pedal to the metal, smoke in the brake lights, I got road burn! / You better run screaming 'cause we're headed to your city / Runnin' real late, headed for the show / Pull up load, speaker about to blow / Screech to a stop, the word is out / The crowds goin' crazy, it's what life's about." Fucking great! Song two on side A from BURNING LEATHER is called "Nowhere To Go." The poignant lyrics from this rocker are: "I'm losin' my mind, it must be late / Shit-faced, I need something to break / I got nowhere to go! / I think I went insane today / Went out and soaked my brain / I got nowhere to go." BURNING LEATHER plays hard-edged rock 'n' roll with big balls! Brian's guitar work is fucking over the top. Brilliant! Flip this EP over and G.A.T.E.S. from Tokyo, Japan comes roaring out of the box! Song one on side B is a good hardcore number called "Dogs Of Lust." This metal punk is a screaming fist of thrash! Song two on side B, "Dust," slows things down a notch for a menacing metal saga. This is a good split EP! You need to own this! Contact Mr. Hopper and BURNING LEATHER at: 21 SE 18th Ave., Portland, OR 97214, USA.

WORMEATERS from Kansas City, Missouri has an excellent new EP out on American Waste Records. The new *Cattle Cannot Choose* EP is a strong follow-up to WORMEATERS last EP, *In God We Thrust*, which was put out by Hardware Records from Osnabrück, Germany. *The Cattle Cannot Choose* EP starts off with "4th Reich Soldier" and segues right into the title cut, "Cattle Cannot Choose." Excellent! Then you get the song "Wormeaters." Great! Side two continues the mayhem. We start off with "Dutch Roulette" and smash into "Rule Without Consent." Fucking brutal! The last song on this superior slab of rough and tough noise is "The Next Inquisition." Yes sir! You need both of these WORMEATER EPs in your house!

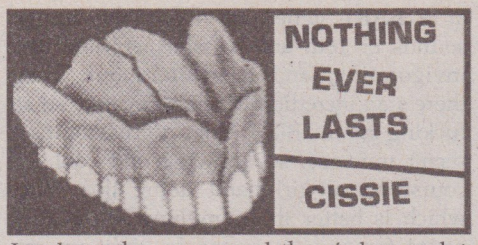
Cowabunga Records has three new EPs for your listening pleasure this month. First you get the VIDEO DISEASE *Make Me Pure* EP. Fucking great! Next up DARK AGES offers you the *Vicious Lie* EP. DARK AGES steams through "Forced Reality," "No Escape," and "Radioactive States Of America" on side A. Side B delivers "What Do You Believe," "Release On 95A," and "Nonproductive/Negative." Very good! Contact DARK AGES or Cowabunga Records for your copy of *Vicious Lie*. The final EP this month for your listening pleasure is BOMBER, co-released by On-High Records in conjunction with Cowabunga Records. On the *Mourning* EP, BOMBER tramples on your head with "Mourning" and "Used" on side A. Very good!! Side B presents "Lying Dogs," "Gut Reaction," and "When Your Time Is Up." Excellent! Contact Cowabunga at: 144 N. Mountain Ave., Claremont, CA 91711, www.cowabungarecords.com.

TEENAGE LOVE from Knoxville, Tennessee has a large slice of southern rock and roll prepared for you carnivores! This rock and roll juggernaut started life in 1984, took a long hiatus, and is back with a bang!!! This barroom blitzkrieg starts off enthusiastically with "Redneck," slows down a bit on "Fun Religion," and then proceeds to clobber you with "Dirty Side Of Town." You will crank the volume up during "Muffbuster," and then order another drink when you hear "Everytime." TEENAGE LOVE plays full-fisted rock and roll with lots of snide attitude. Inspirations for this rocking guitar, drum, and bass attack could include bands such as the NEW YORK DOLLS, JEFF DAHL, or THE CRAMPS. You will rock

and rumble through the songs "Life Of Booze" and "Impurities," and then fuck shit up with the up-tempo "Girls Go Crazy." You have a face full of alcohol and a brain crawling with worms. You get to exit gracefully with "No Excuses," the title cut, and "Our Way" as the finale. This unrepentant band of rockers will appeal to you shit-kickers and alcohol soaked ne'er-do-wells. This CD contains older songs as well as a couple of new tunes. For your *No Excuses* CD by TEENAGE LOVE, write to: PO Box 27815, Knoxville, TN 37927, www.teenagelove13.com.

Fuck! The fifth *Chaos In Tejas* fest in Austin, Texas was an unbridled success!! Thank go out to Mr. Timmy Hefner for putting COCKSPARRER and THE YOUNG OFFENDERS on the bill. THE YOUNG OFFENDERS played the indoor stage at Emo's on Friday night. THE YOUNG OFFENDERS were feeding off the excitement of the crowd. They played one of their best sets ever! Read this list of great songs: "Situations," "Big Man," "Big Cities," "Hard Life," "Pilled Up," "Saints," "Trelawney Song," and "Black Hand." Fuck yes! After a parade of great bands we got COCKSPARRER on the main stage outdoors. It was the end of a fine evening and COCKSPARRER took it to the next level. Touring sporadically in support of the *Here We Stand* LP from last year, COCKSPARRER won over many new fans and put a smile on the face of the older die-hard stalwarts. Read this set list: "Riot Squad," "Watch Your Back," "Working," "Sussed," "What's It Like To Be Old?," "Teenage Heart/Droogs Don't Run," "Spirit Of '76," "Tough Guys," "Get A Rope," "Argy Bargy," "Gotta Get Out," "So Many Things," "Running Riot," "Chip On My Shoulder," "I've Got Your Number," "Suicide Girls," "Because You're Young," "Take 'Em All," "Where Are They Now," "Sunday Stripper," "Secret Army," "England Belongs To Me," and "We're Coming Back." Yes!! COCKSPARRER put on the show of the decade! If you missed out on the shows in Texas, be sure to catch them at *Riot Fest* in Chicago on October 7-11th, or better yet right here in San Francisco on November 13th and 14th at the Great American Music Hall for the Pirates Press 5th Anniversary Party!! Check out www.piratespress.com or www.myspace.com/piratespress for more information. In the meantime, as promised last month, check out the review of the US edition of the latest COCKSPARRER LP entitled *Here We Stand* in the record review section of this issue.

Until next month—See you fucks at the bar!!



Lately at the compound there's been a lot of talk on the topic of ghosts. It all started with a couple of ghost stories and a home-made Ouija board. Since I've lived at the MRR house the subject has come up many times. First of all, it's important to note that this house creaks and cracks more than any old house I've ever lived in. There's a lot of wood and it does its thing all day and night long and to be honest it can be a bit unnerving if you're not used to it. Also, Diane likes to play with Ouija boards, which reignited the topic of ghosts. But she might retire since she got so freaked out at the sound of our roommate Dan walking down the hall one night that she screamed out loud when he turned the corner.

Honestly, I don't believe in ghosts. I'm more of a cold hard facts and proof kind of person. I've always had insomnia and weird anxiety issues with the act of sleeping and I seem to only conceive of ghosts when I'm lying in bed half-asleep. When I was younger I had recurrent bouts of sleep paralysis and it still creeps up on me about once a year, which is scary enough, but the real problem lies in my fear of things attacking me in my sleep. Not ghosts per se, but mice, rats, giant spiders (especially after encountering one in my bedroom in Austin), centipedes, murderous humans, and things of that nature.

Let me clarify this fear. My friend Brendan has a story of waking up in the middle of the night with an intense pain in his ear. The irritation was so bad that he called the emergency room to figure out what was wrong and they recommended that he flush his ears with hydrogen peroxide. The flushing yielded one resourceful cockroach with a voracious taste for earwax. When I was growing up my mom had a story about a neighbor of hers that would sleep with her purse under her pillow, but she woke up one morning and it was gone—someone had broken into her house and stolen it while she was sleeping on it. Also, check out Logan's story in this issue about waking up to a stranger sitting in his room. That kind of shit freaks me out and makes me never want to sleep again.

But back to ghosts…when I first moved into the MRR house I had many discussions with Martin, Chris, and Justin about various people's ghost stories related to the building. Justin claims that one time he saw the kitchen sink gush water and then stop on its own. Martin heard tapping on a window the first night that he slept at MRR and apparently one ex-coordinator woke up to a figure that looked like Tim Yo desperately trying to tell him something but no words were coming out. Lots of people have smelled cigarette smoke when no one was smoking and other phenomenon of that ilk. When longtime MRR contributor/J-Church frontman Lance Hahn died Justin answered a mysterious call from someone saying that a memorial was planned at 8pm in Dolores Park (the spot where the J-Church train passes by). When Justin asked for the person's name the phone dropped out. We went to the memorial and it was low-key and sweet with twenty or so of Lance's SF friends present. We asked everyone if they'd set it up or if they knew who did, but most people thought we'd planned it. Instead, it was some enigmatic caller who wasn't in Dolores Park on that night… That kind of weirded me out. Did Lance scheme his own memorial or is that just crazy talk? It's nonsense all right, but I always thought that it would've been clever of him to do so…

I haven't had anything happen to make me actually believe in ghosts since I've lived at the MRR compound. I thought my bag opened itself up one night when I was sleeping in the living room, but then again it probably just fell open randomly in the middle of the night while I happened to be looking. I've had doors slowly push in after I was certain that I'd closed them tight… The scariest thing happened right after I moved into the house and it involved a Darby Crash grave rubbing. Justin had just gotten his framed and decided to hang it on the wall in the long hall in the middle of the house. Around 5 in the morning it came crashing down and I woke up jumping in the air trying to figure out where the ruckus was coming from. I laid back down unsure of what happened and freaked out that someone was playing tricks on me. I don't think I ever fell back asleep.

At any rate, even though I'm easily spooked, I don't really believe in ghosts. I mean, tonight Randy told me he once saw a glowing deer ghost at his Christian camp when he was a kid. Deer ghost??? *Christian camp!?!* People claim they see little kids playing where a child has been known to die or they hear toilets flushing themselves in the middle of the night…but if ghosts

were possible wouldn't they want to fuck up our shit a little bit more than just jiggling toilet handles. Seems like an awfully boring lot in an afterlife to be assigned the role of toilet flusher. No thanks. Let me die.

Shit to ponder while I'm unable to sleep tonight:
1. Ilegal just put out the best demo of 2009. How did four dudes illegally living in Montreal via the US, Mexico, Finland, and (kinda) England meet up to create this raw ass hardcore that brings Italy's best to mind? Yo Simon, if you're reading this, I'm in awe of your guitar sound.
2. Logan Dean Worrell is the supreme master LP green taping machine.
3. Where the fuck did I put that Gai flexi that I got last month?!?
4. How is it possible that No Comment's *Downsided* sounds even better now than it did when I first heard it in 1995?
5. Do I really have to wait for a whole year to procure the *Touch and Go* fanzine compilation book?

YOUR BABY WON'T PROTECT YOU FROM THIS
The idea is to make your own culture / Culture production is work.
To all the people that send in demo tapes for review-our reviewers prefer tapes. Sometimes CDRs languish in the demo box for years... Here are some tapes I was given by the punks involved in culture production in and around the Bay; those traveling through and those residing within.

The Rank Xerox/Grass Widow tape on Wizard Mountain is an excellent document of two crucial local bands-Rank Xerox feature Jon and Kevin from Jump Off a Building, but the sound they have here is not close to that idea-it's an aggro moody post-punk fuck you sound, like hardcore kids playing Zounds maybe maybe maybe? Needless to say this band has fans in these parts-from people who think Grimple are a klassic to those who are more into the Desperate Bicycles. The Grass Widow 12" on Make a Mess was not my favorite thing, it seemed too precious somehow, but their side of this tape along with their upcoming 7" on Captured Tracks are another other story! This tape is like a snapshot of a girl's life, a fractured distorted stream of ideas and memories. First there's what seems to be a live set that sounds like it was recorded at a BART generator show, the frantic sounds of 16th and Mission, spirited and invigorating, and it sputters out. Then there's an incredible Urinals cover-so so so fucking good! "Black Hole" done like it's a secret universe, so knowing and cool. Of course an all-girl band doing this song, which is better than anything the Beatles wrote for sure, is gonna be right up my street, especially when it sounds like a reaffirmation of a secret language. There's some rad 4-track dreaminess on the rest of the cassette, emphasizing the spindly surf guitars meets Raincoats inspiration points that seem to be the framework for this band. Seriously, do not sleep on this tape! I think maybe the Grass Widow 12" was too polished and clean living for me-this shit is dirty finger nails, with sweet and unnerving vocals-totally amazing and essential. Both sides of this make me excited to be living in this city at this moment in time...
www.wizardmountain.org

Fave new already broken up band? Essential Tremors!!!! This cassette is on Tape It To Go tapes, which is a bummer for you, because I am not actually sure how you can get yourself a copy of any of their releases. I think this is the 4th in a series of bedroom punker sounds, this particular volume features Jess and Diane of Brilliant Colors and Zane of Needles, and it sounds like the sum of those parts. My first thought upon hearing it was that it sounds like what I had wished Gun Outfit did after seeing them play, then the disappointment felt upon hearing their 7", which does not reflect the live experience at all. That sorta punk/Dinosaur Jr feel, but with way more emphasis on the word punk than Gun Outfit would put perhaps? Not to totally disparage that band though. This tape is the sound of our hearts deadbeat... Makes me think of the Go Team, with some Dinosaur Jr and some of that traditional punk urgency sound. You know I hate the revival of shambolic indie, makes me think of dire Chapel Hill acolites supporting bands I wanted to see in the early '90s, hide behind that haircut cuz your music is BORING, worst offense in these eyes! Mediocre indie rocker revival bands of now=stop it right now! This tape is the best-the song that Jess and Zane sing on is so killer, it reminds me of the Element of Crime 7", which featured Chris and Jo from Huggy Bear and had this urgency and desperation... At any rate! I am gonna do all I can to make sure this certain song is available to more than those who were lucky enough to get this tape.

Things that will never grow old; hardcore shows in living rooms, between sets front yard hang outs and long dehydrated drives out to the show in tricky cars that only work if the person in the passenger seat doesn't sit down the whole way. Cult Ritual at a house in some Bay Area suburb, only accessible via car ride. A total '60s Descendents styled suburban home, but gone wrong; the wood panneling has rusty nails sticking of it, the breakfast bar is full of weirdos doing gravity bong hits... Every band played for less than ten minutes, which is the perfect set length, hardcore for the hardcore. I think the singer of each band ended up rolling on the floor which either means the memory and implications of emo have been wiped clean from the minds of the youth, or maybe it's some frantic new Darby Crash tribute movement. Anyways I got given a selection of tapes of other antics the Floridians engage in.

I think maybe this is a scene where the same group of people from many different bands, which is the best kind of situation. There's this tape that Huggy Bear put out called Huggy Nation that was a compilation tape, but was basically the same idea, the same group of people playing in different combinations in all of the bands... Body Rot is some synth-punk destruction, snarled and venomous, it's aggressive and overdriven, not some shit that would go down well with the sucked in cheekbones/nite clubbin' crowd. I am sure they own Flipper and Screamers records, but who doesn't? The girl's voice reminded me of Niki Elliot's somehow-check out *Weaponry Listens to Love* for further reference to that. That's a positive review. Slave Scene is bratty yet relentless and blunt hardcore. The vocals are slightly reminiscent of Sonny Kay from the VSS/Angel Hair kinda, maybe that's just the pitch though and just in certain places. More snarled then yowled! Super good, made me think of both listening to 7"s that came out of Gravity when I was a teenage punker. The band name is probably a reference to something I am oblivious to, but seems like it might be a *Venus in Furs* thing? Slave Scene? It's funny that the hardcore youth are adopting S&M imagery and aesthetics, like it almost seems traditional, McClaren / Westwood / Reed / Cale—get out the canon and reapply it! Neon Blud by name alone seems like it should be an electroclash band from Olympia, but nope, it's scratch your eyes out basement punk. Sounds like a band playing in a garage, while some creep tapes it from outside... If you want to get your hands on these artifacts you could go see Cult Ritual play, or you could write em: Cult Maternal 804 E Genesee St Tampa FL 33603
TAPE IT TO THE LIMIT!

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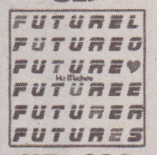

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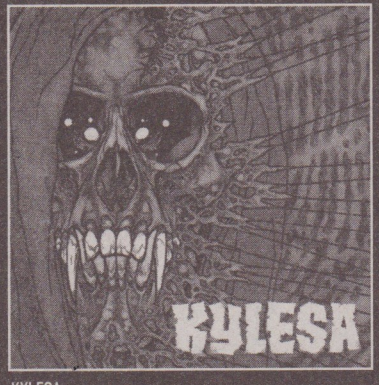

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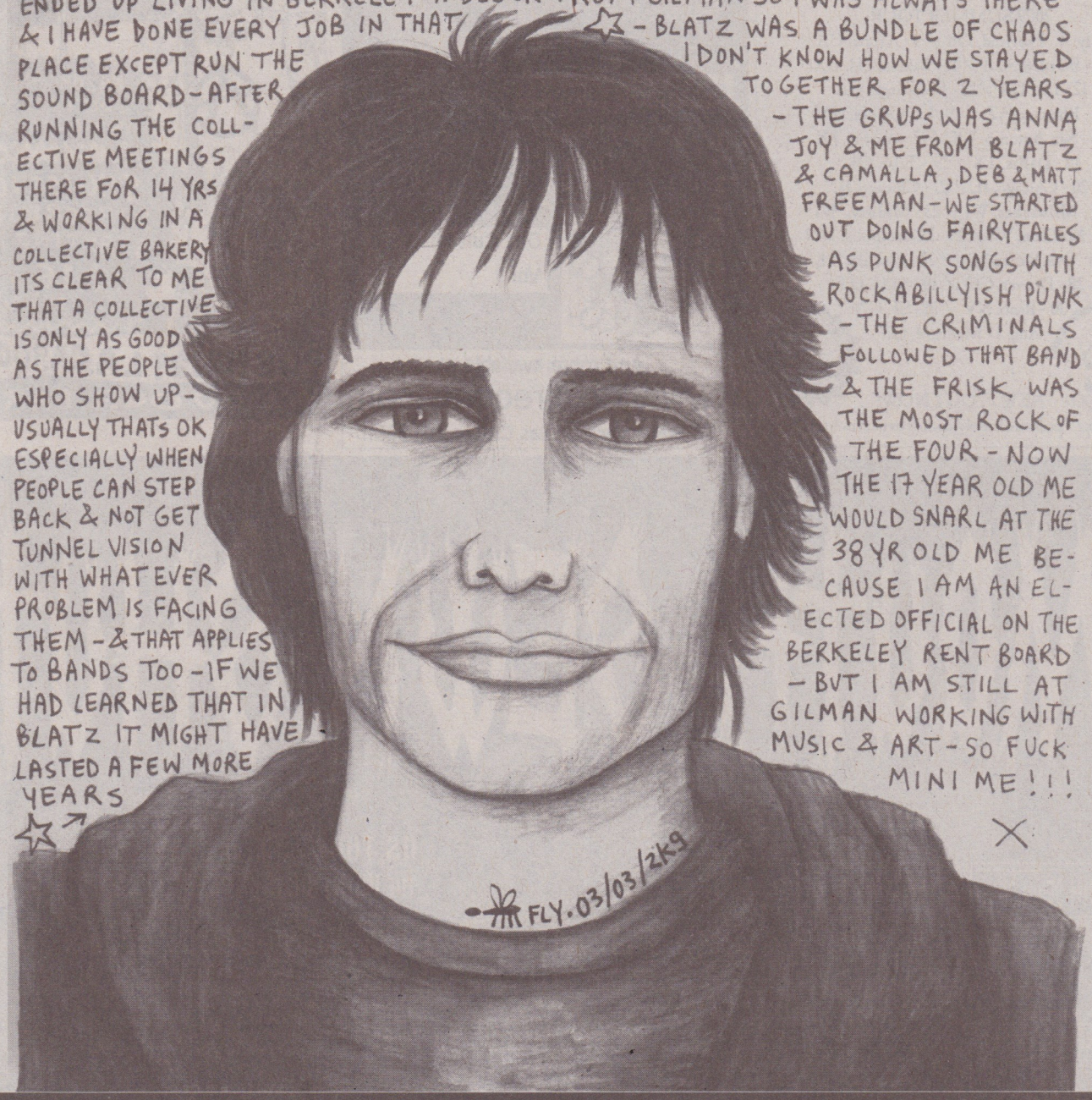
I WAS BORN IN NEW JERSEY IN 1970 & GREW UP IN PHILADELPHIA - AFTER MOVING AROUND A BIT I CAME OUT TO THE ANARCHIST FESTIVAL IN SF IN 1989 - IN 1985 A STRANGE NEW KID AT MY SCHOOL GAVE ME A CASSETTE WITH THE DEAD MILKMEN ON ONE SIDE & SEX PISTOLS ON THE OTHER - HE HAD BEEN SINGING "BITCHIN CAMERO" IN STUDY HALL & I ASKED HIM WHAT IT WAS SO HE GAVE ME THE TAPE - WE WERE ALL GEEKS & SOME OF MY FRIENDS WERE ALREADY PUNKS - MY FIRST SHOW WAS IN 1986 - SEEING RUIN AT GRENDEL'S LAIR IN PHILLY (ITS NOW A GAP STORE! I HATE THE GAP!) SO THRU WOODEN SHOE BOOKS I GOT MORE INVOLVED IN THE POLITICAL SIDE OF PUNK & BREIFLY SQUATTED IN W. PHILLY BEFORE COMING OUT WEST - GILMAN WAS HAVING AN ANARCHIST CONFERENCE SHOW WITH MDC & THE YEASTIE GIRLS - SO I WENT TO THAT & NEVER LEFT - I ENDED UP LIVING IN BERKELEY - A BLOCK FROM GILMAN SO I WAS ALWAYS THERE & I HAVE DONE EVERY JOB IN THAT PLACE EXCEPT RUN THE SOUND BOARD - AFTER RUNNING THE COLLECTIVE MEETINGS THERE FOR 14 YRS & WORKING IN A COLLECTIVE BAKERY ITS CLEAR TO ME THAT A COLLECTIVE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE PEOPLE WHO SHOW UP - USUALLY THATS OK ESPECIALLY WHEN PEOPLE CAN STEP BACK & NOT GET TUNNEL VISION WITH WHAT EVER PROBLEM IS FACING THEM - & THAT APPLIES TO BANDS TOO - IF WE HAD LEARNED THAT IN BLATZ IT MIGHT HAVE LASTED A FEW MORE YEARS ☆↗

☆ - BLATZ WAS A BUNDLE OF CHAOS I DON'T KNOW HOW WE STAYED TOGETHER FOR 2 YEARS - THE GRUPS WAS ANNA JOY & ME FROM BLATZ & CAMALLA, DEB & MATT FREEMAN - WE STARTED OUT DOING FAIRYTALES AS PUNK SONGS WITH ROCKABILLYISH PUNK - THE CRIMINALS FOLLOWED THAT BAND & THE FRISK WAS THE MOST ROCK OF THE FOUR - NOW THE 17 YEAR OLD ME WOULD SNARL AT THE 38 YR OLD ME BECAUSE I AM AN ELECTED OFFICIAL ON THE BERKELEY RENT BOARD - BUT I AM STILL AT GILMAN WORKING WITH MUSIC & ART - SO FUCK MINI ME!!!

X



JESSE TOWNLEY - 03/03/2K9 - EMERYVILLE CA

OK - SO I DID THIS PORTRAIT WHILE HANGING OUT WITH JESSE AT THE ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES HQ LOCATED UNDER A DARK OVERPASS IN A TRAFFIC FRENZIED SECTION OF EMERYVILLE - IT WAS REALLY FUN TALKING TO JESSE ABOUT ALL THE BANDS HE HAS BEEN IN & OLD GILMAN STORIES & DEBATING THE MERITS OF PUNKS RUNNING FOR OFFICE & OTHER RIDICULOUS SCENARIOS - & IT WAS ALSO MY FIRST TIME VISITING THE ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES OFFICE WHICH WAS LIKE CANDYLAND!! - I WANTED EVERYTHING!! - I WAS ESPECIALLY COMPLIMENTED TO SEE MY ARTWORK FOR THE KING MISSILE 3 CD UP ON THE WALL - SO - YEAH - VOTE FOR JESSE!! & GO SEE HIS NEW BAND - UMMM - WHEN HE GETS A NEW BAND - CHECK WWW.THEFRISK.COM FOR UPDATES!! - & TO CONTACT FLY EMAIL FLY@PEOPS.ORG (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW ITS NOT SPAM!) OR SNAIL TO FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA & CHECK OUT PEOPS.ORG - NEW WEBSITE STILL IN CONSTRUCTION BUT I REALLY HOPE TO START PUTTING THE INDEX UP SOON - BRANNEW PEOPS ZINE #4 & DOG DAYZ #1 & #2 ZINES AVAILABLE NOW!! AT WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

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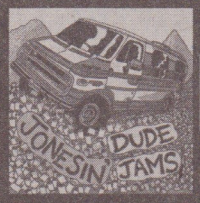

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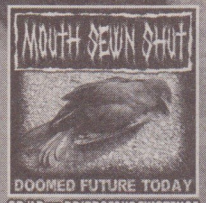

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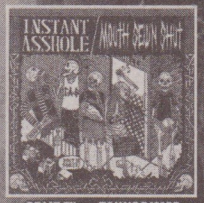

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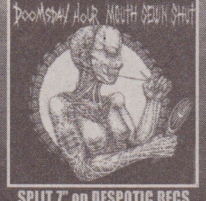

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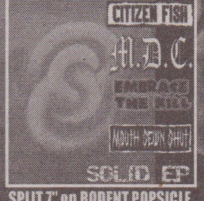

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY CHRIS PUGMIRE

IRAN'S DAY OF DESTINY

From an article in the Independent by Robert Fisk

It was Iran's day of destiny and day of courage. A million of its people marched from Engelob Square to Azadi Square—from the Square of Revolution to the Square of Freedom—beneath the eyes of Tehran's brutal riot police. The crowds were singing and shouting and laughing and abusing their "President" as "dust". Mirhossein Mousavi was among them, riding atop a car amid the exhaust smoke and heat, unsmiling, stunned, unaware that so epic a demonstration could blossom amid the hopelessness of Iran's post-election bloodshed. He may have officially lost last Friday's election, but yesterday was his electoral victory parade through the streets of his capital. It ended, inevitably, in gunfire and blood.

Not since the 1979 Iranian Revolution have massed protesters gathered in such numbers, or with such overwhelming popularity, through the boulevards of this torrid, despairing city. They jostled and pushed and crowded through narrow lanes to reach the main highway and then found riot police in steel helmets and batons lined on each side. The people ignored them all. And the cops, horribly outnumbered by these tens of thousands, smiled sheepishly and – to our astonishment – nodded their heads towards the men and women demanding freedom. Who would have believed the government had banned this march?

The protesters' bravery was all the more staggering because many had already learned of the savage killing of five Iranians on the campus of Tehran University, done to death—according to students—by pistol-firing Basiji militiamen. When I reached the gates of the college yesterday morning, many students were weeping behind the iron fence of the campus, shouting "massacre" and throwing a black cloth across the mesh. That was when the riot police returned and charged into the university grounds once more.

At times, Mousavi's victory march threatened to crush us amid walls of chanting men and women. They fell into the storm drains and stumbled over broken trees and tried to keep pace with his vehicle, vast streamers of green linen strung out in front of their political leader's car. They sang in unison, over and over, the same words: "Tanks, guns, Basiji, you have no effect now." As the government's helicopters roared overhead, these thousands looked upwards and bayed above the clatter of rotor blades: "Where is my vote?" Clichés come easily during such titanic days, but this was truly a historic moment.

Would it change the arrogance of power which Mahmoud Ahmadinejad demonstrated so rashly just a day earlier, when he loftily invited the opposition—there were reported to be huge crowds protesting on the streets of other Iranian cities yesterday—to be his "friends", while talking ominously of the "red light" through which Mousavi had driven. Ahmadinejad claimed a 66 per cent victory at the polls, giving Mousavi scarcely 33 per cent. No wonder the crowds yesterday were also singing – and I mean actually singing in chorus – "They have stolen our vote and now they are using it against us."

A heavy and benevolent dust fell over us all as we trekked the great highway towards the fearful pyramid of concrete which the Shah once built to honor his father and which the 1979 revolutionaries re-named Freedom Square. Behind us, among the stragglers, stones began to burst on to the road as Basijis besieged the Sharif University (they seem to have something against colleges of further education these days) and one man collapsed on the road, his face covered in blood. But on the great mass of people moved, waving their green flags and shouting in joy at the thousands of Iranians who stood along the rooftops.

On the right, they all saw an old people's home and out on to the balcony came the aged and the crippled who must have remembered the reign of the loathed Shah, perhaps even his creepy father, Reza Khan. A woman who must have been 90 waved a green handkerchief and an even older man emerged on the narrow balcony and waved his crutch in the air. The thousands below them shrieked back their joy at this ancient man.

Walking beside this vast flood of humanity, a strange fearlessness possessed us all. Who would dare attack them now? What government could deny a people of this size and determination? Dangerous questions.

By dusk, the Basiji were being chased by hundreds of protesters in the west of the city but shooting was crackling around the suburbs after dark. Those who were fatally too late in leaving Azadi, were fired on by the Basiji. One dead, thousands in panic, we heard behind us.

After every day of sunlight, there usually comes a perilous darkness and perhaps it was prefigured by the strange grey cloud that approached us all as we drew closer to Azadi Square yesterday afternoon. Many of the thousands of people around me noticed it and, burned by the afternoon sun, seemed to walk faster to embrace its shade. Then it rained, it poured, it soaked us. There is a faint rainy season in mid-summer Tehran but it had arrived early, sunlight arcing through the clouds like the horizon in a Biblical painting.

Moin, a student of chemical engineering at Tehran University—the same campus where blood had been shed just a few hours before—was walking beside me and singing in Persian as the rain pelted down. I asked him to translate. "It's a poem by Sohrab Sepehri, one of our modern poets," he said. Could this be real, I asked myself? Do they really sing poems in Tehran when they are trying to change history? Here is what he was singing:

"We should go under the rain.
We should wash our eyes,
And we should see the world in a different way."

He grinned at me and at his two student friends. "The next line is about making love to a woman in the rain, but that doesn't seem very suitable here." We all agreed. Our feet hurt. We were still tripping over manhole covers and kerbstones hidden beneath men's feet and women's chadors. For this was not just the trendy, young, sunglassed ladies of north Tehran. The poor were here, too, the street workers and middle-aged ladies in full chador. A very few held babies on their shoulders or children by the arm, talking to them from time to time, trying to explain the significance of this day to a mind that would not remember it in the years to come that they were here on this day of days.

The vast Azadi monument appeared through the grey light like a spaceship – we had been walking for four miles, and Moin and his friends spent an hour squeezing through a body of humanity so dense that my chest was about to be crushed. Around the monument, the Shah had long ago built a grassed rampart. We struggled to its height and there, suddenly, was the breathtaking nature of it all. Readers who have seen the film Atonement will remember the scene where the British hero-soldier climbs a sand-dune and suddenly beholds those thousands on the beaches of Dunkirk. This was no less awesome.

Amid the great basin of grass and concrete

that surrounds the monument were a thousand souls, moving and swaying and singing in the new post-rain sunlight. There must have been at least a million, and – here one struggles for a metaphor – it was like a vast animal, a great heaving beast that breathed and roared and moved sluggishly beneath that monstrous arrow of concrete. Moin and his friends lay on the grass, smoking cigarettes. They asked each other if the Supreme Leader would understand what this meant for Iran. "He's got to hold the elections again," one of Moin's friends told him. They looked at me. "Don't ask a foreigner," I said. "Because I'm not so sure that the fathers of the 1979 revolution will look so kindly upon this self-evident demand for freedom."

True, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, the Supreme Leader—how antiquated that title sounded yesterday—had agreed to enquire into the election results, perhaps to look over a polling statistic or two. But Ahmadinejad, despite his obtuseness and his unending smile, is a tough guy in a tough clerical environment. His glorious predecessor, Hojatolislam Mohamed Khatami, was somewhere down there amid the crowds, along with Mousavi and Mousavi's wife Zahra Rahnavard, but they could not protect these people.

Government is not about good guys and bad guys. It is about power, state and political power—they are not the same—and unless those wanly smiling riot police move across to the opposition, the weapons of the Islamic Republic remain in the hands of Ahmadinejad's administration and his spiritual protectors. As, no doubt, we shall soon see.

US DRUG WAR MONEY FUNDED PERU INDIGENOUS MASSACRE

Kristin Bricker, Narcophere.narconews.com

On June 5, the Peruvian National Police (PNP) massacred up to fifty unarmed Awajún and Wampi indigenous people in Bagua who had blockaded roads in protest of land reforms related to a recently implemented US-Peru free trade agreement. Witnesses report that the PNP shot live ammunition from the ground, rooftops, and police helicopters. Anywhere between 61-400 people are reported missing following the attack. Narco News has discovered that US drug war money is all over the massacre. The US government has not only spent the past two decades funding the helicopters used in the massacre, it also trained the PNP in "riot control."

The Peruvian National Police is a militarized police force and Peru's only national police force, meaning that Peru lacks a civilian federal police force. For this reason, the militarized PNP carries out regular policing functions in Peru, such as maintaining the peace and providing public security.

Furthermore, "Counternarcotics operations in Peru are implemented primarily through the Ministry of the Interior by the Peruvian National Police," according to the US Government Accounting Office (GAO, now known as the Government Accountability Office). For this reason, the PNP receives a significant chunk of US drug war aid to Peru.

Basic details of the Bagua massacre such as exactly which police departments participated and how many indigenous protesters died remain unavailable two weeks after the massacre. Peru's La Primera newspaper—the only news outlet to provide information on specific police departments that participated in the massacre—writes, "The police operation was carried out by about 600 armed police from the Dinoes [Special Operations Department] and from the Anti-Drugs Department (DINANDRO), who shot head-on at protesters' bodies." Dinoes and DINANDRO are two forces within the Peruvian National Police.

Of particular interest is the participation of the anti-drugs police force, known as DINANDRO in its Spanish abbreviation. Between 2002 and 2007, the United States spent over $79 million on the PNP. 2002-2004 funds were for "training and field exercises to enhance the capabilities of DIRANDRO to conduct basic road and riverine exercises, as well as to provide security for eradication teams in outlying areas. These enhanced law enforcement efforts will require additional vehicles, communications, field gear, emergency/safety reaction gear, and drug detector canines." In 2007, the US government's funding for the DIRANDRO was expanded to "enhance the capabilities of DIRANDRO to conduct advanced road interdiction, riot control, greater security for eradication teams, and interdiction in hardcore areas." [emphasis added]. In 2007 the US government also debuted the first of at least four "Pre-Police Schools" for students that have completed secondary school education (that is, these schools are an alternative to high school). The "Pre-Police Schools" are free and designed to recruit and train young people to be members of the PNP.

As Peru became further militarized under the pretense of the drug war, the US State Department justified its 2008 budget request for Peru by noting, "The major change in the FY 2008 police program will be the requirement to support a much-enlarged presence of the Peruvian National Police anti-drug police (DIRANDRO) in the coca growing valleys." While the region in which the massacre occurred is not by any means a major coca-growing region, it is certainly on the UN Office on Drugs and Crime's (UNODC) map (PDF file—see page 192).

The US government has a propensity to fund "anti-narcotics" operations in rebellious territory, which is then used, either overtly (note the DIRANDRO's US-provided training in riot control) or covertly, to fund counterinsurgency operations. The mere mention of the region on the UNODC's coca cultivation map combined with the presence of indigenous resistance organizations practically assures a military-police build-up in the region. In fact, a 1991 GAO report stated, "The [Peruvian] executive branch policy is to use counternarcotics aid against drug traffickers and insurgent groups linked to the drug trade....we believe the policy is reasonable." The GAO report goes on to say:

"Of the 702 police trained for counternarcotics purposes since 1989, only about 56 per cent were from units having a counternarcotics mission. The remaining 44 per cent were from police units having a primary mission of counterinsurgency. These units include the Sinchis and the Departamento de Operaciones Especiales [Dinoes, who also participated in the massacre]....In December 1990, the State Department instructed the Embassy that it could not train certain types of units, including the Departamento de Operaciones Especiales, because they were not directly involved in counternarcotics missions. Despite this notification, the Narcotics Affairs Section provided training to 32 personnel who should not have been trained; these 32 made up almost 14 per cent of the total number of police trained after the instruction was issued. According to section officials, providing special operations forces with training would help US efforts to solicit their support for future operations.... Although police from the Sinchis and the Departamento de Operaciones Especiales may perform some counternarcotics operations, their primary mission is recognized to be counterinsurgency."

While the GAO report is from the Fujimori era, the right wing presidents that followed him have done little to rectify past wrongs. One of the more blatant examples of this fact is Peru's amnesty law that protects dirty war criminals. Furthermore, current Peruvian President Alan Garcia is currently serving his second non-consecutive term; he served his first term in 1985-1990, when Peru's dirty war was in full swing. The Garcia administration has always been characterized by massacres in the face of social unrest: the current president presided over the Accomarca massacre in August 1985 (47-74 dead peasants), the Cayara massacre in May 1988 (about thirty dead and more disappeared), and various prison riots in which over 200 inmates were executed.

Unfortunately, Garcia's massacre of the Awajún and Wampi indigenous peoples at the Bagua blockade is only the latest in a series. Garcia himself seems entirely unrepentant regarding the latest massacre, reportedly calling the indigenous organizations that participated in the Bagua blockade "ignorant" and relying on typical racist arguments to downplay the indigenous movement. Implying that indigenous people are incapable of thinking for them-

selves and making their own decisions regarding their well-being, he told press that the indigenous organizations were being manipulated by foreign leftist forces.

Witnesses to the Bagua massacre claim that police fired tear gas and live ammunition from police helicopters. The helicopters, Russian-made Mi-17s, were not purchased with US dollars, but US drug war money has maintained them for years. As part of the Andean Counterdrug Initiative, a George H.W. Bush program that spawned the infamous Plan Colombia, the US government undertook the task of upgrading Peru's fleet of police aircraft. Peru's La Republica reported that the US government aimed to upgrade the PNP's entire fleet. The US began providing funds for Peru's aircraft under the auspices of counternarcotics efforts in 1988. In 2004, the US government provided "funding for pilots, aircrews, and support personnel for 15 USG-owned UH-1H helicopters and 14 Peruvian Mi-17 helicopters," the latter being the same type of helicopter used in the Bagua massacre. Given that US foreign aid can be delayed for several years before it arrives in the recipient country, it is within the realm of possibility that the US government funded the pilots and crew that were in the Mi-17s that were allegedly used to murder indigenous Peruvians in Bagua.

In 2007, the State Department mentioned the Mi-17s amongst other PNP aircraft in its budget justification, writing that "FY 2007 funds will also cover fuel, maintenance, hangars and warehousing, aircraft rental when needed, and operational support for PNP Aviation (DIRAVPOL) personnel." A year later, the State Department wrote, "FY 2008 will continue heavy investment of funds in training and career development of PNP aviation personnel in addition to budgeting for increased flight hours." In addition to funding Peru's existing Mi-17 helicopters, the United States has donated about 24 armed Huey II (UH-II) helicopters to the PNP. Hueys were not used in the Bagua massacre, but the massacre should make the US government think twice about donating combat helicopters with multiple guns and rocket launchers mounted all over the aircraft. The donated Huey II's came with the M16 armament system, which includes a combination of M6 flexible quad M60C 7.62mm machine guns and two seven-tube 2.75 inch MK-40 rocket launchers.

VIRGINIA WOMEN'S PRISON SEGREGATED LESBIANS, OTHERS

From an article in the Huffington Post filed by Nick Sabloff

For more than a year, Virginia's largest women's prison rounded up inmates who had loose-fitting clothes, short hair or otherwise masculine looks, sending them to a unit officers derisively dubbed the "butch wing," prisoners and guards say. Dozens were moved in an attempt to split up relationships and curb illegal sexual activity at the 1,200-inmate Fluvanna Correctional Center for Women, though some straight women were sent to the wing strictly because of their appearance, the inmates and corrections officers said.

Civil rights advocates called the moves unconstitutional punishment for "looking gay." The warden denied that any housing decisions were made based on looks or sexual orientation, and said doing so would be discriminatory. The practice was stopped recently after the Associated Press began questioning it, according to several inmates and one current employee. Two current guards and one of their former co-workers said targeting masculine-looking inmates was a deliberate strategy by a building manager. Numerous inmates said in letters and interviews that they felt humiliated and stigmatized when guards took them to the separate wing, also referred to by prisoners and guards as the "little boys wing," "locker room wing" or "studs wing."

"I deserved to go for my crime and I did my time there," said Summer Triolo, who spent nearly six years at Fluvanna for theft before being released in February 2008. "But my punishment was by the judge to do time in prison away from my family and home. That was my punishment, not all the extra stuff."

Living conditions in wing 5D weren't worse than the rest of the prison, and no prisoner said she was denied services other inmates received. However, the women said they were verbally harassed by staff who would make remarks such as, "Here come the little boys," when they were escorted to eat, and they were taken to the cafeteria first or last to keep them away from other inmates. The three guards confirmed such remarks were made.

The two current guards and former guard William Drumheller said Building 5 manager Timothy Back, who is in charge of security and operations for that area, came up with the idea to break up couples by sending inmates to the wing. Gradually, they said, the 60-inmate wing was filled with women targeted because of their appearance. The current employees asked to remain anonymous for fear of losing their jobs.

"I heard him say, 'We're going to break up some of these relationships, start a boys wing, and we're going to take all these studs and put them together and see how they like looking at nothing but each other all day instead of their girlfriends,'" Drumheller said.

Drumheller said Back told him the plan one day in a prison office. The other two guards, who are both female, said Back's reasons for moving the prisoners were commonly known among guards, though officials would deny the reasons for the moves if inmates asked or complained. Warden Barbara Wheeler called the policy a figment of the inmates' imaginations.

"With female offenders, relationships are very important, and often times when they're separated from those relationships they might perceive it as punitive," Wheeler said. Wheeler said her employees wouldn't segregate inmates based on looks or sexual orientation, and she wouldn't condone it. "That's like saying I want to put all the blacks in one unit and all the whites in one unit," something federal courts have ruled illegal, she said.

A dozen inmates interviewed in person or by letter contradicted Wheeler, saying there's no doubt why they were moved. Triolo said she had gone four years without getting in trouble until she shaved her shoulder-length brown locks. She soon was moved to 5D, away from her girlfriend. Triolo and Trina O'Neal were two of the first inmates sent to 5D in the fall of 2007. "I have been gay all my life and never have I once felt as degraded, humiliated or questioned my own sexuality, the way I look, etc., until all of this happened," O'Neal, 33, who is serving time for forgery and drug charges, wrote to the AP.

Drumheller worked at Fluvanna for two years but said he quit in August because he didn't like the inmates' treatment. The prison declined repeated requests for an interview with Back, and the AP could not find a working home telephone number for him.

Sex, whether forced, coerced or consensual, is forbidden in prisons primarily to prevent violence and the spread of diseases. Segregating gay inmates in men's prison has been upheld by federal courts to protect them and maintain order, though courts have ruled against total isolation or harsher conditions. Separating women based on appearance, though, violates the Constitution's guarantees of equal protection and freedom of expression, said Helen Trainor, director of the Virginia Institutionalized Persons Project. "Point blank, this institution is ran by homophobes, and the rules instated here are based on your sexual preference not what is right or wrong," wrote inmate Casey Lynn Toney.

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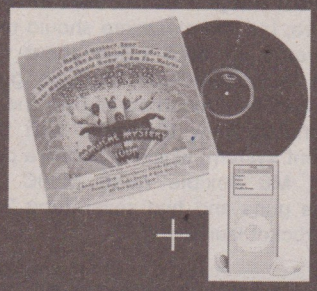

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MRR asks YOU:

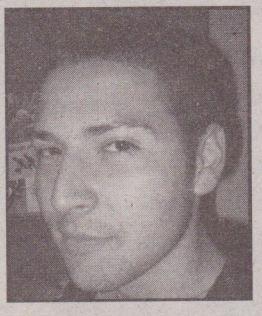
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's something you say you'll do this summer but won't? (asked all over the place, but mostly at the two SF Limp Wrist shows in June)

Kyle, 22, Oakland
Not quit my job.

Liz, 20, Austin
Go back home.

Jack, 30, Vacaville
Quit drinking.



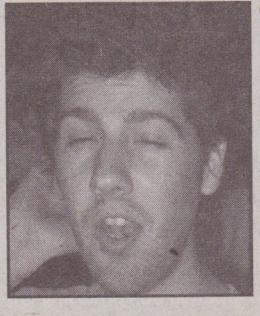
Patrick, 22, San Francisco
Go down to Joshua Tree, even though I set realistic goals.

Steven, 24, San Francisco
Nothing.

Julia, 20, Oakland
Do a zine.

Max, 21, Oakland
Two words: Vampire Grind.

Will, 22, Oakland
Also Vampire Grind.



Clark, 26, San Francisco
Sell all my shit and move to Guam.

Rachel, 24, San Francisco
Eat popsicles while watching cute girls outside the window, and maybe eating coconuts, but I never find coconuts.

BREST SCENE REPORT

by Sanja

The DIY punk/hardcore movement of Belarus started in three cities: Minsk, Grodno, and Brest. About 300,000 people live in Brest. In the beginning of the '90s, grunge was very popular in Brest and there were a lot of groups who played this kind of music. At the end of the '90s punk rock changed to grunge, but most of the groups sang only about alcohol and destruction with the exception of SAD ("Garden"), a folk punk band who had songs such as: "Radioaktivnye Othody" ("Radioactive Scraps") and "Sumasshedshee Nebo" ("Mad Sky"). They touched on anarchist and ecological subjects in their lyrics. Of all of the bands from the period only SAD and DAY DOROGU ("Make Way") are still around. However, members of DAY DOROGU have right-wing views, so people from our scene don't go to their concerts.

Some of the other groups that existed years ago include a very good grindcore band FACEGRIND, which unfortunately didn't release any stuff before they disbanded and MYAZHA ("Border!"), who played heavy punk with an accordionist. Another old band, KUNCKLEDUSTER, recently got back together but then broke up again two months ago. At the end of the '90s they played brutal hardcore, but lately it's more a mix of thrashcore and grind. They released three albums and a split tape with JAN AG.

The current punks in Brest only learned about DIY punk and hardcore about six years ago. The old punk generation disappeared or was lost to alcoholism and did not play a role in our development. Because of that we had to revive the punk movement in our city from almost the ground up. The movement is still very young, and people of ages 23 to 24 are considered to be old. The situation in Brest is that the DIY punk and hardcore scene is large but there are only a few bands.

Those bands include NAD SMILE, a Californian pop-punk band with typical lyrics for this style of music. Members of this band are nice people who maintain DIY views (nadsmile@yandex.ru). INTRO MUROS is a newer, grindcore band that has already taken part in two concerts in the Ukraine and some gigs around Brest (suffocated@mail.ru). HARAKIRI666 is a noise/thrash/grind band that is also new. The lyrics and music are written by a local Brestian, but the members of the band live in three different cities. Their concerts are total madness (www.xarakiri666.narod.ru/harakiri@

front.ru)!

Concerts take place very rarely but they go off well. Before, we organized gigs in clubs bimonthly. For the past two years it has been more difficult, so we setup open-air shows or gigs in garages/cottages. It is mostly Russian or Belarussian bands that take part in these concerts. It's very difficult to invite groups from other countries because of the fucking borders.

DISTRO/LABELS

1x9x8x4 is a young distro and label. These releases on CD are now available: PROVEROCHNAYA LINEYKA ("Staight Edge"), plays HC and is from Russia, CHANGE THE WORLD WITHOUT TAKING POWER plays crust HC and is from Russia, CONTRA LA CONTRA is anarchopunk from Belarus, and a split with TED KACZYNSKI, who plays crusty-d-beat and is from Russia, and STAGNATION IS DEATH, plays dark, punk death grind from Poland (xpsichox@inbox.ru). Subculture is a t-shirt and patch distro. They have many patches including DOOM, AUS ROTTEN, HOMOMILITIA, and LAMANT. For t-shirts they have DOOM, SEE YOU IN HELL, 7 SECONDS, among others. There are also a lot of t-shirts and patches of non-musical content (subculture@yandex.ru).

ZINES

All of the zines listed here are written in Russian. No Lie is made by the guitarist of HARAKIRI 666. The zine consists of columns, opinions and interviews mostly with crust and grind bands. The latest, his fourth, issue was very big. It was one of my favorite Belarussian zines, but he's now stopped (nolie@yandex.ru). I Love Zombie is another zine made by this guy. All of his attention goes towards this zine, which consists mostly of his drawings and illustrations. A-party-JA is made by my friends and me. It features commentary and musical and socio-political matters, and consists of interviews, columns, articles, poetry, reviews of concerts, and opinions. We have five issues (sanjaamatar@gmail.com, xpsichox@inbox.ru). Bla-Bla-Bla is a new and interesting, cut/paste zine, and includes reflections and interviews. It's written by two girls who also do the local Food Not Bombs. At the moment the second issue is out (uzhasno@bk.ru, lets87@bk.ru). Bez Nazvania ("Without Name") is the zine from the guy who also does the 1x9x8x4 distro. It's also a cut/paste zine. He has five issues out (xpsichox@inbox.ru).

POLITICS

Anarchist politics really took hold at the end of the '90s. It was of a non-radical nature, for example, participation on May Day with the black flag. In spite of the non-radical nature, people who took part in these actions were called in for questioning to the KGB (Committee for State Security) and their flats were ransacked. Because of this nothing happened for the next few years. The most active people created Free Theatre (ksenia_izberg@mail.ru), and were inspired by the works of Daniil Harms and situationists like Debour, Tsvetkov, and others. Since 2000, they have conducted performances on May Day. The theatre was the avenue for activity, doing other things such as anti-war video demonstrations, distributing leaflets, and organizing political flash-mobs. They also put on different culture events, such as on April 12, 2003 the theatre organized Solidarity Day for the people of occupied Iraq. This day they showed their performance 12 Millions, which is the population of Iraq, and put up a photo exhibition. The theatre also took an active part with a free show for the Life of No Border camp in the Ukraine last year. At the beginning of March in 2008 they also performed their Product-Money-Product show in Moscow during a festival organized by local LGBTs. In recent years they have mostly focused on practicing their work with few performances in their hometown. Also, the local authorities refuse to allow legal avenues for their performances.

Since 2004, the anarcho-punx have become a much stronger force. About 30 punx take part in official demonstrations every May Day and V-Day (May 9) with their own flags and banners. During many of these demonstrations we have arrested by cops. But after three hours of detention at a police station and proving your identity the cops let us go free. Every year arrests of our activists on V-Day reveal the true state sentiments. The cops have promised to kick us out of our schools and jobs if we would take part in these demonstrations, and every year cops go to schools at the beginning and ask school-children to rat on kids who are considered to be anti-fascists. Since 2006 we have been active across the city in the name of animal liberation. Sometimes we have taken direct actions against shops of fur and leather, and twice we made direct actions against zoos. From time to time we distribute leaflets and put up banners in our city.

FNB has existed in Brest for two years. It's more of a charitable initiative than political. We need to take into account the state we live. During our initial servings we distributed leaflets that explained the point of our actions. Because of it we had many problems with the cops. The cops explained to us that if we distributed out leaflets they would shut us down. During the winter we also try to distribute clothes to people.

From the mid-'90s until 2000 there was an active Nazi-skinhead movement but it has since subsided. However, since 2005 Nazism had a revival among soccer fans. Since then anti-Nazi activity also gained momentum. There have been active sticker, stencil, and leaflet initiatives happening in Brest.

DIY in LONDON UK

by BRYONY BEYNON

This is less of a scene report, more of a snapshot of lots of disparate stuff that's happening across the city and just outside, brought together, temporarily I fear, under my contradictory and happily subjective umbrella of personal taste. Come on, humour me, at least it's dry under here. The cohesion and dare I say it unity required for all these bands to exist in one single scene isn't present in London, UK, and there are many different reasons for that. The principle is that sky-high expectations about any kind of subversive cultural production in this nation's capital persist over thirty years after Johnny "Countrylife" Rotten did a rude word on telly. (Countrylife is the brand of butter that the mole-faced Public Image is currently promoting in full-page ads in all the National newspapers in the UK. Don't turn over too quickly in disgust, Iggy Pop's mangled caramel torso has found a new trade in car insurance on the next page. Media Blitz.)

This means that a merciless spotlight is angled constantly and full beam on the youth, and I will let you imagine what the kinds of bands that run towards that spotlight sound like. Invariably, they end up signed, or, if not signed, wilted and smelling like plastic. It can be hard to pick the wheat from the chaff—the amps are on but there's nobody home, you see, there is no shortage of bands in London just like there is no shortage of actors in LA. Some nights it might seem like this complacency has filtered its way down to the punks, the hardcore kids, and the artists. But there's always something happening in someone's flat that's a little less overlooked, a little more potent.

I present to you what I believe to be the full gamut of exciting DIY things happening in and around—just 20 minute train ride beyond the major stations—London as far as I am concerned, and all strictly without the aid of an ad campaign. We're running rings around those journo chumps and they don't even know it.

I'm going to start with Paco, whose opinions have been featured in this here zine, and who is one of the city's most prolific punk doers. He runs La Vida Es Un Mus from his Hackney, East London homestead, or wherever he happens to be, helping out friends and his label's bands when they pass through Europe with shows under the name Xerox Musik. (This is also the Mus sub-label that puts out weirdo noise like the BILLY BAO 7"). The shows usually happen at The Grosvenor, a pub in Stockwell that could be a lot closer to legendary with a calmer landlord. Most recently those have been: CRIMINAL DAMAGE, LIMP WRIST and GOVERNMENT WARNING. He is also booking the SEX/VID tour here in the autumn and helping out SURRENDER with shows. So basically, much of the good punk rock that is available in London is thanks to this man. The label has probably one of the highest profiles beyond our borders because of its international scope. Most recent releases are the latest LIMP WRIST LP, a SURRENDER 7" called There is No War, the first 12" by Spain's DESTINO FINAL, a new GOVERNMENT WARNING LP titled Paranoid Mess, and The SHITTY LIMITS, Beware the Limits, LP. Check out his website at www.lavidaesunmus.com

Paco works at Rough Trade records shop with Sean from HARD SKIN, whose London centric comedy Oi should surely be in your collection. These two brilliants run another label called Demo Tapes Records along with a chap named Clint, but he's gone away. Next LPs on the label include BLYTH POWER, A Little Touch of Harry in the Night Demo and PASSION KILLERS, Lion Studios 20/9/83 Demo.

The only one of these bands who could at a push fit into the general London-scene reportage is the SHITTY LIMITS. They're actually based in Reading, High-Wycombe, but with a frenzied Motown-punk-style that is kinda ANGRY SAMOANS fronted by Jonathan Richman, they've got that hip-shaking garage thing with hardcore fury that stops it being in any

spectres

way trite. Probably the most prolific punk band going today in the UK. Contact Paco for that new record, won't you.

Next up, and I stuff my hands into my own mouth with this guilty segue, but mentioning the SCEPTRES in the same breath because that's two LIMITS, plus Ralph and I do at least actually live in London. I have a shrill voice and Ralph has very well-strung guitar: people say TYRADES meets WIPERS. Our small 7" label venture is DIRE RECORDS, which focuses on the mono, CDs and records, and we just released the split 7" of THE SCEPTRES/FACEL VEGA (from Wales) and repressed the first 7" of the now-quasi legendary HYGIENE.

With a deeply English-oriented proposition, and despite their singer being a nasal Canadian by the name of Mr. Weiner, HYGIENE plays a stripped down, cool and evocative post-punk-with-big-choruses that crosses the naivety of TELEVISION PERSONALITIES with something altogether darker, say, CRISIS meets CRIME. The best description I've read of them is: "Bingo Master's Breakout-era FALL, and COCKNEY REJECTS...music for when you're fighting in the streets of Southwark with the psycho mafia outside the town hall you never wanted anyway." (www.myspace.com/hygieneldn) That prosaic summation came from Luke Younger who has a band called SPIN SPIN THE DOGS. Stringing post-punk guitars with melodic fuzz and a wild-eyed unpredictability that is genuinely unsettling, they're honestly a thing all of their own. They have an LP out on Gringo Records from Nottingham.

Gig-wise, HYGIENE has thus far sat on the boundary between the straight-up punk and the murky but sometimes very rewarding territory wherein you'll find the more garagey/psych/breakout/fuzz pop feedback set of bands. These bands are breeding rapidly, but awesome projects like Shabeen Scene Tapes help to sort the shit from the holy shit as Eric who does funtime-dancing-opportunity Corn Rocket Club. The most recent output of Shabeen Scene Tapes is a split between BLACK MAMBA BEAT! and WORK THAT SKIRT. This is the ribald, meat and potatoes garage section by the way. I'll mention BLACK TIME here, on In the Red Records in the US and overlooked by London comparatively. I'll also mention KING SALAMI AND THE CUMBERLAND 3, THE CHINESE LUNGS and THEE VICARS—Dire Records alumni.

Bands like COREY ORBISON, ROSEANNE BARR (drum/bass, thrashy punk) and HUSBANDS (queercore with keyboards) fit here too, covering the whole gambit of a more frenetic Messtheticsesque sound, these bands are outsider punx to the nth degree. HUSBANDS has a split 7" with DRUNK GRANNY on Local Kid, a forthcoming split with HUMOUSEXUAL on IRRK, a full length LP on Local Kid, and self released CDrs and tapes on homo-tones.co.uk. I'm going to mention METHODIST CENTRE here even though thus far I've not seen them live. Jangly and highly oi-nergy-camp-power-queer vibes from East London on Invisible Spies records.

Many of the shows for these bands are put on by DIY tour-bookers and record releasers, Upset the Rhythm. A loosely formed collective with Chris and Claire at the helm, they are incredibly prolific with fingers in more pies than even I would care to eat. UTR began with booking THE EX and DEERHOOF to play in the UK in 2003, and has since then expanded into a wonderful carousel of shows and records that keep to strict DIY principles. It's become a kind of scene it itself, innovative and open, with a refreshingly high ratio of lady musicians too. They've put on hundreds of shows, and I want to mention two there are responsible for: PLUG (two piece lady like the DELTA 5) and TRASH KIT (London raucous girl-punk). Next releases are GENTLE FRIENDLY, TRASH KIT (London lady rabble punk) and FOOT VILLAGE from LA www.upsettherhythm.co.uk.

Continuing with the theme of people who've taken DIY principles learnt in hardcore and put them to use in other contexts, Real Gold is the umbrella name for an initiative by Deano Jo to produce "things with a bit of permanence and weight to them—whether it's records, books, or magazines, putting extra thought and effort in to make that object special." As well as the continued success of a color-zine called Fun, Real Gold has put out records for the TRAIN CHRONICLES (boozy banjo-driven hyper-speed blues www.wearerealgold.com.

Ricochet! Ricochet! is Patrick from HUSBANDS and Colette's awesome zine distro, stocking a plethora of xerox propaganda from these very fringes, and showing up everywhere www.myspace.com/ricochetricochet. They're also involved in the zine archive at 56a Infoshop (56a.org.uk) which is a DIY social centre with zine archive, bike workshop and a food collective. Zinewise, London is comparatively rich in self-publishing, and those guys have their own channels. NICHE HOMO, with two issues out, is a great music zine and is poisonously sardonic with a nice clarity in its tone of voice—the zine's tagline is Superior Toilet Literature. Then there's QUALITY CONTROL, a straight-edge fanzine out of West London with interesting theorizing on hardcore. MODERN HATE VIBE number three is out now with

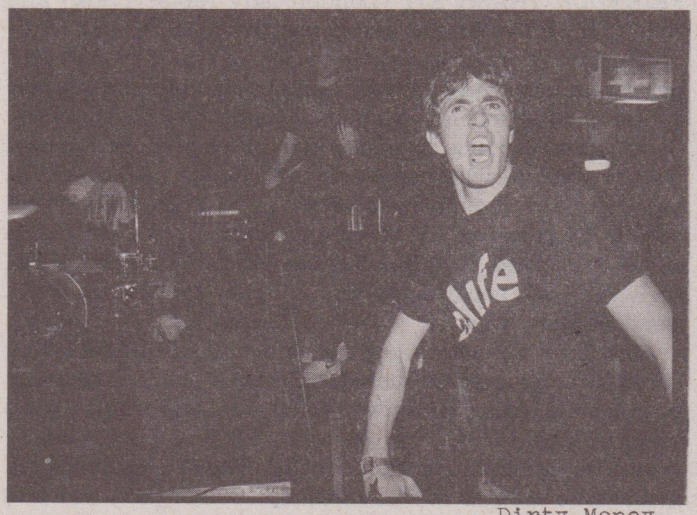
plug

interviews from THE STUPIDS, Brian Walsby, now of DOUBLE NEGATIVE, and Chris Bickel of IN/HUMANITY. Next Issue has interviews with GANG OF FOUR and CITIZEN'S ARREST, and will include the source material I received for this report. So if you want to know more about any of this stuff you should pick that up (bryony.beynon@gmail.com)!

To throw a curveball in right here and shimmy over stylistically to about as far away as possible, let's talk about Rucktion Records. This long-running label has been self-sufficient for ten years, which is also the age of their longest standing, and now on hiatus as I understand it, group: KNUCKLEDUST. Rucktion has single-handedly kept London HC alive when it was deeply unfashionable. I'd check out NINEBAR blending SHEER TERROR with later era NYHC like RAW DEAL or BREAKDOWN, pulling this off with a cheeky London-centric aplomb that is loveable and moshy as all hell (www.rucktion.com). The pretty awfully named HELLBENT DIEHARD is actually great and a bit mind expanding; technical hardcore played with gusto. Rucktion recently released the CD version for DEAL WITH IT from Leeds, Yorkshire, titled End Time Prophecies, which is very similar to LEEWAY. They're not from London but are worth catching for the punkest delivery of what comes very close to a full on metal band. Another band in this whole subsection is the inimitable DIRTY MONEY, who recently toured the US with TRAPED UNDER ICE. Not much of a progression musically from NO WARNING but with a Liverpudlian accent, and good lyrics about real issues. They put out records with Dead and Gone Records from Sheffield, an institution in itself.

The guitarist from NINEBAR also puts on London's only regular fixed date hardcore show, a first Saturday of the month type deal at the 12Bar in Soho, with increasingly mixed bills and always something interesting to see. Check www.londoncalling.cjb.net if you're in town.

Straight edge as any kind of governing force has long been dead in London, a city with over 7000 pubs. So I was surprised but invigorated to see a small group of kids flying that flag and doing it very tastefully. ABOLITION is a politically charged '90s-style metallic hardcore group that sounds and kind of feels like STRUGGLE and CHOKEHOLD's Instilled 7". CANT RELATE shares members and says they're influenced by YDI and NEGATIVE APPROACH, and



Dirty Money

Battle of Wolf359

were formed out of boredom and a desire to rage against all rubbish things like racism and working in your local chain cinema: "Stale popcorn and skin on the cheese/Your life is boring, like these movies." It is genuine hardcore punk played by angry boys and girls and thus is really fucking exciting www.myspace.com/xcantrelatex.

Never Healed Records features HANG THE BASTARD, who do sludgy, INTEGRITY-style moshism, HELLO BASTARDS, South American, Polish, German and Israel ex-pat punx crusting up London, and DEATHSKULLS who sound like an extremely English CRO-MAGS. One of their members now plays in SPECTRAHAWK with Bloody Kev from such UK greats as HARD TO SWALLOW and DEAD INSIDE on vocal duty, and sound a bit like EYEHATEGOD. These bands are the most likely you'll witness at any number of squat-based shows, but those are few and far between due to draconian squatting laws here.

There's also the winning team of husband and wife, Sam and Derek, who run a label, promote shows and do a distro called Parade of Spectres (www.myspace.com/paradeofspectres). They emphasize heavy screamo and punk products from around the globe, including BURNING TIMES, KADDISH and FURNACE. They also play in BATTLE OF WOLF 359 who is great in a sci-fi loving, UNION OF URANUS way. On the same label is ME AND GOLIATH for more crushing emo business.

And there we have it, for now. Focussing on our city was difficult because lots of the gigs I've enjoyed the most in the last few months has been bands from out of town, or only a few hours to the north or east. I'm sad to have to exclude those bands for geographical reasons, so check out IRONCLAD and MOB RULES, and go to The Cowley Club in Brighton and The 1 In 12 in Bradford.

For more info on any of this stuff please get in touch. Use a search engine or email me: bryony.beynon@gmail.com

Photos by Roman Laris.

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Zero Boys

Say what you will about Indiana, and for that matter the Midwest, but Indiana has the Zero Boys. And thankfully, the rest of us have the Zero Boys too.

They formed in 1979 and, fueled by a steady diet of Dictators, Ramones, and of course Sex Pistols, released the Livin' in the 80's *7" a year later. Recorded in a single night, the now classic, 5-song EP put the band on the punk rock map, back when such a thing was sparsely populated outside the West and East Coasts. They toured. They recorded an album (*Vicious Circle, *1981), this time speeding things up, having changed their diet to the hardcore bands of the time like Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, DOA, Circle Jerks. The songs got shorter, faster, harder…better. They recorded songs for a second album (at the time, released only as a tape, as* the History Of…*) and compilations (*Master Tape I & II, *compiled by Zero Boys frontman Paul Mahern). Then the broke up. Drifted apart if you prefer.*

Over the past 20 years, the Zero Boys have drifted in and out of consciousness as a band. Vess Ruhtenberg replaced founding Zero Boys member Terry "Hollywood" Howe on guitar. The band reformed in the late '80s and again in the early '90s. None of them stopped playing music. Vicious Circle *got re-released by Toxic Shock records (1988) with six extra songs. They recorded two new albums (*Make It Stop, *1991; Hemlich Maneuver, 1993) then faded out again.*

On New Years Eve of 2000 (Endtimes! it was said) the Zero Boys played a show, marking the new re-birth of the band. It was the first time they played with both Vess and Terry on guitar. It was also the last show Terry would play with the Zero Boys. He passed away in 2001. But from that point, the band has been as active as ever, seeing Vicious Circle repressed (Panic Button, Rifleman, and finally Secretly Canadian), releasing the History Of… *cassette as a proper album (on Secretly Canadian), playing more shows than they've done in twenty-years. And let me assure you—this ain't no nostalgia trip, oldies punk reunion bullshit. The Zero Boys play with as much energy as they ever have. Check their old videos for evidence. They still blow away most other bands.*

This interview was done before the second of two shows the Zero Boys played at 924 Gilman St. in Berkeley, CA. The band is: Paul Mahern (singer), David "Tufty" Clough (bass), Mark Cutsinger (drums) and Vess Ruhtenberg (guitar).

Photo by Karoline Collins

Interview by Mark Murrmann.

MRR: Here it is 28 years on, or more, and in a certain way you guys are bigger now than you were in 1980.

Vess: In almost every way...[laughter]

Paul: We got more chins, we got more fans...

MRR: The show last night was pretty crazy—not to be too reflective, but was that similar to what it was like in the early '80s?

Paul: No. We only played one show ever that was like that, back then and that was the show in Torrance, CA.

MRR: That was the show with Minor Threat and the Dead Kennedys, right?

Paul: Yeah. I mean every once in a while, we might play a show with a bunch of other bands in the Midwest...I think there were a couple of shows where the kids really got wild. That was as much as ever, for sure, if not more last night.

MRR: How often are you guys playing now?

Paul: I think we've averaged about two times a year for the last five or six years. Because of the re-releases I think we'll we'll probably play as many as eight times this year, maybe more. We'll see.

MRR: How did the new reissues on Secretly Canadian happen? Did they approach you?

Paul: Yeah. Chris and Ben and Jonathan from Secretly Canadian called me one day—I literally live across the street from them—and they wanted to know why it was so hard to get *Vicious Circle*. I explain the whole thing about how it's on Lookout!, they're not really keeping it in print. They then tell me, "We would like to keep this record in print *forever*. We don't want this to ever happen again." They're from Indiana and they see it as an important record from their home state, so they wanna make sure it's always available. Then I told them about the *History Of*, which they didn't know that much about and they became really excited and wanted to put them both out at the same time.

MRR: With the *History Of*, which until now was only released as a tape, that was originally recorded to be the second Zero Boys album, correct?

Paul: We were half way, two-thirds of the way through making a new Zero Boys record when the band slowly started to drift apart.

MRR: Personally, I'm super excited that *Vicious Circle* is being kept in print. Along with the Black Flag and Dead Kennedys records, it's one of the important punk records every punk kid should have. And now the *History Of*, which is twenty years past due...

Both photos this page by Mark Murrmann

Vess: *Vicious Circle* was my entry into punk rock. I was into… whatever...the Cars, Gary Numan, Devo, whatever was weird enough to have caught my attention. But this guy, freshman year, I guess a year after the record came out, he was like, "Vess, come over here man, you're gonna dig this!" And he hands me the Ramones *End of the Century*. I already knew I liked the Ramones, I was already into them. Then he says, "Okay, but you have got to bring this back tomorrow." And I say, "What?" He says, "THIS, *Vicious Circle*," and he hands it to me. I take it home and I thought, "I better just tape it because I don't have time to really borrow this guy's record." So I tape it and there's over half a side of a 90 minute tape left, so I taped it again! So I set myself up. Whenever I played the tape I heard the record twice, but that was my funny little intro to hardcore. The mind-blower was that it was going on down the street from where I lived.

MRR: Vess, how did you end up in the band? When did that happen?

Vess: It was kind of audacious on my part. I, like many people, were getting sick of them not playing. I had seen them once or twice and I was like, "Why don't you guys just get back together?" Finally they said, "Sure, we'll get back together. We'll hold auditions for a guitar player and we'll do it." And that's kind of how it happened. I kind of feel like I pestered you guys into it!

MRR: What was the time period of that?

Vess: 1986? They played a few shows in '84/'85 and it just wet everyone's whistle. I guess everyone always knew Terry (Hollywood) was kind of difficult, but there was always hope, you know?

MRR: To take a step back from that, one of the most basic band interview questions, how did you get together? It's Indianapolis, late '70s...how did the Zero Boys form?

Tufty: Paul was playing in another band called 3PM. That's when he got out of high school.

Paul: I was in my high school band and Mark and Terry had formed a band already, or at least had been talking about it, and they came to a party that my band was playing. I was completely out of my mind on LSD and I couldn't even see my guitar, but they asked me to be in their band anyway...it went something like that.

Mark: Marvin (P. Goldstein) and Terry and I went over to where they were partying and practicing and Randy was singing the song, a Ramones song or a Clash song, then he went to take his pills or whatever and you guys started doing your own stuff, and it was like "Wow!" We had a little chat afterwards, and said, "Hey Paul, you wanna come and jam with us, we're try to make a punk band?" And he said, "Yes."

MRR: Mark, you and Terry were both from Indianapolis, right?

Mark: Terry was from Dayton, but Terry had just moved to Indianapolis and I had just met him.

Vess: Where did you meet Terry?

Mark: I'm unclear on that. But Marvin had something to do with it. It all just kind of happened. He was new to the scene. We met, started hangin' out ,and we started getting excited about maybe playing music. A friend of mine, John Mitchell, a guy I went to high school with, was interested in the same thing. He played bass. He didn't last too long. We made an EP, trying to play some gigs. He couldn't really hang with that. He was big on the scene with the Latex Novelties and the rockabilly thing and then Toxic Reasons too, simultaneously. This is my take here—we asked him (Paul), and he said sure, then we formed the band.

Paul: It's really the perfect combination. I mean we had the older musicians—they were in their early 20s. But, not only were they a little bit older, they were seasoned, Mark had been out to New York. Terry released his first record when he was 13. David (Tufty) had played in tons of bands. So musically they were all way above par for punk bands. I, on the other hand, I was still young enough that it was all just magic to me. To them, they understood the math of music and how to play. To me...I was just still a kid with headphones listening to Sex Pistols, Ramones, and Stooges records and daydreaming what rock 'n' roll was. So it was that combination of somebody who was just instinctively goin' for it, young enough to not know any better, with guys who definitely knew what they were doing.

MRR: Did you guys see the *Livin' in the 80's* 7" as just recording the songs you had, and trying to make a record because that's what bands do?

Paul: Once we rehearsed and wrote a couple songs, played a couple gigs, obviously the next thing you would do is make record. It was just that. We made a record. Five hundred seemed to be a good number. We hand-stuffed them. Then we went on to make an album. The interesting thing about the album is that it was commissioned by Bob Gulcher from Gulcher Records. He told me, "I'd love to put out a Zero Boys record!" And like the first night of recording, I got him on the phone and told him it was totally going great and he was like, "Yeah, I don't think I want to put out your record." So immediately we didn't have a label, so we had to put it out ourselves.

MRR: Did that seem daunting? At the time bands were putting out their own 7"s, but not many bands were releasing their own albums.

Paul: We tried to get somebody else to put it out. We sent it around to Frontier and Alternative Tentacles and all the other labels, but nobody was interested. I think the most interest we got was from Bomp!. He showed enough interest to at least write us back [laughter]: "*It's a good record, you guys are doin' something cool, good luck boys!*"

Tufty: Do you remember how we got the money for that? Some of us lived with this guy, Bill Levin, who was like our manager. And he didn't have any heat in the house, so the pipes froze and burst. But he had all this crap out in the garage and he said, "Hey, drag all that stuff in and we'll tell the insurance it was in the house." We ended up with this insurance settlement and that's what paid for the *Vicious Circle* record! [laughter]

Photo by Mark Murrmann

MRR: I'm wondering about the Indianapolis scene, and the larger Midwest punk scene, and how you guys fit into it at the time?

Paul: We played around the Midwest the most and had some good friends in bands like Die Kreuzen, Articles Of Faith, Toxic Reasons. It was a *small* scene you know. You knew everybody from all the cities.

Tufty: There really wasn't a lot of show trading though. Like we didn't go to Chicago and play with the Effigies and Naked Raygun, then come to Indianapolis. There wasn't a lot of that.

Mark: There was a little bit of that, but not much.

Paul: We did that more with Die Kreuzen, but not so much with Chicago bands. Chicago bands were a little bit cooler than we were. You know what I mean?

MRR: Did the Indianapolis scene seem pretty healthy?

Paul: The scene in Indianapolis revolved around this club, Crazy Al's. It was an older crowd and as long as we were playing slower punk rock songs and covers, we'd play at Crazy Al's two nights in a row and come home with money in our pockets. As soon as we started playing really fast, a little more like thrash or hardcore, that audience all of a sudden didn't get it anymore. So we were kind of without an audience. We hadn't really connected with an all-ages audience yet. The underage scene had just started.

MRR: There's that video of you guys playing Cosmo's Pizza, where did that fit in? I remember being like six, and my parents ordering from Cosmo's Pizza. Now I'm thinking my parents were ordering pizza from Cosmo's while it was ground zero for punk in Indianapolis!

Paul: Well, it was the only place you could put on a show. Someone would have to have the impetus to put on a show, figure something out, Cosmo's Pizza just happened to be one of those places.

Tufty: The cool thing about the pizza place was you could have kids in and still serve beer.

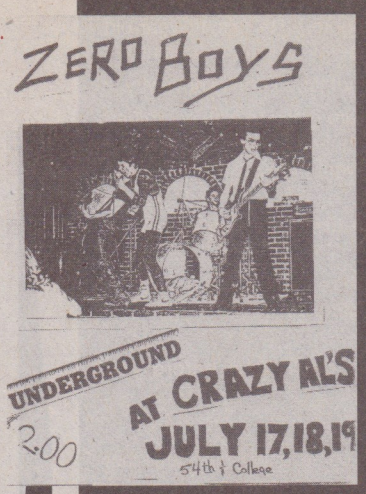
Paul: Yeah, you could have some beer and the kids could watch the show. Somehow pizza was the loophole!

MRR: After *Vicious Circle*, did you guys think, "We need to tour?"

Paul: I think we went to California before that?

Mark: That's when the pipes burst...

Paul: It was actually an East Coast tour when the pipes burst...the record came out after all the major touring that we did.



MRR: How did you set those up? There wasn't really network to really tap into, right?

Paul: No, there was—the West Coast tour centered around that show in Torrance, where we played with the Dead Kennedys. And that was just Jello, he liked the stuff and he told Tim (Yohannon) and they conspired. They thought we were funny. The couple times I talked to Tim Yohannon on the phone, he would laugh constantly. He just thought it was so weird that I was this fucking punk rock guy from *Indiana* [laughter]. And Jello, I was probably on the phone with him and he was like, "You know, if you guys come out here you can play with us." So I asked, "When are you playing next? We'll be there." And we just set everything up around that show.

Tufty: We played a week in Alberta, Calgary.

Mark: We went through Chicago, then that night we drove all the way to Calgary, literally got there, set up, and played that night!

Tufty: Alberta had a funny law that if you wanted to have go-go dancers, you had to have live bands. They figured out that the cheapest bands you could get were punk rock bands. So a lot of bands—DOA, Toxic Reasons, Zero Boys, SNFU—would play Calgary for a week. We'd make enough money that it would get you one way or another, to either coast from playing there. But it was really weird. You played a set and they had strippers!

Vess: Terry musta been in heaven! [laughter]

Mark: He ended up with...I'm not gonna say...

Paul: Yeeeah, he hooked up with some girls and they flew him to...

Tufty: Vancouver! Yeah, we'd go to bed at night and Terry would be wandering around the hotel. He said, "I guess I'll meet you guys in Vancouver," and he flew off with them.

Vess: That must have been a great flight!

Tufty: Luckily we weren't very successful or he would've died a lot earlier.

Mark: And who did we play in Vancouver with? The Subhumans, right? At the Smilin' Buddah. And I have to say, we all took a dose of acid and played on stage.

Paul: Oh yeah, I remember that...

Mark: Kids were bangin' their heads and wanted him [Paul] to kick them in the head.

Paul: There's like eight people in the whole fuckin' bar and like four or five of them are crazy skinheads who were punching glass bottles with their hands. And one of them kept putting his head on my foot!

Photo by Karoline Collins

I was like, "Why is he doing this?" And his buddies were like, "He wants you to kick him in the head!" [laughter]. I'm this 17-year-old guy from Indiana...I felt completely in over my head at that point.

Tufty: We didn't play San Francisco on that tour. I don't know why.

Paul: We were going to. The place we were going to play got raided or something. It was a storefront place that was having shows that weren't legal and it got shut down the night before we were going to play.

MRR: I was surprised that this is the first time you've played the Bay Area.

Tufty: We're on that slow distribution. We're touring to support that first album. [laughter] We figure we only gotta do, like, one more and we'll be like 70!

MRR: After *Vicious Circle*, how long did it take before you recorded the songs for *History Of*?

Paul: It was like '82, '83...pretty much right after.

Vess: And there was *The Master Tape* compilation that came out pretty much right after *Vicious Circle*...within a year or so?

Paul: Yeah, probably nine months. Three songs on that and then a couple songs on the second *Master Tape* compilation. The problem was, *Vicious Circle* was recorded, but it took a year to come out. So just about the time *Vicious Circle* was coming out, we were recording those songs.

MRR: *The Master Tape* is a really awesome, critical documentation of the early, Midwest hardcore scene, which raises another question—there is a little bit of debate now among some people whether the Zero Boys are a punk band or a hardcore band? It seems more like a modern distinction than it was then, but...

Vess: Well, the answer is *yes* [laughter]. They were a rock 'n' roll band. They were a Ramones band. They were a punk band. And they were a thrash band. It was a whimsical thing! Something we enjoy in Indianapolis. We can like Minor Threat, we can be like Black Flag and we can enjoy Rush when they come to Market Square Arena, you know? [laughter] We're just glad something showed up! So it was indicative—if I'm overspeaking please jump in—of what the vibe was.

Tufty: I don't think we listened to the Sex Pistols and Ramones and thought, "We need to write songs like that." We went further back into earlier rock and looked for other powerful music, because the chord structure of rock 'n' roll has basically been the same and there's nothing wrong with it. Don't mess with something that's good. No need to reinvent the wheel.

MRR: After *History Of*, how and why did things start drifting apart with the band?

Paul: I think that we did those couple of tours and we...I didn't feel we were really getting a foot in. It didn't seem to be working and I think that started to kind of wear on us. We came home from tour and the pipes were all frozen and it was raining inside the house. And we'd go out to the West Coast and have a great show, but horrible shows the whole way back…the van makes it almost home and dies. I think there was some regrouping then. Tufty left to join Toxic Reasons, and I think we played with another bass player for a little while and did some shows but during that time period we were *tired*. The universe wasn't giving us anything back. I felt we were just putting in and it wasn't coming back. There was just no reaction.

Vess: That happens to bands in Indianapolis. It's sort of a geographical thing too. You play for a little band called Black Flag in LA and the next thing you know you're in a legendary band—just because you bothered. But in Indianapolis there's no scene, no radio station, no closed circuit or cable stations...nothing. *No reinforcement*, you're just bangin' your head against a wall.

MRR: So, Vess bugged you guys into playing again?

Vess: I was one of many.

Paul: We got an offer to play with Toxic Reasons in Europe, so we hired Vess to play guitar, which he had to learn to play. He really didn't know how to play guitar [laughter]. But he looked great holding the guitar!

Vess: Thats true! I was pretty young. I was 18 when I joined. It was the thing again, where I was suddenly with three guys who knew where the body was buried and...I was cocky enough to do the job, but I wasn't there yet. But as a result I was able to go on my first tour!

MRR: Was that right around when the Toxic Shock reissue came out?

Paul: It was actually after the Toxic Shock reissue came out in '85. And maybe '87 or '88 we first went to Europe. Tufty had already been over there with Toxic Reasons and they were kind of established. That helped us. Also there was a guy who ran a German label who was very interested in working with the band and convinced us to make a new record. Jürgen Goldschmidt? Bitzcore records! Bitzcore, still goin', still sellin' those records!

MRR: Bitzcore is still running.

Paul: Well, it's gotta be Jürgen, that was a one man job.

MRR: He's put out a bunch of Turbonegro albums.

Tufty: Oh yeah? We were just talking about them.

Paul: They're big fans as it turns out. The guy I met, Happy Tom, he met Vess at a bar last year in Oslo.

Vess: He kissed my hand and knelt before me very melodramatically. [laughter] Very nice guy. You're a great guy, Tom!

MRR: To jump ahead, the reunion on the New Year's of 2000, you did a few shows in the early '90s, then were pretty quiet...

Paul: Probably from 1993 to at least 2000 we didn't do anything.

MRR: Terry played that show in 2000. Was that the first show he'd played with you since the early '80's?

All: Yeah

Paul: Since 1985, at the Hoosier Ball room, I think.

Tufty: He came up from Florida (for the 2000 show), and we'd wondered what it'd be like with like two guitarists playing. Because on all the Zero Boys records Terry would play the rhythm then overdub and do the leads, so with both of them it'd be similar to that...so we had a go at it, you were there...

MRR: Yeah, I flew back to Indiana from San Francisco. It was great, an amazing show.

Tufty: A buddy of ours has got a great recording of that night. It was the only time we ever played with two guitarists.

Vess: The night before, we rehearsed. It was very telling for me. I had never played with Terry and when we'd start playing…the first

Photos by Mark Murrmann

run through was amazing! 'Cause I'd look over at him and be like, "Do you want me to do the solo???" He was like, "Do it! If you know how to do it!" He'd do the next solo. It just sounded like the record. We knew the parts really well and we just knew what to do. Then we took a little break.

Tufty: Terry went out to the car… [nervous laughter]

Vess: Yeah, Terry went into the bathroom or whatever and suddenly we weren't so hot anymore. I remember Paul being very diplomatic and looking mean saying, "What did you guys do during that break? Mark? Vess?" Then the next night was similar. Earlier it was better, then the show was kinda iffy. But it was great playing with him. He was a real comrade. You could tell he wanted to be great, he wanted it to be awesome.

MRR: It seemed like he had a great time at the show.

Vess: Oh, yeah.

Tufty: I'm glad we got to do that.

Vess: I loved it. That first rehearsal, I wish every true Zero Boys fan could've been at that. It was awesome. We knew those parts so well, it was a very aware moment.

MRR: Since that show in 2000, the band seemed to pick up steam again. More people started to ask you to play, the Lookout! reissue came out…

Paul: Certainly, more opportunities came up after that.

Tufty: It almost seems that people are looking for something real in music. I'm not saying we're the answer to that, but just playing and having a good time without these lofty goals. I have a nightclub and have a lot of bands come through with what are almost like business plans.

Paul: That just takes the fun out of it.

Tufty: Something like that. It must show through a little bit.

MRR: It totally does come through, especially at your guys' age, playing punk music and putting more energy into it than most 20 year olds do. That comes through. That's what people see. You're not half-assing it, you're not just going through the motions. You put everything into it.

Tufty: We're older, but we all play every week and do stuff.

MRR: So you all still play music regularly?

Mark: We've never stopped really.

Tufty: There is probably a certain point where it all catches up with you, but I don't feel it's caught me yet. I think it's good for younger kids to see older guys play and have some fun. You know, it's hard to remember back when we were 16 and 17 and we were watching bands. They were probably...

Mark: Old guys!

Tufty: Well, old guys to us, but they were probably like 30, they weren't as old as us now.

MRR: In the late '80s, when I first started going to punk shows, punk was only ten years old then, and we were just twenty or so years on from the '60s. Now here we are, about 30 years from the beginning of the Zero Boys…

Photo by Mark Murrmann

Paul: It's interesting. When we first started doing this I had some thoughts about that. I was thinking about the songs I wrote when I was younger, and being too old to be a punk rocker. But those are almost like cultural restraints. It's bullshit. That's like this hypnotizing experience of my whole life as a person in this society. It's fitting that in punk we realize that doesn't really matter. You don't have to be pretty. You don't have to be young.

MRR: Well, the medley of *Nuggets* songs you guys do, and did back in the early '80s, still holds up today! Kids were flipping out last night when you started playing that stuff!

Tufty: And they were all so young! [laughter] I mean, how lucky are we to be doing this? We're the luckiest fuckers going. The 400-600 people last night, they see how ugly you are, they're not too far back. It's powerful—not so many people that it's too crazy and you don't have to have all kinds of rules—that's a great spot to be as a band. And we're lucky to be here still.

Vess: Plus, a lot of bands you see on a reunion, their career was like here [holds hand high off the table] and now that they're doing a reunion and it's like here [holds hand low to the table]. That's disappointing. And the fact that they are playing in front of 300 people instead of 2,000 like they were in '85, right?

Tufty: We're the most popular we've ever been! We're on our way to the top!

Paul: We'll be like U2 by the time we're in diapers again!

Tufty: We'll stop selling t-shirts and start selling Depends! [laughter]

Mark: Zero Boys Depends!

Paul: So you don't have to leave the pit and pee. [heavy laughter] Really though, we're connecting to something that's as old as humanity. It's fucking beating two rocks together, beating on drums, screaming at the top of your lungs. The illusion that this energy we're tapping into is only as old as the Stooges, or any band really, is crazy. That's not what it is, it's timeless and it's *great* to be able to get up on stage and plug into that...at any age.

MRR: Do you guys have a favorite Zero Boys song?

Vess: Well, as of yesterday…

Mark: We're all going to agree on the same one!

Vess: Yesterday we all sang "Stick to Your Guns" all day long.

Mark: Nonono! "Stoned to Death!" "Stoned to Death" all day long!

Tufty: We haven't done any songs off that EP (*Livin' In the 80's*).

MRR: Which is a big complaint I've heard before, that you don't play the songs from the EP enough.

Paul: We're responding to that complaint.

Vess: We've gotten your letters over the last 20 years, and decided...

Tufty: Let me say, the EP songs are really good, and it was great playing them last night.

Mark: It kinda slowed things down just the appropriate amount.

Vess: It was very punk, the energy's the same but the speed's different.

Paul: I think my favorite Zero Boys song was "Civilizations Dying." From my perspective, I don't really know because I'm too close, but that seems to be the one everyone else likes, so I'm just going to go with that. Go with the popular vote.

Vess: I caught my mom singing it once. It must be good! [laughter]

MRR: With the *Vicious Circle* reissue you included "Slam and Worm" and "She Said Goodbye." And on the *History Of*, you included the EP. Of those, why wasn't "Toys in The Attic" included on either?

Paul: Because it's not a Zero Boys song. The original band did do a recording of that but, I don't know, it just didn't fit.

Mark: Terry just personally liked Aerosmith and wanted to pick out of the air and do an Aerosmith song. And that's all well and good, we just jazzed it up Zero Boys style.

Mark: We used to play it. One time we picked 25:25 and messed with that, and one time we did Alice Cooper.

Tufty: "Muscle of Love."

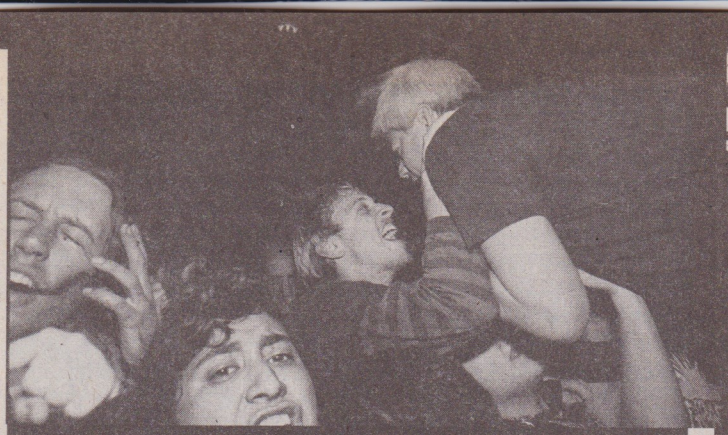


Photo by Mark Murrmann

Mark: [singing] "We still got a long way to go!" We never recorded it, but we'd play it. It was fun.

Tufty: Sometimes it's good to do a cover. There are lots of great songs out there and to think you, as a band, wrote all the good ones is kind of weird.

Vess: Forty years ago nobody sang their own songs. It was really that one band from Liverpool that changed all that. But it's not necessarily fair to think that every three guys who form a band on the corner can write great songs. Why not play the 13th Floor Elevators? What's more punk than the 13th Floor Elevators? They went out to the edge more than anybody, ya know?

MRR: I remember the first time I saw that Cosmo's Pizza video and there's that long medley of *Nuggets* songs, and I thought, "Oh my god!" It made sense and it clicked. It sounded awesome too! Then the first time I saw you play it, the crowd completely responded to it.

Vess: The last show you guys played with Terry, they opened with "Arnold Layne," the first Pink Floyd singlem and everyone's like, "Weird!"

Tufty: In fact in the liner notes of *History Of*, it talks about how we did this benefit for this guy who died, it was overheard at the show between two kids, "Hey, what's that one they're playing?" "I don't know, must be a new one," while we were playing the "Arnold Layne" song. [laughter]

MRR: The Zero Boys are one of the best bands to come out of Indianapolis, and you never got out from there. Even though it has taken a while to gain recognition outside of Indy, here we are 20 years later, still talking about the Zero Boys, even though you didn't move to New York or Los Angeles.

Mark: Yeah. We've had to wait 28 years…

Vess: I'll say this, on the flip side of that coin this band has something a lot of bands don't have: dignity. We never sold out, we never lost it, we never did a commercial, and we never put our name on anything. And not because we're so damn dignified...

Paul: We were never offered! [laughter]

Vess: But in the end, the principles are still in tact, accidentally or not. Secondly, this band was the way we got to Europe, the way we are in San Francisco today and it did get us around the world. Although we didn't go to San Francisco and become as big as Black Flag, today it actually paid off to be in this band. We've had some great adventures together. We wouldn't be at this point without that traveling aspect. We got to see the world instead of just Indianapolis. Our failure is only relative.

Paul: We were trying to live the opposite of the 15 minutes of fame model. More like 50 years of very mild fame! [laughter]

MRR: You're cult heroes. We've all got 'em. Right?

Tufty: It's a good spot to be in, where we are, because if people pay their $10 to see us in Berkeley they'll get their $10 worth. I feel good about it. We're not ripping anybody off.

Paul: A couple things come up when you ask that about bands from Indiana. I don't know much about who's great right now, but I do know that there are other bands from our generation—most notably Dow Jones and the Industrials...one of the best rock bands *ever*, hands down

MRR: Absolutely, and Secretly Canadian/Family Vineyard is reissuing their stuff, which is severely over due!

Paul: Eric (Weddle) is doing that on Family Vineyard. We've been digitizing all the old masters. It's going to be fucking amazing. But they're another band that has great recorded output that really needs to be heard by people. And the other thing is, when I was a kid seeing them [Dow Jones] and other bands like the Latex Novelties in a little club with like 30 other people the week after seeing Aerosmith at Market Square Arena and realizing, "Wait a minute!" This light bulb goes off that great rock 'n' roll does not have to be 200 yards away in a giant stadium with big lights. It's in this fucking club that's falling apart! My whole world was blown open, and it just seems fitting for me to be in a band that plays to a group of people, like we did last night, who know all the words and it's the same thing! There is nothing unreachable about it. It's do-able by anyone.

The Zero Boys discography

Original Releases

Livin' In the '80s 7" (Z-Disc, 1980; 500 pressed)

Vicious Circle LP (Nimrod, 1982; 2,000 pressed)

History Of… cassette (Affirmation, 1984)

Split 7" w/ TOXIC REASONS (Selfless, 1991)

Make It Stop LP/CD (Bitzcore 1992)

Heimlich Maneuver CD (Skyclad, 1993)

Compilations

Red Snerts LP (Gulcher, 1981) "New Generation"

The Master Tape I LP (Affirmation, 1982) "High Places," "Human Body," "Mom's Wallet"

The Master Tape 2 LP (Affirmation, 1983) "Black Network News," "I Need Inergy"

Faster and Louder Hardcore Punk, Vol. 2 CD (Rhino, 1993) "Civilization's Dying"

So You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Compilation? CD (Bitzcore, 1995) "Down the Drain," "Civilization's Dying," "Outta Style"

Dangerously Unstable CD (Suburban Voice, 1999) "Slam and Worm"

Reissues

Vicious Circle LP/CD (Toxic Shock/Fundamental, 1988 – includes six extra tracks)

Red Snerts LP/CD (Vulcher/ Gulcher, 2001)

Livin' in the '80s EP (Panic Button, 2000)

Vicious Circle LP/CD (Panic Button, 2000 - includes "Slam and Worm" and "She Said Goodbye," from original session)

Vicious Circle LP/CD (Secretly Canadian, 2009) same version as Panic Button release.

History Of… LP/CD (Secretly Canadian, 2009) also includes songs from *Livin' in the '80s* EP.

Bootlegs

Blood Is Good 7" (World Greatest, 1991)

Killed By Death #4 LP/CD (Redrum, 1989/1996)

Livin' In the '80s 7" (1999)

Slam and Worm/She Said Goodbye 7" (Cosmo's Pizza, 2000) tracks from '82

Videos

Live at Cosmo's 1984 (Rifleman, 2006)

Live at Pizza Castle 1981 (Gnome Park, 2009)

2009

WHAT YOU CAN EXPECT:

TIME TO ESCAPE - "COST OF LIVING E.P." 7"
PSYCHED TO DIE - "STERILE WALLS" 7"
SPLIT W/ FIRESTARTER RECORDS
LOGIC PROBLEM - "NO CENTER" 7"
DEEP SLEEP - "PARANOID FUTURES" 7"
DEEP SLEEP - "THREE THINGS AT ONCE" CD
BAD ADVICE - DEBUT 7"
SOUTHSIDE STRANGLERS - DEBUT 7"
SPLIT W/ NO WAY RECORDS
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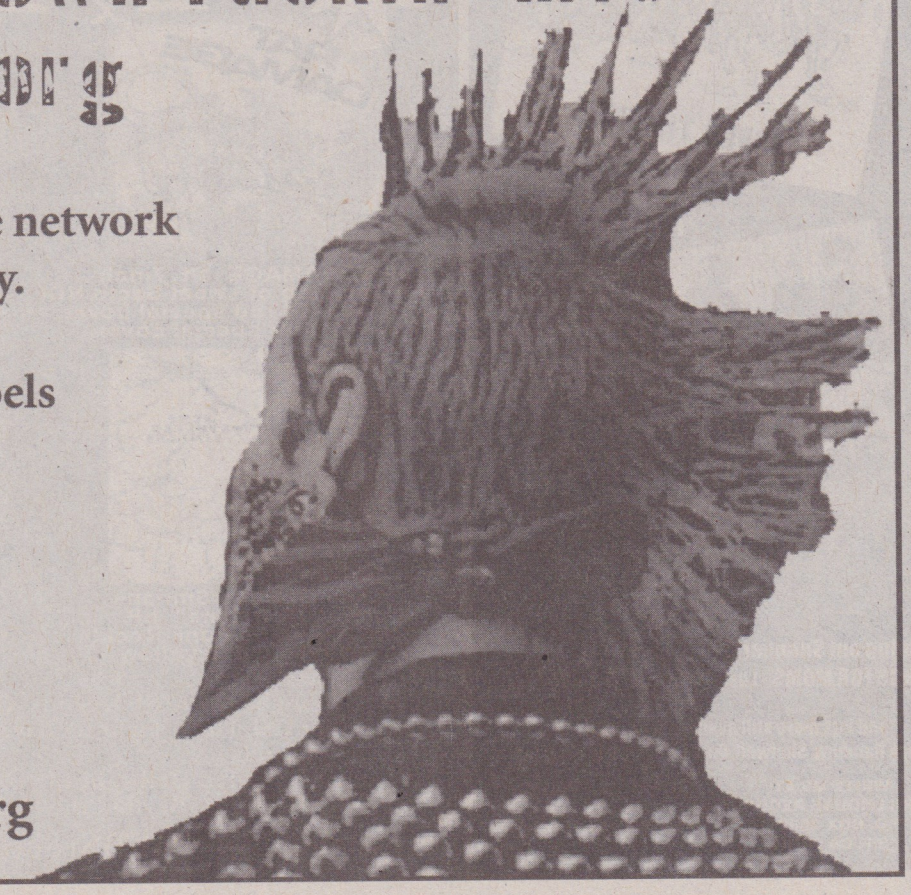

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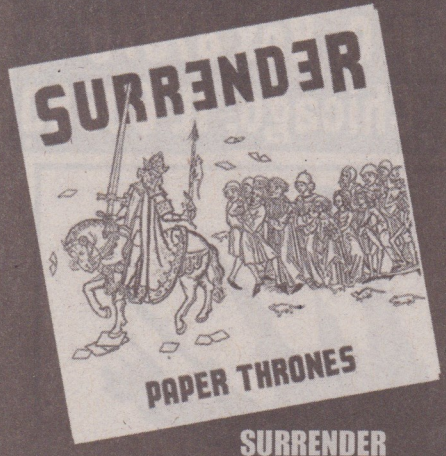

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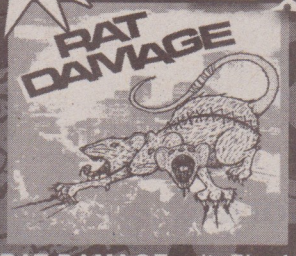

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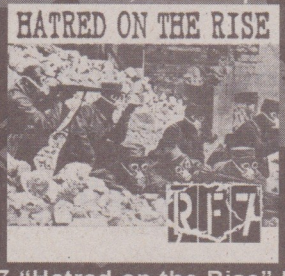

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ETACARINAE

In the past couple years Spain has gotten a considerable amount of attention for what's being heralded as a new wave of Spanish hardcore. There's been a slew of great records released and a couple US tours (Invasión, Cop on Fire, etc.) that have garnered a fair bit of attention for this new Spanish hardcore scene. A few months ago, Spanish band Etacarinae toured the US in support of their LP In These Dark Times. *Playing self-described dark apocalyptic crust, Etacarinae combines the influence of Japanese hardcore (covering a Bastard tune), crust, and metal to form a melodic and brutal sound. They share members with many other Spanish bands, including Destino Final (formerly Invasión), Leadershit, Infame, and Los Dolares among others. By sharing their experience of living and squatting in Barcelona they demystify the existence of what appears to be one of the most thriving hardcore scenes at the moment. It is simple: for Etacarinae making music and enjoying life are made priorities—and as is reflected by the prolific output of this Spanish scene, they are not practicing these ethics alone.*
Interview and introduction by Dan Butler
Photos by Oldhcdude

MRR: Do you guys wanna give me a brief history of the band?
Raphael: Etacarinae started in Lisbon, Portugal, 2001. And it lasted until 2003. There was a lot of confusion with the line up. So we just did like three or four shows and recorded a 7". The band then ended in 2003. Me and Joao are both Portuguese—Joao went to live in Barcelona in 2004 and 2005. In early 2007 we restarted the band with this line up.

MRR: So there were a few years with no band?
Raphael: Yeah.

MRR: So in 2003 you released this 7"?
Raphael: No we didn't release it then. We recorded it. We always liked this band and the music, and wanted to do it again. We talked to Juanmi, the bass player of the second lineup. Then he left and Te Te came in.

MRR: How many releases do you have?
Raphael: We have the 7" that was recorded at the end of 2002. We only released it in 2007. And we have the LP and CD that just came out.

MRR: And what about this demo circulating online?
Raphael: That's the 7".

MRR: Between the 7" and the LP what has changed with the sound?
Raphael: Not much. The idea of the band was to play dark, apocalyptic crust. We've kept that direction since the beginning. Mixing crust and different sounds of metal, heavy and melodic crust.

MRR: Who came up with the name?
Raphael: Actually, it wasn't anyone in the band. It was a friend of ours in Lisbon. When we were getting the band together a close friend suggested the name. We were all like, "It fits perfect."

MRR: Why does it fit perfect?
Raphael: Well because we had this concept both musically and lyrically. I write the lyrics and I didn't just write typical punk lyrics. We wanted to have both a mix of punk politics and a spiritual approach. And Eticarinae is the name of a star. Its one of the biggest known stars in the universe. (Turning into a supernova?)… and it sounded really good.
Jaunmi: Besides, he's crazy with Kung Fu and Japanese culture. He's a macribiotic liar. [laughs]

MRR: Yeah?
Raphael: Yeah, I am a Kung Fu teacher and I also give counseling on macrobiotics.

MRR: So you personally have a spiritual practice?
Raphael: Yes.

MRR: I noticed the lyrics…they made me wonder, are you hopeful?
Raphael: Yes, yes I am. I believe in evolution, the earth or as human beings, we are all moving forward. Although sometimes it seems really dark and miserable and it feels like things are turning to shit. I believe that the cosmos or the universe will always keep going.
Jaunmi: I am not hopeful.

MRR: No?
Jaunmi: I used to be really into Anarchist collectives and I'm still involved in Anarchist activities—but I don't believe there will be any revolution. I just think the revolution is something you can do everyday in the way you relate to people and create small freedom in spaces. But I don't think the whole world will change. The whole world needs to collapse and then people will see things differently, but meanwhile we can try to do the best we can with the people around us, to try to have some freedom. Try to live your life and stay true to what you believe.

MRR: So do you think that even though a revolution may never happen you can still be genuinely happy?
Jaunmi: I don't think you can just be happy, I don't identify with the way it's working. So i think you can try to create your alternative world and still fight and destroy all the shit you still think is fucked up. I try to do that.

MRR: So in your personal life you can be happy?
Jaunmi: Yeah well, I have another band project and with that project it's more like politically driven.

MRR: This is Los Dolares?
Jaunmi: Yeah, an anarcho political project. I think that maybe when you are starting to be involved with punk rock that it inspires you a lot. But to me I think it's more important not to say what people should do, but to live in a way that's more consistent with what you think. Try to squat, try to steal, try not to work for anybody else. Try to live your own life. I think that's more revolutionary than to say to people, "This is shit." That's cool too because that inspired young punks like me. I listened to all really political bands and they gave me all this, but I see a more Situationist way now. If you have the spaces where you can create projects that you feel, with people you think are the same, than you can act true to yourself.

MRR: So these ideas…you got from punk?
Jaunmi: Yeah.

MRR: They're liberating ideas…
Jaunmi: Yeah.

MRR: Do you ever feel like your punk identity is a box?
Jaunmi: A box?

MRR: Yeah, limiting…
Jaunmi: I don't think it's a box. I think it identifies me with something. This is like my family. My father kicked me out of the house when I was eighteen because I was punk. They are like in the army and shit. And then I got my real family, which was the punks I was with—my friends from all my life—then I realized that there I feel like myself. I can hang out with my friends. I still feel like politically punk maybe, but it's not a political tool for me at least. You can do other things in the punk scene. Get free of some the hate you have and just scream, "Rahhhhh". I try to do other things…I don't think you need to be a preacher. Or to change what you are to be like other people. Just be yourself and if they like what you do then maybe they will get some ideas from it…

MRR: They'll be attracted…Do you feel like it's a box?
Raphael: It can be. It depends on the way you look at it. Punk can be or Anarchism or whatever, and can be just another dogma like anything else. There are a lot of different people involved in punk, a lot of different views and ways of living it. I've met people that have these rigid views of what punk or anarchism or whatever should be and for me, punk, that's not the meaning it has. Punk was something that gave me these tools to know more about myself. That's what really matters, to go deep inside.
Jaunmi: To me we are all ourselves yet we have a moral culture that is all inside us, because of the way we were raised, that made us believe that politics involve sacrifice. People say, "Yeah, I can't do that" or "I can't do this" or "I can't go there." And it should be the opposite way. Politics should be, "Do what you like," without feeling guilty or without feeling like it's a moral problem. If you are totally having fun enjoying what you are doing, and you believe in what you do, then that is really revolutionary. More revolutionary than saying, "Oh I won't do that because it's not politically correct." That's the way I see myself, because for a while I wasn't drinking. I think it's not about being so strict with yourself, but just to try to see it as everything that is inside punk is a liberation.

MRR: So you seem very open minded…

Raphael: We try to be. I think it's very important, especially if you call yourself a punk.

MRR: Yeah, but it's interesting because there is a lot of rigidity and dogma within the punk scene. So when I heard the band name, read the lyrics, etc., it directly seemed to challenge that. Right now, the scene in Spain, how is it from your perspective? Is it thriving? Are there a lot of shows happening? A lot of good show spaces?

Jaunmi: Yeah, I think maybe it's not the best time, but there's still a lot of good bands. In Barcelona there used to be a lot of squatted places to play. Right now there's not so many, but there's still lots of shows, like every weekend one or two shows, and there's still a lot of people coming. It's still good. The crazy thing about Barcelona, I think, is that people are so used to living without money that they never want to pay for anything. Everybody is squatting and trying not to work and to recycle food and trying to stay out of money systems. So if you are doing a show you have to do it really cheap. If bands come on tour they don't sell anything because people have very little money.

TeTe: A lot of punks around the world come to Barcelona for easy living.

Jaunmi: I think that's positive in the way that most people try to not use money. I think that's great. I've been working a lot less and I was renting a place because I own a small distro and I wanted to keep it safe and not in a squat because I was getting evicted all the time. So I rented a place, but in Barcelona it's really expensive, so after a while I said no. I have to squat because I have no choice. You change your views when you are squatting. You are like, "Shit, I have a lot of time to do what I really like, to practice with my friends, to do actions and do things, and fix my house, build stuff." That's a really positive thing about the punk scene in Barcelona. I learned welding and fixing pipes and electricity. You learn a lot because you fix your house. It's tearing down otherwise.

MRR: So for touring bands would you say it's a good place to play?

Jaunmi: Yeah, people are really energetic.

Raphael: Barcelona yeah, other places in Spain not so much.

TeTe: There are five cities that are okay for playing. Barcelona, Zaragoza, Valencia, Basque Country, and...

Jaunmi: Crudo is a really good city. It's a small town that has great bands. They have a new squat where we played recently that was really cool.

TeTe: Madrid used to be goo, but not anymore. No squats. Maybe because it's the capital too. Maybe Catalonia and Barcelona. Catalonia is in the north of Spain and has more progressive people, but in the many other parts of Spain people are not as open-minded.

Raphael: Yeah, squats are not everywhere.

Jaunmi: In Venezuela, where I am from, they see a punk and they say, "That's a rocker." In Barcelona, they see a punk, and they say, "That's a squatter." In Barcelona all the young kids are punks.

Raphael: Or metal heads.

MRR: But other people see them and say, "They're a squatter?"

Jaunmi: Yeah, it's crazy.

MRR: Do the punks and the metal heads hang out with each other, go to the same shows, etc.?

Raphael: Yeah, more or less.
Jaunmi: Lately, there's a squat that has metal and grindcore shows with metal guys that come to the shows. They like us. They say we have a lot of Iron Maiden influences.

MRR: And what bands right now in Spain do you guys feel close to? What bands do you like?
Jaunmi: His bands (to TeTe). Or Horror. Horror is a great band.
TeTe: Escroto De Rota is the best band now. It's like…you know Siniestro Total, the '80s band from Spain?
Jaunmi: Black Panda, they're a great band and they helped us a lot when we were recording. They gave us all their backline.
Raphael: Asedio. We're doing a split EP with them. They don't play very much.
Jaunmi: Infame.
Te Te: Desguace from Valencia.
Jaunmi: Derrota. Great band, great guys too. There's quite a few good bands.

MRR: And how has your experience been here in the US?
Raphael: There's a big difference from Europe. In Europe when you play a show or organize a show there is always food for the bands. You always have a nice sleeping place. A lot of the time you have a good breakfast, free beer too. And here it's a bit hard, you know? I've heard about this before from friends' bands that came to the US. When you are organizing a DIY punk show you know this band is on the road. They don't have a lot of money. Most of the people here don't care too much. They set up the show, give you the money depending on the amount of people who came and paid. In lots of places no food, but some there are.
Jaunmi: Mostly the smaller places, house shows.
Te Te: The punk house is the best place to play.
Jaunmi: People are friendlier here though. They come up to you and say, "Hey, that was cool." In Europe that doesn't happen so much. They will go crazy but they won't talk to you.
Raphael: Texas was really nice. We were doing shows there and people were like, "Oh no, don't go there, only Austin is good." But Texas was really nice and Austin wasn't the best show.
Jaunmi: Yeah, it was crazy. We played with a lot of energy there and we thought it was going to be exciting. It was a small place. But that's something that is weird about the US. Most people come to see the local bands and not the touring band.
Raphael: All the people started going away when we played.

MRR: In Austin?
Raphael: Yeah.

MRR: Who'd you play with?
Raphael: Deskonocidos, Altars, and Porkeria.
Jaunmi: I think most people went to see the Altars. They were great. But that was strange. Usually what we do in Barcelona is the local bands play first because people are so used to seeing the local bands that they come to see something new.
Jaunmi: In Barcelona I've seen bands from Japan come and play to forty people while a band from Spain can play to one thousand people. Mostly all the punks only know Spanish punk rock.

MRR: Like classic Spanish punk?
Jaunmi: Yeah, like crust bands come and you have forty people there. Crust is not so popular.
Raphael: But it depends…
Jaunmi: But it's true, mostly the punk shows, they are much more crowded.
Raphael: But something I think people should focus on more in the US is the food. It doesn't cost much to cook a hot meal for a touring band or provide mattresses to sleep on. I think people should think a bit more about it. It's really important to us because you know we are touring, don't have much money, we depend on the records we sell. It makes a big difference.
Jaunmi: I also think that most people, when they go over to Europe and they see this, it changes their minds a lot. Like Los Dolares, we toured with Wartorn, and they were amazed at this. They toured Europe and they saw how people make so much great food for bands. Like in Leipzig, there's this girl, she used to play in Provoked and she's makes the best vegan food for bands that you can imagine.
Raphael: It's really nice just to have the sharing of a meal together.

MRR: It creates a sort of communal spirit…
Jaunmi: Yeah, in Barcelona we are all forming bands together and...

MRR: You cook together?
Jaunmi: Yeah, he makes all his macrobiotic bullshit that I hate [laughs]. I prefer fried food. It's better [laughs]. Another cool thing about the squats is that there is a schedule. It has directions and a list of what's going on every day of the week.
Raphael: Workshops, benefits, whatever is happening in Barcelona.
Jaunmi: That's something that's really cool. Within the squatting community or the DIY community you have a lot of alternatives for learning things and organizing events.

MRR: Is there anything else you guys want to say before we end?
Jaunmi: We just want to thank Cesar and Diego because they booked all the touring dates. And Robert too. He let us use his backline for all the shows in California. That was really nice. That is something that's really nice about the US. Most people are more willing to share their equipment here than they are in Europe.

MRR: So nearing the end of this US tour is your spirit still alive or is it dwindling?
Raphael: No..it's alive. Definitely.

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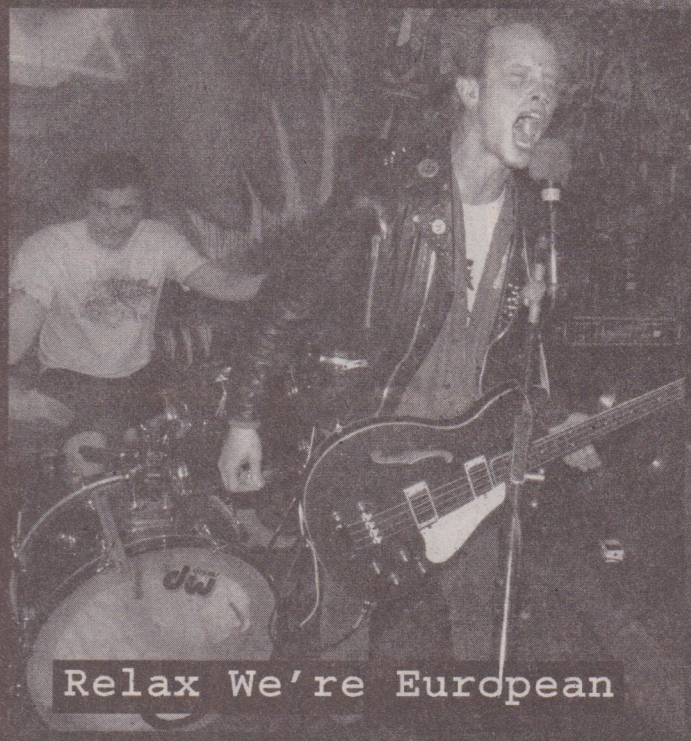

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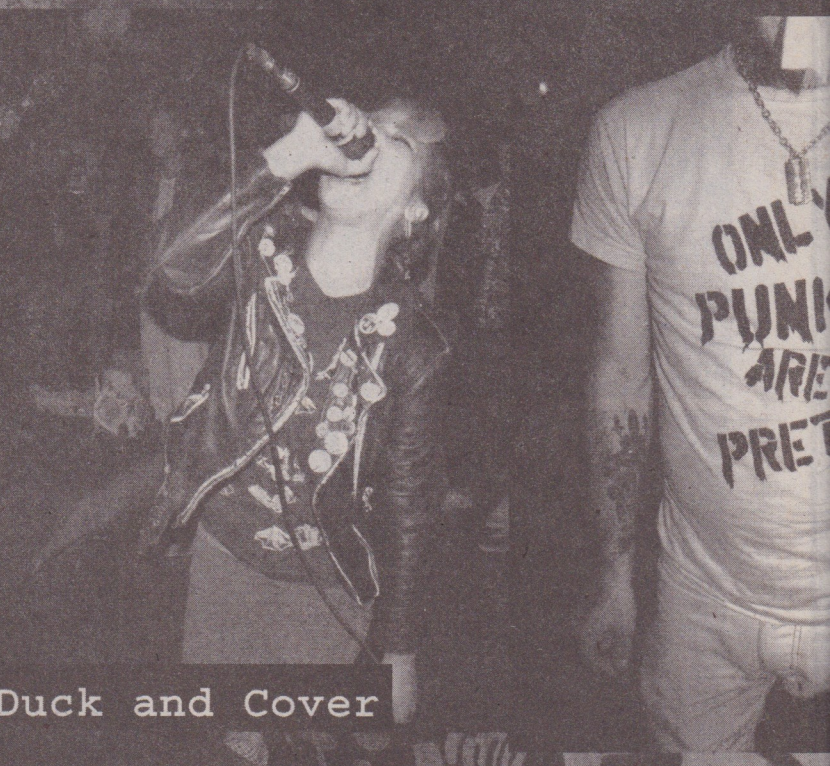

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To me, Punch represents good times. Not necessarily in a hard-raging kind of way (not that they don't party), but in a silly kind of way. I've had the honor of getting to accompany Punch on a few tours, and the main memory I've taken away from them, aside from all the normal tour stuff like friends and jokes, has been consistently fun shows. Their songs are short and sweet (ok, sometimes short and not so sweet, more like fucking pissed) and really blend together a bunch of different styles of punk and hardcore. They're pretty perfect for dancing around and climbing on people. Another thing that defines Punch for me is the lyrical content—including both personal topics as well as more political lyrics, but never in a preachy way. Meghan loves puns and wordplay, so they're pretty clever. I'd say my favorite example of this is "Ol'factory," a song that basically says, why should I have to put on a bunch of weird chemicals so that other people aren't offended by how I smell? (Yeah!) But in a much wittier way than that.

Anyway, Punch has lots of exciting things going on, including a newly-released record, a Japan tour, and a US tour coming up this summer. I sat down with them at Keith's house, and asked a bunch of questions that apparently weren't hard-hitting enough according to Dan ("You had the opportunity to really stir shit up," "You mean you wanted me to call you guys out or something? Like ask why you weren't out saving animals or something? "YES!"). I'm pretty sure he was joking, but consider it an opportunity missed. Note: Val and Brian were at the interview via speakerphone from their van- they were on tour with their other band, Loma Prieta (check them out!). This got a little confusing but we had a laugh over it.

Interview and Introduction by Chelsea Kirkwood

MRR: First introduce yourself and what you do in the band, and also what else you do.

Dan: I'm Dan, I play guitar now, I used to play bass, but we had some minor lineup changes, and I do a lot of screen printing for bands and I work a lot.

Meghan: I'm Meghan, vocals; I'm also in nursing school.

Keith: I'm Keith, I play guitar... uh... that thing probably has infinite amount of time on it right?

MRR: Yeah, I should have brought extra batteries.

Keith: Ok, well, I study Linguistics and Italian at UC Berkeley.

Meghan: Yeah, he loves learning and droppin' knowledge.

Val: I'm Val; I play drums, go to law school and run my label Discos Huelga.

Brian: Brian, just joined in on bass, and I do freelance design work. I'm gonna be starting my MFA in the fall. Val and I are on tour right now with our other band, Loma Prieta. We're in Iowa City right now, which is why we are calling in.

MRR: What other bands have you all been in?

Brian: I was in a band called Us Haunted Bodies.

Val: Sailboats and Unless.

Keith: Beforeafter and Doppelganger.

Meghan: This is my first band.

Dan: I was in Three Summer's gone, Under a Dying Sun, In Memoriam, Makanda, Bullets In, and End on End from LA.

MRR: So Punch just released a new record—want to talk about it?

Meghan: I didn't really realize how important the record was to me until it was finished and I saw it and I thought about how many songs were on it, and the time that they span—encompassing different members and changes that everyone went through—so I think it is really representative of us, Punch and the changes that we've been through. That's why it's self-titled. That's what I realized when I saw it—it is everything that is us.

MRR: Oh, so some of the songs were written with former members, Daniel and Freddie even?

Meghan: Yeah, totally. There are songs on it that were the first songs that were written—it has songs that were written before I was even in the band to songs that were written right before we recorded—so spanning over two years. They work together while still representing different times.

Val: I think that Keith is good at writing riffs and that as a band we are good at taking those riffs and collaborating. So that it's not just one person that dominated writing. So it's a good representation of all of our efforts. Sometimes being in a band can be really lopsided—there will be one person that does everything and at that point it's almost like a solo project. But with Punch it really is this well oiled machine where each person does their part, it all works really well together.

Meghan: Well, and as people have left the band maybe it's because their contribution to Punch has run its course and as new people come in the band doesn't change, because they have the same goals so they can fill that gap.
Brian: Even though I'm not on the record, it's something that I'm very proud of.

MRR: So since I had the privilege of coming down to do backup vocals on the record, it seemed like a fun weekend at Atomic Garden Studios with Jack Shirley—did you guys want to talk about that?
Meghan: I thought the best part was getting to know Jack better. I had a good time, but it was not as much togetherness as I would have liked.
Dan: Well, it was a weird transition as it was Jeff's, our last guitarist's, last real input with the band.
Meghan: Oh that's true he was a bit less invested, although he has been in Punch since the start and wrote a good amount of material on the record.
Dan: Still the overall recording experience was super easy—seemed like we were really prepared, so it did go pretty quickly.
Meghan: Yeah, I mean we did do 16 songs in a day and a half.

MRR: Plus, you guys got to hang out in East Palo Alto!
Meghan: Yeah they have good vegan frozen yogurt there.
Val: Well, for me recording was actually really stressful, because I was working on a paper. We would record a little bit and I would go read and write between songs.
Keith: I second that notion.
Meghan: Oh yeah, the three of us had our laptops and were reading all weekend.
Keith: Yeah, Meghan, Val, and I are all nerds about the whole school thing. That's why we have Dan—he's the great equalizer.

MRR: What about summer plans for Punch?
Meghan: We're not doing shit. Oh wait... we're going to Japan! For two weeks. Then we're doing a four-week US tour after that. And playing some shows in the Bay Area as well. We're fortunate that as time has gone on to be able to tour more and meet so many people. I mean I want to call it a full US tour but I can't because there are so many places that we want to go, or could go but we don't have enough time.

MRR: So Japan…Who speaks Japanese?
Keith: Brian you don't speak Japanese, do you?
Brian: Uh, no.
Val: I know a few useful phrases.
Brian: The phrases I know are not useful.
Meghan: I plan to cram for the next two weeks.
Keith: I'll try to pick some up. I know a lot about Japanese syntax. I do think that it's important to learn as much of a language of where you plan to go as possible, as to not impose your language on another culture, as idealized as that may sound.
Meghan: Yeah, we'll just study on the plane ride over.

MRR: Who's been before? Dan?
Dan: Yeah, I've been three times.
Val: I've been once.

MRR: When you went did you learn any valuable cultural information?
Dan: Yeah there's a lot of dos and don'ts, culturally. We don't want to look like a bunch of jerks.
Meghan: We might starve though, as vegans, that's what I've heard. I'm worried about fish flakes all up in my business at all times.
Dan: I've heard it's gotten better over the years.
Keith: It does look pretty dismal, I plan to stow away some food in my bag, but I'm not worried about it.

MRR: So let's talk about your US tour that you're going on—I know last summer the US tour was fucking awesome, from personal experience, so what are your hopes for this next US tour?
Keith: Well, the best part about tour is always meeting new people and also catching up with your tour buddies that you've made over the years. And, of course, visiting your favorite vegan restaurants.
Val: I'm sad we're not going to as many places as last year, but we have less time.
Meghan: I'm looking forward to all the new jokes that are going to happen and all the good food. Tour is always really inspiring—all the people we meet, I always come back feeling really reenergized about music and life and everything. Looking forward to that.
Dan: Aside from all the friends we make there's all the really awesome bands we've played with last year that we're gonna get to play with again like Hatred Surge, Comadre, and we're playing Dude Fest.

MRR: Anywhere you're really excited to play besides Dude Fest?
Meghan: I'm excited to go to new places, and LA is always really great, and Seattle and New York, where we have good friends.
Keith: Overall, there's nowhere I'm not looking forward to going, because we usually have pretty great experiences everywhere we go.
Meghan: Yeah, I feel really lucky that over the course of two and a half years I could count the amount of shows that have been disappointing on one hand.

Val: I'm looking forward to hang out with Stephen and Grillo in New York. And, well, to hang out with all of you guys for six weeks this summer.
Keith: Likewise.

MRR: Plus, you guys have the "Screamsicle."
Meghan: Man, yeah, we do have the best van ever. It's so comfortable and it's very handsome.
Keith: It's like a giant couch!
Dan: We looked for a van forever and finally we settled for this one. The guy, *Fee*, we bought the van from even called us later on tour to check how it was doing.
Meghan: And he also assured us that the van had been properly "broken in," so we Lysol-ed it. OK, we're talking a lot about our van.
Keith: Yeah, but I think it really represents the personal dynamic of the Punch. It's like a living room. The seats face each other, we can even swivel around the passenger seat so on the way to shows we can all talk and play charades and stuff.

MRR: What other games do you guys play?
Meghan: Oh, fuck. Bullshit Birdman. And Get It Out—when you knock stuff out of people's hands. And we do not play Sandwich Punch anymore because it leads to a lot of hurt feelings.

MRR: Something I like about Punch is that everyone does other stuff that contributes to the band so maybe you can talk about that.
Meghan: I think it helps us be pretty self-sufficient. I mean Dan has a print shop at his house, Val runs a label, Keith books a lot of shows and does all the designs, and even before Brian was in the band he helped print special 7" covers. A good example of how it all comes together is the bike hats. They're designed by Keith, sewed by me, and screen printed by Dan.
Keith: And then worn by Chelsea.

MRR: Plus, Dan lives with Jack, where you recorded. Any new merch for this year?
Keith: Well, we've got some new designs coming.
Dan: It's all coming down to timing right now so hopefully we can get some stuff printed before we head out.
Meghan: When we don't have time to do it ourselves, we have Bad Skulls print stuff, or
Arctic Ink has a shirt on their web store too. And we've always joked about making foam fists, ha!

MRR: Okay, I want to ask Meghan about lyrics a little bit. I want to ask about the new record. I know the old record talked about things such as veganism, pharmaceutical companies and consumer waste, is there any kind of point you're trying to get across on the new record?
Meghan: I feel like definitely the LP lyrics have gotten more personal than the 7". I feel like I wrote a lot about my political leanings or social commentary and felt like I had said what I needed to say. I was then writing lyrics at a time when I was really introspective and was having a lot of changes in my life, so I was thinking a lot about that and self improvement, so I know that comes across in the lyrics. I had actually written some lyrics that were more negative and harsh and went on a positive trip right before we recorded and ended up rewriting a lot of things.

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MRR: So you wouldn't say that Punch is a political band?
Meghan: I would feel uncomfortable saying that, but we're definitely not apolitical or anything. I would say that there are ideals that I live by and that I write about, and am happy to get in discussions with people, but I'm not the one to get into it in between songs or anything—that's just not me. I have gotten letters about lyrics and have been happy to expand on them. I'm just not very good when I'm put on the spot. While this record is more personal, it still talks about biking and veganism and feminism. I feel like before I felt too self-conscious to get too personal, because I felt like maybe it was a no-no, but I can only write about what I am thinking about, otherwise they don't come across as very genuine. I can't feel like I have to write X amount of songs on particular topics.

MRR: So what does Punch as a band represent?
Brian: Good times
Meghan: Ha—yeah we are a pretty positive group of people. Yeah, I mean, DIY, veganism, and then just respect of people. I mean I know I have no tolerance for homophobia, sexism, racism and get really frustrated when I'm confronted with…
Keith: Punch
Meghan: What?
Keith: Are you talking about everyone?
Meghan: I thought I was. Why are you homophobic?
Keith: Ha.
Meghan: Well, for example, one show that sticks out in my mind as being negative, even though there was a good turnout and everything, was because there was a really macho, sexist vibe and I felt really frustrated and belittled in that situation—even if it wasn't necessarily directed towards me.
Keith: Yeah, I think people take things for granted in the scene so far as these values are concerned. Sometimes it's easy to just assume that bands, or other people that contribute, are not racist and homophobic etc., because they merely identify with punk and hardcore. But the reality is these possibly imaginary, overarching values don't make a deep impression on everyone involved.
Dan: I think Keith's right—we go to other towns sometimes and hear things from people there or other bands, and think that it has no place in the DIY-hardcore scene. I think now a lot of people are just in it to have fun, which is a good thing, but I think it's important to speak out against or write about that kind of behavior and have that no tolerance attitude.
Val: Well, I've never really thought that Punch is about something as a band—to me it's more of a vehicle to be able to express my own beliefs. Not all of us are vegan, not all of us are straight edge, we're not all on the same page about everything and that's fine, because that's what punk is to me. It's a medium to communicate with other people to learn what they think and to be able to share what I think.

MRR: One thing that I've experienced and that others have said is that Punch shows are so fun, and as Brian said Punch is about good times, but do you think it's because of the kind of music you guys write or an attitude or something?
Keith: As far as musically, when I'm writing, I just try incorporating different things that I like from various genres of hardcore. And for me, Punch is really about melding these different elements to create something new, but familiar. So I see that as very inclusive, and maybe that's why the shows are fun. Well, that and I'd like to think that we are pretty approachable and genuine people.
Meghan: I think it's something about the energy, which I think partly comes from us, but is also a lot from the people that come to our shows. As an example, one of the most fun shows we've ever had was our second time in Phoenix when the kids, for some awesome reason, made a tank out of a shopping cart and a bunch of cardboard swords and hatchets and armor, and brought silly string and went fucking nuts!
Keith: Yeah, I think they thought Rambo was coming!
Meghan: It was amazing. There's been other shows with that same kind of energy—plus just the right kind of venue—small, like when we're in San Luis Obispo playing a family room in the afternoon and there's boogie boards, it's just a good energy that makes it fun. Also, I don't think we take ourselves too seriously.
Keith: Hence, the name. It's a double entendre.
Brian: I wanted to add that Punch being a female-fronted band makes us more approachable. I think the scene is dominated by bands that have this hyper-masculine persona, and just the fact that we are female-fronted makes us that much more approachable and because we have a positive outlook.

MRR: So then as a follow up, how has being a female-fronted band set this apart from other experiences in bands that you've had?
Meghan: I feel like maybe at first people might give our band a chance out of curiosity or something since there is somewhat of a novelty in having a girl. But then because they like the music or have fun at a show it becomes more than that. But at the same time, I don't like that it's a novelty, because that just means there still aren't enough girls in hardcore bands. But we have played with a ton of bands with females and every time I get so excited, like Hatred Surge, I Object, Kingdom, Gather, Send the Dogs, Three Funerals, and Carnal Knowledge, to name a few.
Dan: I definitely think that the scene that we're in would like to see more girls involved with bands/hardcore and is super supportive of bands that do have women in them. It can kind of create a snowball effect, so having a woman in our band can have a positive effect on that.
Keith: I want to note though that having a female-fronted band was never something we set out to do, it just worked out that way, but that we have had unique experiences because of it.
Val: I can only think of funny things from having Meghan in the band. But it's not about delineating male vs. female; Meghan is just another person in the band.

MRR: Anything to add?
Meghan: I've felt really lucky about the way things have gone with this band—although we've had a lot of changes, membership changes or changes in relationships between members, everything has felt really natural, not drastically changing, but more evolving. I know that I am not the same person I was two years ago, so it makes sense that Punch is not exactly the same as it was two years ago. I feel lucky that we can have so much fun together and meet so many people through this.

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INSOMNIO

«Big Brother is watching, everything is under control. What's new? Nothing really, well, this time has to do with the tour Insomnio had planned for June and July in the US. The entrance for the land of the hope and freedom is not for everyone. One of the band was arrested during the riots at the G-8 Summit in Rostock, Germany in 2006, and that criminal record is enough to be refused entry in the US. We want to thank all the people who helped with the tour, especially Brandon, and we'd love to apologize to everyone disappointed, we fucking are too!!! We hope we can do it sometime in the future.»
INSOMNIO

Zaragoza is crossed by one of the biggest rivers in the Iberian Peninsula, the Ebro River, and parts of the city flood when it rains a lot and rain mixes with the melting snow from the Pyrenees. It has one of the biggest cathedrals in Spanish state, called La Basílica del Pilar and bars there bread-crumb deep fry almost every type of food while drinking Ambar beer… Oh yeah, here's an interview with ***Insomnio****.*

Interview by **Quico Sabaté** | Translations by **La Madre**
Pictures by **Elsa Colmenero**

MRR: Hey, who are you and what the fuck are you doing here?

Jose: Around January 2007, three friends got together to play a few songs just to have some fun, no real pretentions or plans. We were Alberto (drums), Oriol (bass) and me with the guitar, just fooling around we managed to have two songs: "I Don't Want" and "Alone in the Crowd" which became "You Lied to Us". We seemed to like it, so we decided to meet up again and by February we had five songs so we decided to record them on tape. We recorded at our rehearsal room but the problem was that we didn't have a singer, not even a name. I asked Pin if he wanted to sing the songs we had recorded, he brought along some of his lyrics plus some other ones we already had. We tried him out, we liked it and he recorded the vocals in March. Then the name Insomnio came up, and that was the beginning. We put out 150 copies of the demo and started to play concerts. Around May we had new songs, and right before recording again Oriol left and Pili took over on bass. She learnt the songs and by December 2007 *No Escape* LP and *Walking On The String* EP were released. Right after that, we went on tour all over Europe with Über. By then Dani (guitar) joined for the tour but actually stayed as a steady member. In August 2008, right before going on tour around Europe again, our second LP *Happy Loneliness* was released and now, at the beginning of 2009 the US press also came out.
So the current line up is Pin (lead vocal), Alberto (drum), Dani (rhythm guitar), Jose(lead guitar) and Pili (bass).

MRR: By the way, how old are you? A lot of people wonder because you look younger than you really are…

Alberto: Alright, I'm 25 and this is becoming quite an issue, not only because I look five years younger, but also at this point of my life I have to check the calendar to remember my age! It's not really such a problem and there're a bunch of funny stories related to the age thing. Once in a concert, there was this guy who thought I was so young that he couldn't believe that I played drums in the band, so I told him I was 14 and my dad used to come along to every concert …and he bought it!

Pili: It doesn't really look like it, but I'm 25 too. People always look strange when I say that, it's basically Alberto and me that look so young, but the funny thing is that it's becoming a part of our identity as a band.
Pin: I'm 22.
José: I'm 24.
Dani: I'm the oldest, 28 and I think I do look so. Anyways, I don't think age is a problem for what we do or will do.

MRR: In June you go on tour to the USA. What are your expectations? Do you think you might have any problem to get into the country? Pin, could you talk about the legal problems you had in Germany?

Pili: We're very excited about it, really looking forward to tour the US. When Brandon invited us to play the No Way Fest, we started to get everything ready, some of us probably will lose our jobs to be able to go.
Pin: I'm really looking forward to this tour. Brandon of No Way records has organized it for us, and he trusts us so that's great. However, I don't want to dream too much about it since the US Government has very tight policy about immigration, which doesn't make it an easy entrance for those who, like me, have some legal problems.

MRR: Well, talking about touring, last year you made a couple of European tours in 8 months. I think it's the first time a Spanish band has done that. What's going on? How was that?

Dani: Both were great though for me the second was better; Shittown, crazy concerts, summertime, boat trips, relax and no cold…
Pili: Indeed both tours were almost in a row, we didn't really plan it, but they just came up like that.

Both were fine, though when we started them we couldn't imagine how they would turn out. We would love to tour again with Über because we are like a family, even one of them is coming with us the US! Eduard from Trabuc Records was going to come too, but he happened to be playing with his band Anti-Playax in Germany at that time.

Pin: The fact that these tours can be made possible is due to the people who work to keep the DIY punk scene active. I don't know whether we are the first Spanish band to do it, but if we are it is not only because of our work, (especially Jose booking most of the dates), but because of the people who helped out.

MRR: How did you experience the Shittown Festival in Copenhagen? I was there freaking out with other 1500 people and I loved it...

Alberto: Fuck, I couldn't believe it when they asked us to play there. Everything was amazing, the bands, the people... I've never been to a festival with such clean toilets! Unbelievable.

Pili: It's one of the best festivals we've been to and in which we have played. We had a great time watching the great bands that played there, meeting people, visiting the city.

Pin: I had a great time. I keep a very good memory of it.

Dani: When I got onto stage and I saw the crowd... massive! More than 1000 people; great bands and great people.

José: Personally I always wanted to go to Shittown (formerly K-Town), the fact that they called us to play it was very exciting. The organization was amazing, all DIY, lots of punk festivals are not that well organized. And people there were really welcoming. Unforgettable.

MRR: You have released two 12"s and a 7" in just one year, besides those two European tours. So, are any of you about to die from the lack of rest promised by a whole r'n'r career or what?

Pin: From inside I have a different feeling. When we started we got together to practice two or three times a week. Now we only practice once every two weeks at most. We know one another now and have a similar feeling towards music, which helps us to express ourselves much better.

Pili: Well, I think we're taking advantage of a good moment when everyone (in the band) knows what we want to do. Songs take form real quick, and that makes things go easy.

José: I don't know if there's any specific reason, it's not on purpose. It may depend on inspiration, I don't know, it's never the same, but when you are inspired you have to take it, other times might be not as productive.

MRR: Who did you trick into releasing three records in such a little time? What about the relationship with the labels?

Jose: Here in the Spanish state, Eduard from Trabuc Records is the one who puts up most of the money and distributes the records, very well done by the way. He also drove us on our second tour with his van and we have a great relationship. Audiogorilla Records from Germany also co-released the *No Escape* LP, then Thepression (me and Pili) always put some money up, to be able to sell some copies when we play. In the US it was No Way Records who released *Walking On The String* EP and *Happy Loneliness* LP, released in Europe by Trabuc and Thepression.

MRR: One thing that got my attention is the use of English in all your lyrics, why not your own language?

Pin: No special reason, I just fancied singing in English. I don't find it difficult so I think I'll keep on singing in English, it's just different.

MRR: "No Escape", "Too Hard", "Quick Way Out", "I'm Lost", "Happy Loneliness", "Loser" and "The Darkside," are some of the titles of your songs. In all of them there is a deep feeling of hopelessness, frustration, a feeling of no future ahead, also many references to the night, broken hearts... Who writes the lyrics? What influences you to write so many lyrics about personal issues?

Jose: Life is what really influences us; our experiences and surroundings. I think we have all gone through most of the feelings expressed in our songs, so why not sing about them?

Pin: I write all the lyrics except for "Lifetime", "Puppet", "No Escape" and "Insomnio". I like writing and I write lots of things, which maybe end up being songs. Some come easy, others take their time. I don't agree with the feeling of no future in our songs, not all of them are that explicit, but I wouldn't like to convey a sad or depressing feeling with the songs rather the opposite, I'd like it if people could feel an injection of adrenaline or rage when they listen to a song from Insomnio. My words come from my respect and love for many people in this world but also from my deep derision and rejection for others.

MRR: In a way you also have political positions, at least with the song "The Spark" shows that more clear. Do you consider Insomnio a political band?

Jose: I'm an anarchist, but the thing is that we don't have to nor want to turn our lyrics into leaflets, which doesn't make us *less anarchist* than other bands that 100% of the lyrics are *political*.

Politics are also feelings, and we wanted to express it that way ,"The Spark" comes up from that view.

Pin: Everything is politics, I consider myself anti-fascist and anti-capitalist and I think it's impossible to be *apolitical*, despite the fact that some people use that label to hide their own cowardice. I try to separate Insomnio from my politics, even sometimes some of it sneaks in. Insomnio for me is my way out, and I don't like to link it to any form of struggle.

Dani: Like it or not, politics is a part of life, and sometimes it can be hard, especially when the political situation is so dodgy. For me "The Spark" reflects how I wish all this would change.

MRR: There are a couple of songs I'd like to mention, the first is "Too Hard" which is a great homage to friendship in hard times, and makes you want to hug your closest buddy. I know it is written for someone, could you explain anything about it?

Pin: Yes, I wrote it for a friend who was going through a difficult time and it makes me very happy that you like it, I hope he can enjoy it too whenever he listens to it.

MRR: The other song is "She Says No". Pili is the only female in the band, is this song related to any personal experience of yours? Have you ever felt harassed or discriminated against for being a woman not only in the punk scene but generally speaking? I guess being vegan and straight edge doesn't make things easier...

Pili: The song was already written when I joined the band but I do feel reflected. Unfortunately we still live in a macho dominated society and being

a woman is still difficult even today, though I think that in the punk scene it's different or at least should be different. There are more and more women taking part in collective projects and playing in bands, it should be seen as normal by now and actually I don't like it when it's spotlighted. I've never felt discriminated or disrespected, but there're assholes everywhere and some of the time I have to hear some *macho* remarks. The personal option of being vegan or not taking drugs are added difficulties in our society, where everything is done for the majority. You are going to be seen as a freak, man or woman, when you choose veganism or not to do drugs.

MRR: You do your own art for your records, co-release them with your label Thepression, screen-print your T-shirts, and even record with your own means at your rehearsal room, have you heard about DIY?

Pili: We like doing things by ourselves and we'll keep doing it like that. Maybe, if we get someone else to do the art or the recordings it might be more *professional*, but that's not what we want. We want it to sound as Insomnio, and Jose is the one who has recorded and mixed all our songs, he was able to get that Insomnio sound that we want to keep.

Dani: Doing it by yourself is a blast. And creates tons of great stories (good and bad).

Jose: Who's better than you to do your own things? Drawings and layouts are done by Alberto, he's a very good artist, although he is a bit lazy. It's cheaper, quicker and more real if you do it yourself.

Alberto: DIY is very satisfying; when you first see your work printed, it is amazing that feeling.

MRR: Let talk about Zaragoza, your city, about the punk scene, alternative-political collectives—what can you say about it in a positive way? From outside it seems great, I mean, lots of alternative places, bars, social centers, squats, but how do you see it from the inside?

Alberto: I like to live here but I don't think it's anything special, but it could be worse.

Dani: Nice to live in here but a bit boring, like the rest of the cities.

Jose: Zaragoza is bullshit

Pin: Zaragoza is bullshit but the more places and people you know, the more you realize that it's not that bad. You can have a great deal of punk concerts, hardcore, hip-hop, reggae—despite the fact that the local government tries to fuck it up all the time. There are bars where you can drink for cheap and listen to good music. From the political point of view I think it is quite active, there's a bunch of social centers (legal) and other squats, there's quite a strong alternative movement although it's divided, of course. As for the bad things, there are a lot of police and there're very dodgy. I'm not saying it's great, It's as shitty as any other European city, but compared to some places it's not that bad.

MRR: Over the last two or three years there seem to be a lot of Spanish bands releasing really good records and going abroad to play which didn't seem to happen five or ten years ago. Why do you think that is and which bands or labels would you stand out?

Alberto: I think it is because of the Internet, now it is easier if somebody 1000 miles away can listen to your music, just like that. As for bands, I'd choose Desguace and Über, of course.

Jose: Bands I like are Über, Invasión, No Sex, Anti-Playax, Otan, Crimen de Estado, Desguace, and the labels Trabuc, Sell Our Souls, and some others. But I may not be very objective 'cause the labels and the bands are all friends

Dani: It's been said that in Spain we are always a bit late for everything so it seems that now it's our time. It's true that now is easier to tour but creativity still depends on each person.

MRR: What do you think about the avalanche of *reunion tours* of bands from the '80s? Do you think it's worth paying 25 Euros to see a band that used to play twenty years ago just to remember the good old times?

Pin: I've been in many concerts of old bands (Basura, Anti-régimen, TDK, MCD… I can't remember them all) and sometimes I must say it's been disappointing. It's not the same playing for thirty years non-stop than coming back twenty years later. Anyway if I could see bands like Kortatu, The Clash, Eskorbuto, Cicatriz… I'd pay much more than 25 Euro…

Alberto: I don't know if it's worth it. I saw the Misfits and Negative Approach, and you know, it was fun but nothing like it must have been long ago.

Jose: It depends, for me it's different if they get back together to cash in or just because they feel like playing together again, which is very respectable, but seems to be the minority. What happened *happened*, it's part of the past, and we live in another time, and no matter which band gets back together, of course it would never be the same. I've been at some of the reunion concerts and paid for it, but I knew what I was going to see. Most of the times I prefer to stick to the image/feeling/opinion I already had of them than to the new thing.

Dani: I think reunion tours are too hyped and there're tons of good bands out there which are not paid enough attention, but if anyone is willing to pay that money to see a band because they couldn't make it at their time, why not?

MRR: Who would you choose to see then?

Pili: Minor Threat, The Smiths in the '80s, AC/DC with Bon Scott.

Jose: If I gotta make a choice I'd take AC/DC with Bon Scott, no doubt. I also would love to see Misfits with Danzig (I'm not suggesting a reunion, please), Eskorbuto, IV Reich, Black Flag, RIP…

Dani: Youth of Today but back in their time. I'm not sure if I really want to see any reunion band because I'm afraid of being disappointed.

Alberto: Well since we are demanding the impossible, I'd like to get a Delorean full of enriched uranium and travel to California twenty-five years back to be able to be at a Black Flag concert.

Pin: The ones I said before and also the first AC/DC, Motorhead, Eskorbuto, La Banda Trapera del Río, IV Reich, Degenerados… lots.

MRR: Any last words?

Pin: Thanks very much! We hope to see you at any of our concerts! In somewhere… ■

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SKIN LIKE IRON

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For my money, Skin Like Iron is the best hardcore band to come out of the Bay Area in years. They just might be the best band to come from here this decade, period. I've had the privilege of seeing them play live at least twenty times, and they have always completely blown me away. And they're not just a great live band; their LP, All Human Failings, is my favorite record of 2009 to date. I sat down with Alex Capasso, Paul Ehat, and Blaine Patrick in the office at 924 Gilman St. at around 9:30 pm on Thursday, March 19. After hanging out and talking shit for a while I set a tape recorder on the table and before I knew it we had talked our way through a 60-minute tape. After a considerable lag in transcription and editing on my part, here is the interview.
Interview by xYosefx

MRR: Maybe to start off you guys could introduce yourselves…
Alex: I'm Alex, I sing and play guitar.
Blaine: I'm Blaine, I play the drums currently.
Paul: I'm Paul, I play guitar. Our honorary fourth member is Ryan Mattos. He's not here, but he plays bass, currently.

MRR: Can you give a little band history?
Alex: Basically we started in the very beginning of 2007, and it was the three of us—Blaine, Paul, and me and Drew, he was playing drums and Blaine was on bass. We just wanted to do something that was kind of different from the other things we had done before, and we just wanted to hit the ground running, to write as much as possible, to record as much as possible. So far we've succeeded in that.

Blaine: Paul, Alex, and Drew had this sick fucking raw weird-ass demo that they'd recorded, some songs with just the three of them, and they played it for me. I was playing guitar in this other band Alex was doing called The Morning Dawn…
Paul: I was in that too…
Blaine: Yeah, Paul was in that too. Anyway, I heard that Paul, Drew, and Alex were jamming, fucking weird-ass songs and shit. I head the tape, and I was like, "Dude, you have to let me play on that too." They were down.

MRR: I've been really impressed by the fact that, while I can't say you're analog purists, you released three tapes in a row before you put out anything else…
Alex: Which we did record digitally.
Paul: CDRs are garbage. Who the fuck wants a CDR? If someone gives me a CDR, I turn around and I throw it away. Even if it's some band's demo I don't give a fuck. If they didn't care enough about it to do more than press a button on a computer then I'm not gonna listen to it. If someone takes our demo tape and throws it away, I don't fucking care, but at least effort went into it. At least it's a tangible thing that gets held onto. It's a lot harder to throw away a tape, now that they're a novelty.
Alex: With a tape you sit down. Sure, there's fast-forward and rewind, but you really have to listen to it from start to finish. Even when you have a record you can just count the grooves and you can pick your song, but with a tape that's going to be something that when

you put it on you're going to listen to it.
Paul: I recorded, what, a thousand tapes in my living room. I dubbed every single one of those tapes in real time.

MRR: Something I've always found to be striking about your band is the diversity of the sound. There are a lot of hardcore bands that sound a lot like each other, and I don't thing that Skin Like Iron really sounds like anyone else.
Paul: Thank you. That probably comes from the fact that it started with four people not knowing what the fuck to do. The first dozen, maybe even two dozen, songs were written without any forethought. I don't have any forethought, period, when it comes to playing guitar.
Blaine: There are definitely bands that I try to rip off, but I guess it doesn't really end up sounding like that anyway.
Paul: It sounds like a bunch of shit in a blender.
Alex: We also take a more subtle approach to introducing some of our influences. I'll hear melodies and stuff outside of punk music, outside of hardcore, and when it gets put through the filter of hardcore then it takes on a unique sound.
Blaine: You can't just listen to hardcore.
Paul: Amen.

MRR: A lot of people probably wouldn't even consider you a hardcore band. I hear a lot of hardcore influence in your sound, but I also hear bands like Earth, Thergothon, a lot of weirdness that's totally outside the realm of hardcore.
Paul: For me, I think that's because I have this vast expanse of music that I listen to and enjoy, but my means of producing are so miniscule. I listen to so much music, and such a small amount of it's hardcore, but it's all that I know how to put out. I can only play one fucking chord. The influences are there, and sometimes it kind of squeezes out, but it's because it's all that I can do.
Alex: I was thinking about that myself the other day. Some people might feel discouraged to know that they've only got this one sound that they can output their creativity through. Personally I do feel that I'm limited to best expressing myself through punk and hardcore, but at the same time I don't think of that as a limitation. It's something that pushes you to wring the most creativity you can out of something that a lot of people have beaten into the ground. There are so many stale bands out there that when you hear a band that is putting, maybe not a new twist, but a very personal twist on things, that's really appealing. For a band to take something that's been done a billion times before and find a new little corner of it to explore is really cool. I still get excited when I hear a hardcore band that can make me pay attention.
Blaine: I don't give a shit whether people think we're a hardcore band or not, because there's so much good shit that's outside of hardcore that's important to me, so fuck it. I don't necessarily feel like we have that unique of a sound. Everybody wants to be a musician. Every form of music had been driven into the fucking ground. I just do what I feel. You should play with your dick instead of your brain. Don't use your brain. There's too much using your brain in general in hardcore.
Alex: I think there are also a lot of dicks in hardcore.
Blaine: There are a lot of dicks, I guess so, yeah.
Paul: In a couple of senses.
Alex: When you try to be unique...
Paul: It comes out trite.
Alex: That's it, that's exactly it. Play what you feel, and hopefully people hear something in that.

MRR: Over the last few years there has been a resurgence of Bay Area hardcore, both in the sheer number of bands and in the overall quality. Awesome bands like Grace Alley, Streetwalkers, Foreign Nature, and Mind are all coming from the same hardcore scene but playing very different styles. Do you feel like you're a part of that scene?
Blaine: Yeah.
Paul: Yes.
Alex: Of course we're a part of it.
Blaine: I think it's sick. All of those bands that you just named are bands that I think are just feeling it. It's from another place, they're all coming from their own vibe.
Paul: There's a lot of diversity too. You have Young Offenders, then you have stuff like California Love, Never Healed... everyone has their own thing going and it all just sort of fell into place.
Alex: There are people that I've known for—some of them—ten years now. To me that's mindblowing, because I still consider myself a young person. It's cool to all grow up together and see where your music takes you, in all different directions. It's amazing that one weekend we can play with a band like Crucified, who have a very metal-influenced sound, and then the next weekend we can play with a band like Young Offenders, who are on a completely different end of the spectrum, or California Love... I love all of these aspects of hardcore, and I think it's cool that we can find a place within that. The Bay Area has got a really good thing going on right now, and I think there's something behind it. It's not just that people are doing bands because they have nothing to do—I think that what's driving all these bands feels very real to me. Definitely in the last few years I've been more excited about hardcore, and Bay Area hardcore in particular, than I have been since first getting into it.

MRR: You guys had a stable line-up for quite a while and then that changed really quickly. Drew moved to Canada and then you had another drummer...
Alex: Sam, who now drums for Trash Talk, and some other bands.

MRR: It seems like he came and went pretty quickly.
Paul: He played drums on the new record.
Alex: I assume I speak for the entire band when I say that he did a fucking great job.
Blaine: Sick drummer.
Paul: Sam did a great job.
Alex: He's a very intuitive drummer. We practiced this album maybe a couple of times before we went into the studio and he just put the perfect fills in, really kept the songs moving... I'm happy we at least got to record the LP with him.

MRR: So he left, and then Toast came in and took over bass and Blaine moved to drums.
Paul: He's our friend with benefits. When he's in town he plays with us. He's not our life partner.

MRR: You guys are still on the market for a new drummer.
Blaine: Please! One of the reasons I was so stoked on doing this band in the beginning was that I wasn't going to play drums. I was kind of burned out playing drums in punk music. I just wanted to do some weird-ass hand drumming on my own. I was stoked to play bass, but now I have to play drums again, so it's a lot duller now. So maybe we can find a drummer.

photos: walter yetman

MRR: You guys have toured outside the Bay Area quite a bit. How have you been received in other parts of the country?
Alex: Our East Coast tour with Pressure went pretty well. We had shows where maybe, what, ten people showed up in Baltimore but it was fucking great. And then probably closer to 150, 200 people in Boston. I felt like we got received pretty well, at least given a fair chance to do what we do.
Paul: We get received better out of town.
Blaine: I think that's true for a lot of bands.
Alex: I would say that we're definitely very well supported, very graciously received here at home. Even if it's just your friends coming up to you and saying, "Hey, you sounded really good tonight," that's important.
Blaine: This might sound stupid, but as long as there's a couple of kids watching us I don't really give a shit. I love sing-along parts, but we don't really have any.

MRR: Well, you don't have a member who is just the vocalist, which is rare in a hardcore band.
Blaine: When we play people just kind of stand there. One time I saw kids headbang, which is cool. I'm down with anything, I really just try to have no expectations.

MRR: Kids moshed when you played at Gilman recently.
Blaine: For a while Alex would say, "Absolutely no moshing."
Alex: I would make promises to people that they could come up and get close. I've been using that as a shitty joke onstage for a long time. I'll promise people there will be no moshing, please move closer, and inevitably that's when somebody...
Blaine: Stage dives on all those people

MRR: That was the most awkward stage dive I've ever seen, that kid during your set at Gilman. He sort of ran on stage, stopped, crawled behind you and then jumped off the side of the stage.
Paul: At least he didn't get caught without any music.
Blaine: We should have just stopped playing while he was onstage.
Paul: Any time somebody gets onstage we're going to stop. We're going to be like the high school photo of hardcore. We're just going to make you feel so fucking embarrassed, the second you get on stage we're done and we're gonna walk off.
Blaine: I'm just kidding, I love stage diving.
Alex: As much as I love seeing people get more into what we're doing, I also like the sort of "what the fuck?" looks we get.
Paul: We played that show in Santa Cruz with Set Your Goals. We had a half-hour set and we played a twenty-five minute drone song. That was the best.
Alex: How often is this band going to get to play on a five foot-tall stage? Seriously, we can play with a band like Crucified, play with a band like Young Offenders, play with a band like Set Your Goals, it's always gonna be fun.

MRR: What bands have you played with or seen lately that been most impressed by?
Alex: Never Healed. I really like Streetwalkers, you know that when they play their singer Marc is going to go fucking nuts...
Blaine: Gonya is just fucking wild. That band is the real deal.
Paul: They're just raw as fuck. Oh man, Black Breath.
Alex: I've never seen a tighter live band than Black Breath. Four guitar amps...
Paul: Their sound is very cultivated.
Blaine: Totally raw, so sick. Just listen to that fucking record.
Paul: They've been mentioned a bunch, but I love Young Offenders. And it's been fun to watch Ceremony get to where they are.

MRR: They started out trying to do something totally different, and now they're one of the most imitated bands in hardcore.
Alex: I think Ceremony have gotten sort of a bad rap because any band that gets rocketed to the top of a genre...
Paul: People are just going to find a reason to talk shit about them.
Alex. Exactly, it's that much easier when you're up there. I think they're a lot more talented and original than people have given them credit for. I don't think they're getting enough credit at this point. Too many people have made up their minds about them.
Blaine: Hardcore is as much a social scene as it is a

genre of music. You're always going to have people who talk shit. There's no accountability, you can say whatever you want on the internet. All right, fuck the internet, let's move on.

MRR: Something else I wanted to touch on is Alex's lyrics.
Paul: You can just have Blaine and I talk about those.

MRR: Over the years it seems like a lot of hardcore lyrics have become dumbed down, referencing the same hackneyed clichés, whether it's brotherhood and unity and getting stabbed in the back or vague sentiments of anger and alienation. Your lyrics come across as more personal, while also being very mythological and epic…
Alex: It's going to be hard to explain any of this without feeling kind of trite. Where I come from most of the time with my lyrics is attempting to get across a feeling or an idea without being too direct about it. The themes come from trying to understand your place in the world—why the world works the way it does, why it can be such an ugly place at times for a lot of people. It goes without saying that the average American kid into hardcore has a pretty easy life, or at least an easier life than people experiencing very real suffering around the world. Easy is completely relative.
Blaine: Hardcore is something you have to have time for. You have to have time to participate. A lot of the world will never know about hardcore or anything like that because…
Alex: Because what the fuck does it matter to them?
Blaine: Exactly, it doesn't fucking matter at all. They have to survive, they don't have time to worry about hardcore.
Alex: We've got it very easy. I've always felt that at the very least you owe it to yourself to think about what's going on around you. Another thing I talk about a lot is finding something beyond what's around you, what you observe in the waking world. I talk a lot about dreams. A lot of this comes from wondering what really goes on after life, before life, it's something that just fascinates me. We live in a really vast world in an even vaster universe, and we're just tiny specks in it. I know that's something a lot of people have thought about, but it just really fascinates me. I'm just groping for an understanding of what's going on around us. The lyrics to the new album take a really bleak look at humanity and the destruction around us, the self-destruction, but at the same time I think they hold out a lot of hope. Maybe not in this life, maybe not in this dimension, maybe not in this whatever. Does that make any sense at all?
Blaine: I think so, yeah. I think every individual has to struggle with understanding where they fit in society, what they have to offer. That is pretty much what spirituality is to me. I kind of find those elements in Alex's lyrics. Describing the feelings you feel when you think about humanity's disconnection from nature and the way we try to understand our relationship with nature. Often we seem to fail to figure out what out relationship to nature is, and I think that gets expressed in violence or betrayal. I think that pop culture is an expression of our failure to understand our relationship to nature, so you get these empty attempts at filling the culture with something. We have to have something up there, we have to figure out the next icon. Reality TV is a lot of kids' spirituality these days. It's sad.
Paul: It's like a trainwreck you can't stop looking at.
Blaine: But at the same time, how could it be any other way?
Alex: On our new record, All Human Failings, the first song is talking about how we may have completely fucked things up here, but in my heart I really hope there's something much greater than that. I want nothing more than to find myself in a place where all the destruction we've wrought, everything we've fucked up is just gone. I think that's what Blake's talking about with spirituality. It has nothing to do with religion. There was something going on behind the scenes spiritually before you arrived here, there's something going on after you depart this world. I don't know how to describe it, I don't understand it, but to me it really seems like that spiritual realm has to exist.
Blaine: All this destruction, how fucked up this world seems to us, could be a result of our inability to understand our relationship to nature… I said it again. It's expressed in violence, it's expressed in pop culture, and it's even expressed in religion. We need to try to reconcile man with nature. Spirituality is really important.
Alex: We have a series of songs we've called "Wisdom", we've done four of them, and I think they really get to the heart of where I try to go lyrically. "Wisdom II" has a line that goes "The physical realm is a prison cell / The visual realm will serve as a key / Through breath and belief, everything." This is the world that we're trapped in, we don't have any other options right now, this is where we're at, these are the rules we have to live by. We can do our best to try to change things, but for the most part we're imprisoned in this physical world. The visual realm is the dream state, what comes after it all. That's where you'll find freedom, in your imagination, in dreams, in the afterlife, in whatever you want to call it. Some different plane, something that's not grounded here in the physical world. The "Wisdom" songs really get to the heart of what I'm trying to express.
Blaine: Those lyrics are about the difference between looking and seeing.
Alex: The first line of "Wisdom I" goes, "There are limits to man and the wisdom of man / The myths he creates to explain what he can't understand." That puts it pretty bluntly. Going back hundreds or thousands of years, there are things that science hadn't quite figured out, and the world seemed much more mysterious to people. Here we are living in this world where science has pretty much gotten to the bottom of everything and all that's left to contemplate is that spiritual aspect.
Paul: Science has gotten to the point now where it's not even being allowed to do what it needs to do. Science is becoming obsolete. Science is something people created to have order, but now it's being thwarted. We created government, and now government is stopping science.
Alex: I have to say that I'm very proud of Obama for reversing those Bush administration decisions…
Paul: And not proud of the Pope for saying that condoms spread AIDS. I hope Jesus Christ has AIDS because of that. I hope the Pope has AIDS.
Blaine: I would say that science, just like religion, is a mode of understanding. That's all it is.
Alex: In the time when people didn't understand things on a scientific level they used spirituality and religion to understand the world around them. Now we use science to understand so many things, and we're once again forced to face these questions of what's beyond our scientific understanding.

BLANK DOGS

Blank Dogs is a home-recorded dark pop mess currently coming out of Brooklyn, New York. The "group" is defined by the brain of Mike, who also runs the burgeoning Captured Tracks label. Through the pipeline of his band, label, and side-projects, Mike has spurred and fit in nicely with the swirling, obtuse, and hummable sounds flowing out of today's New York, the larger US, and Britain.

Anthony Atlas (of the San Francisco based, and similarly-minded group Nodzzz), Mike, and I circularly interviewed one another about "major" indie labels, the state of the would-be English underground, "Brooklyn" as a conceivable genre, linguistic perception, and peeping Kevin Klein. Using a less than reliable cassette-recorder means the following discussion is broken up into the aforementioned themes...

Introduction by Jess Scott
Interview by Jess and Anthony Atlas

Photos by Aaron Richter

MRR: So the first thing on Captured Tracks was a Blank Dogs recording?
Mike: I did a Blank Dogs CD-r. And that was before I had even decided to do Captured Tracks.

MRR: When was that? How long has Blank Dogs been around?
Mike: Early 2007. The first Blank Dogs recording was on Freedom School, my friend's label. That record is really patchy; there's like one good song. But at the time it was a home recording experiment, I didn't think it was an actual venture.

MRR: So you write everything and then you got a live band together?
Mike: Yes. And it started to become less—not less experimental, but it became more pop.

MRR: Where did you get the name, Blank Dogs?
Mike: It was from a random band name generator on the Internet.

MRR: Like refrigerator magnet poetry? Band names tend to go in little waves. "Deer" was in everything, deer poop, and "black" has always been a go-to. So I liked that it was close to such an overused word, but just a little different, "blank" made me look twice. I like little snags like that.
Mike: I like when names don't mean anything, because then it eventually becomes something, it becomes second nature. Blank Dogs, what the fuck is that?

MRR: My pet peeve is when people use words that are made up, there are so many good words in the English language alone, already. And my favorite example of utilizing that is Residual Echoes. Individually the words conjure something, but together it feels like something different. Naming things with instinct is important to continuity between it and the music. So why Captured Tracks?
Mike: Cassie from Vivian Girls named that.

MRR: I like it because it seems like kinda a joke on technology, or iTunes, taking tracks, music, "owning" it. It also has a sense of urgency.
Mike: I wanted it to sound like a record label. Instead of like "Doctor Gypsie" or whatever.

MRR: What's the big deal with Dum Dum Girls? Is she famous? Is it Natalie Portman? Is it Courtney? Kurt and Courtney?
Mike: The fucked up thing is I heard the Dum Dum Girls a long time ago, but then much later I saw it on the Hozac site and was like, "That was the band!" I liked the name a lot.

MRR: Is there a precedent for this? Bands being sensitive to their identities?
Mike: I just couldn't get over that, "I'm Mike! This is my music!" thing. It wasn't that I wanted to keep it a secret, it was more like, what's the point of telling people it's me? Actually, I like bands more than solo acts, so...

MRR(Ant): If you keep your band a secret it just enhances this aura...once you play live, that's it though.
Mike: Yeah, that's what happened. You can make the decision, I'm going to make all these records but then you become like Clinic where you have to wear these surgical masks all the time.

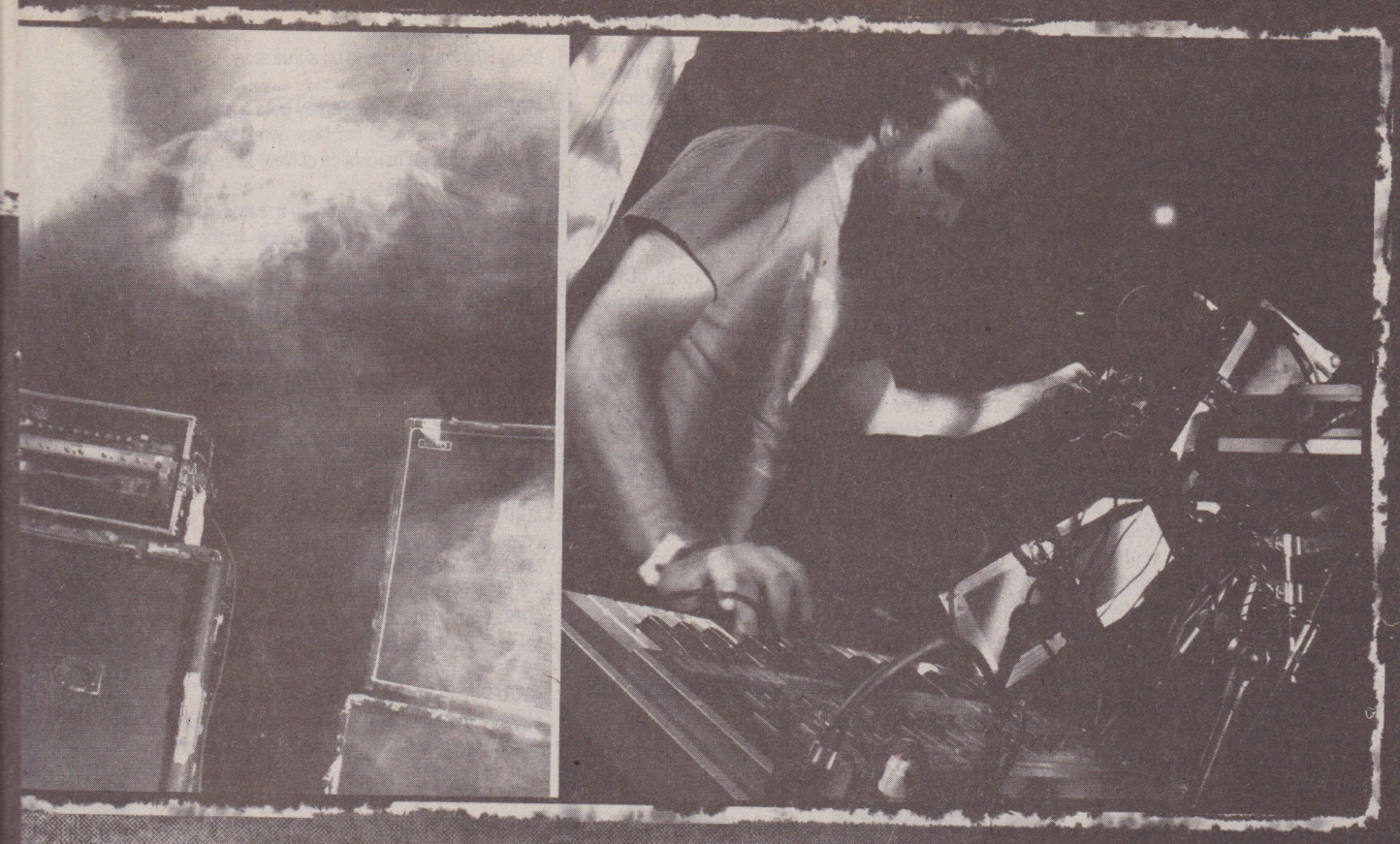
MRR: Isn't that taking it all a bit too seriously? That someone would care? For me, I feel like no one knows me anyway so who cares.
Mike: At one point it was like: am I going to wear masks? I actually had people kinda pressuring me, or wondering why I didn't want to wear a mask.

MRR: So you made the decision to throw the mystery thing out before you played live?
Mike: Yes. People asked me for a long time [to play live] and then suddenly I just wanted to. I'd been in bands, toured a lot...

MRR: What other bands?
Mike: I was in DC Snipers, it was terrible, and before that tons of other bands.

MRR: Someone called you Mike Snipers.
Mike: Yeah, it's terrible. People still do...

MRR: Mike-tured Tracks.
Mike: I wound up in these two garage-y punk bands, and I like that music, but it was never what I really wanted to do.



MRR: How long have you been playing music then?
Mike: 12? 13? Shitty high school bands.

MRR: Essential: shitty high school bands.
Mike: But I was doing stuff in high school on 4-track that was similar to Blank Dogs, actually the first live line-up of Blank Dogs was with JB from Crystal Stilts. This guy Greg who does Gary War, but we were too busy to tour.

MRR: You can only do really like one main band it seems, or one you that write all the stuff for, or that's how I felt.
Mike: That's what's great about the Mayfair Set; I write a song and it doesn't feel like a Blank Dogs song, so I give it to Dum Dum Girls.

(Talk moves on to "Major" indie labels)
Mike: It doesn't really matter now cause A&R guys can't decide what the new trend is...

MRR: It can only go so far, the longevity of that sort of decision-making is so transparent and vapid too. Your A&R guy can only get you on the display so many times, to use a stupid record store product placement term, but after nine months, "who?" You're in dollar section. Do people coming out of that "major" indie bubble, people with big budgets, care about what/how they're recording?
Mike: If you look at the majors, and what they're trying to put out now, they're retroactively paying attention to what's coming out...

MRR: Like always. And there's one "indie" label that comes to mind that I guess will go un-named, who just shamelessly uses that major label method of throwing the dice into whatever crap genre, pulled out of a bag. There's absolutely no geographical or community tangibility. Then once one of them "makes it" they pull out the little file and look for the knock-off.
Mike: Yes: throw everything on a wall and see what sticks. Sign everyone "similar to..."

MRR: Right, but didn't you do this because that way of interacting with music sucks?
MRR(Ant): It becomes clear it's a business model.
MRR(Jess)There's no philosophy whatsoever.
MRR(Ant): But why care about a record label?
Mike: There are labels that are cool and that you can care about. Look at Woodsist and What's Your Rupture? Say what you will about the music if you want, but they clearly just put out stuff that they like.

MRR: It's coherent. As a label, you can continue to choose having a cohesiveness in your catalog, period. It seems like the indie method and reasoning started out that way, indie label sounds were at least based on geography, and it was pre-Internet. The dust is just kinda settling now with that kind of philosophy. Where to go from here?
MRR (Ant): What labels are doing this now? I think about cool labels like Postcard records, from Scotland, ones that crafted an identity and an approach to music.

Mike: And 53rd & 3rd... But new ones? I love Woodsist, WYR?, Sacred Bones, those are all local to New York. I like Siltbreeze, and Slumberland is on a bit of a roll.

MRR: What about new bands? Or new bands that don't really have anything out yet?
Mike: I want Captured Tracks to put out Grass Widow's stuff. There's this band La La Vasquez from London that are really cool. There are a lot of English bands: Wet Dog, Pens. So Cow is great—he's from Ireland, and Graffiti Island too. It's weird to think of good new bands coming from England, I haven't thought that in a long time.

MRR: English people and bands often exist as if they have no idea about what their country produced 20 years ago, it seems.
Mike: After New Wave, it just became completely entrenched in "Englishness" and only appealing to English people. Sometimes that can be good: that's what the Kinks did. But it became only concerned with the English press as well.

MRR: Their press is so different, or their reception to new art. In the U.S., people run out and buy the new Bon Jovi record, no matter that it is 2009. Like let it go man, let it go. Whereas in England, there's a new "Beatles" every week—then nobody's heard of them in a month.
Mike: It was like that for as long as I've been paying attention to English music. When I got into English bands is when it started to become really shitty.

MRR (Ant): Do you think the English sensationalize musicians in the same way as we do here? Like actors?

MRR: (Jess) They just have a wider appreciation it seems for "The Arts." It's weird, we're obsessed with their old underground, but as far as I can tell, they're just impersonating our underground scene still. Is it fair to say they haven't evolved much? Have we still got the ball?

MRR (Ant): They're a smaller, more class-conscious country, so their visions about art and music are clearer though.

Mike: I know a lot of English people who are aware of that, too. It must be infuriating, you know. There's probably a ton of great English bands we don't know about.

MRR: A Certain General are good and seem to be influenced by their own roots. There are others... It seems like when you're from a certain place like New York, you're getting a lot of feedback since there are so many similarly minded bands/people around. Is that true?

MRR (Ant): There's a nice array of stuff coming out of New York right now, but "Brooklyn" is becoming a genre, I think.

Mike: Really? What's the outside perspective on Brooklyn bands right now?

MRR (Ant): Well, even outside of the US people in Europe have asked Nodzzz to come over "before the Brooklyn bubble bursts." Out there, they centralize their interests to a particular place in the US, assuming we're all like-minded people making the same sounding music. But that's an easy way to look at it. Cause Co-motion are a world different from Crystal Stilts, and they're a lot different than Vivian Girls. But if you're pointing at a map...

MRR (Jess): When did it seem like all of this was coming together, the more or less cohesive sound in Brooklyn, what's the time frame been like?

Mike: Well, Crystal Stilts were around for a long time. Maybe when Vivian Girls got picked up by In the Red Records? That's not the reason necessarily, but that's the time frame: a year ago. Actually I was the one that gave Vivian Girls to Larry at In the Red to put out. Because they were only going to press like 300 copies. I had heard the seven-inch but had been resistant to that band for some reason. I knew them, but I didn't think their music would be good, because this guy who was into really bad, new pop-punk had told me he loved them.

MRR: Say no more.

Mike: Just not my thing. I got the single and was immediately blown away.

MRR: So I have a concept for this interview. Personally, I think it's more interesting when people in bands talk about something outside of music. We should go through this New Yorker and talk about the Table of Contents.

Mike: What if I don't have anything to say about these things?

MRR: Then we'll move onto the next one. Says: page 22, Letter from Mumbai, Life in the Airport Slums.

Mike: I saw this movie... It was called...it was German, it was really depressing, it was about a German tourist. This German girl, she's 16, and ran away from home and flew to Newark International Airport and she got in a cab and it just dumped her near the New Jersey turnpike. So she camped out in these cardboard boxes and died of exposure.

MRR: This is fiction?

Mike: I think it was based on a true story.

MRR: This is why New Jersey gets a bad rep.

Mike: Well you know, the New Jersey turnpike is what everybody's perception of New Jersey is.

MRR: What would happen if it came out that certain people in the indie rock scene were using steroids?

Mike: I thought JB was lookin' a little buff. He was like, "I've been eating a lot of cheddar."

MRR: Who's the most famous person in your cell phone?

Mike: I don't know. People in bands that are minorly popular...

MRR: Who's the most famous person that's come into Academy Records?

Mike: Kevin Klein?

MRR: Who's that?

Mike: Chris Robinson, Thurston Moore...

MRR: What? These are all musicians?

Mike: Kevin Klein is a famous actor. He was in *A Fish Called Wanda*. He won an Academy Award.

MRR: What's up with grunge?

Mike: I hated it. I avoided it like the plague when it was around. People your age look at it fondly, but for me it was terrible.

MRR: Now it's like classic rock.

Mike: It was so omnipresent when I was a kid. I went to this music store in the mall, and they had a clearance on all tapes from Rough Trade, so that's how I found out about a lot of cool stuff.

MRR: "I got it on tape!" What was your favorite band in high school?

Mike: Joy Division, Smiths, and the Cure.

MRR: Were you goth?

Mike: No, I liked all kinds of music. I always liked English music. Shoegaze. Those bands used come through Philly and play all-ages shows, so I got to see Slowdive, Lush, when they were good. It was cool. I didn't like hardcore ever. I was in this band that was like a Velvet Underground/Jesus and Mary Chain rip off when I was in high school.

MRR: What was it called?

Mike: Slim 29, after the jeans. Really bad name.

MRR: What's in store for Blank Dogs?

Mike: We're going to start working on the next LP. A double LP is coming out pretty soon.

MRR: What's going on with those Urinals and Homosexuals reissues?

Mike: It takes forever. Well, I have a reissue label called Radio Heartbeat...

Photo: Aaron Richter

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RESIST

Introduction by Jason Lewis. Interview by Pat Thielges with much needed help from Mindy Thielges and Ian Duncanson. Photos by Salvez Dodd

When Resist formed in 1988, Portland Oregon was a different place. Punk/Hardcore was going through a "transitional" phase (I'm being polite here), and the Portland scene, like so many others, was plagued with violence and apathy. The vibe was considerably darker in many ways. Resist was one of several Portland bands from this period that helped to provide some badly needed forward momentum. For those of you that regard present-day Portland as some sort of Anarcho-punk utopia, it may well have started here.

Resist was together for six years. The band went through several lineup changes, recorded two LPs, an EP, a couple of splits, and god only knows how many comp tracks. In the two years following their 1992 European tour, Resist started to drift apart. They never actually broke up, they simply took a brief thirteen-year hiatus.

Fast-forward to 2007. There is another Bush in the White House and an absolutely pointless war going on in the Middle East. The rich are still fucking the poor, while the media pisses on our collective leg and tells us that it's raining. The righteous outrage that drives so much of Hardcore has never felt so appropriate. It's so fucked it almost makes me miss Reagan.

Placed in this context, the current incarnation of Resist is far from an exercise in nostalgia. After a couple of well-received reunion shows, Resist is back together and writing new material. The passage of time tends to change one's perspective, but you're never too old to be seriously pissed off.

MRR: So why the reunion after so many years?
Ward: Cos' it's something I have been wanting to do for a long time. I never wanted us to break up to begin with, but we kinda had to. I always thought, "Well, we're just putting things on pause, and we will come back when it works out." That pause ended up being 14 years and it just took that long for things to line up and everyone to be in the right place, physically. You know, living in the same town, and to be in the same headspace where we all want to do this.

MRR: Sure took a while! What year did Resist break up?
Ward: 1993.

MRR: So do the shows seem like a family reunion? Are you making a lot of new fans as well?
Pete: I didn't play with the band on their first show back together, but I attended and I really felt like that was my real high school reunion. Mainly because I knew all kinds of people would be coming out of the woodwork.
Ward: That's what I love about shows by older bands; you go, and *boom*, you see all sorts of folks that you haven't seen in years. You're even happy to see some folk that you have been avoiding forever.
Tom: On the other hand, I think that at the last two shows we have been showing that it's not just a knock-off, that this isn't just a one-off and that we aren't just like, "Yay, it's the Resist reunion! See ya, bye!" But it is more like we're back—this is the new lineup and it sounds really good.
Scott: I also noticed that there are a number of folks that are my age that never got to see Resist play originally and only heard them on records. There were a few people in Seattle that were really excited to finally get to see us play, since Resist broke up when they were probably 13.
Ward: One thing that I would like to add is that as much as we get original fans of the band coming back, we also have to re-establish ourselves too and make new fans.
Pete: Yeah, as much as the first couple shows seemed like a class reunion, not all those people that came back out after so many years are going to be at every show. Now its like, alright, we wanna be a part of the current scene, and interact with other bands that are newer.

MRR: So it's not a reunion, and the band is restarting. I hear there is talk of new material.
Tom: Yeah, we are working on new material tonight. There is a lot of inspiration coming to us from these newer bands because a lot of them are awesome.
Ward: There is a tendency when you are our age to kinda look at the punk scene now and be like, "You guys really missed out, you should have seen the stuff I saw 20 years ago!" But the kid coming up in the scene right now wouldn't see it that way, as he thinks what he is doing is just as valid and in a lot of ways it really is. And it is great to see that the scene is still rolling right along.

MRR: So Pete, what is your connection to Resist?
Pete: I met Tom and Ward at Resist's second show.
Ward: Your band played with us at that show. It was an anti-GE benefit.
Pete: Yeah, it was huge. There were so many fucking bands, and they just kept adding them to the show.

MRR: And what was your band at the time?
Pete: Well, my band was soon to be called Malcontent, but at the time was called Ehgas. And I don't know what that means, that was our first show. I think I was 14 years old.

MRR: Now, almost 20 years later, how did you get back in touch for this?
Tom: Again, it was just a very obvious choice. I mean, Scott was an obvious choice, it felt right, and the same went for Pete. They are very talented musicians and fun to work with.
Ward: Sometimes it takes a while for the stars to align.
Pete: I was very enthusiastic about getting them back together.
Ward: He even wore a suit to our first show. I took note of that - I said, "That guys got some class!" Hahaha!

MRR: So what are the whereabouts of some ex-members?
Tom: Ken Zimmerman is in Paranaut.
Ward: He works as a drug counselor.
Tom: Todd Norin, the original drummer who played on the first EP, was in Shock Troops, a Cocksparrer tribute band.
Ward: He was also in Unamused and Warriors of Genghis Khan.
Tom: Mark Vickers was the original bass player. I am not too sure of what he is doing. He worked for Nike and I think he went to medical school. Kelly Halliburton is in Pierced Arrows, still doing Severed Head of State and is back in Defiance.
Ward: Ty Smith moved to Oakland and then back to Chicago and is playing in a really killer band called Thin the Herd.

MRR: What are some of your thoughts on the Portland punk scene now, as compared to the way things were when you started Resist?
Tom: The one thing I would say that is really awesome is that there is a lot of all-ages venues in town. There seems to be a lot more playing options around now. There are lots of DIY house parties now.

MRR: Whereas what kind of shows would you guys play back in the day?
Tom: Satyricon or the X-Ray Café.
Pete: Or you would play in a basement. There were very few basements to play in then.
Ward: Now there are probably only a few all-ages options, but in terms of bars that will book punk shows, there are almost too many.
Tom: It is cool to see all-ages shows. That is one of the things to really put the fire beneath my feet again to play. There are a lot of cool bands around now like Squalora and Forced March. It seems like DIY in Portland means a lot more now than it did in the past. The philosophies of DIY are a lot more far-reaching now than back then. In the past in the Portland music scene you had your shows at La Luna, or you were the sorry sap that played at Satyricon or the X-Ray. The alternative scene at the time had the attitude, "We're gonna try to be the next Seattle," or some bullshit like that.
Ward: We were trying to start a scene that didn't exist or was something that we read about happening elsewhere that we wanted to happen here.
Tom: A big problem back then was that there wasn't an all ages scene. The punk scene was 21 and over. Places like the Blue Moon and Satyricon were 21 and over, and when you are the 18 year old punk rocker band do you really think people at these clubs were going to watch you? Hell no! The crowds all came in for the lame ass college rock bands and grunge rock bands. Sub Pop was this huge thing at the time, all this '70s revisionist crap. "We're going to take blurry photos and sound like Led Zeppelin."
Ward: Heroin was really destroying a lot of things. A lot of the people and bands that we looked up to when we were coming up…we found out that half of these people were all strung out. It was kind of why that whole scene was loosing momentum and cohesiveness. So between dope and Nazis, Portland really seemed to be screwed. You create a vacuum and the new kids are going to fill it. And from the whole scene that started then there seems to be this continuation until now that is actually maintained by new bands and people involved in the scene.
Pete: Tom was stating how there is such a strong DIY scene going on now, but there was the beginnings of that back then as well. People were putting out their own records with elaborate packaging, doing insurance scams to put out records.
Ward: I put out my first local punk rock compilation tape by bilking the Mormon Church out of cassette tapes and using them to record over.
Pete: What a brilliant idea! But I don't know what to say about the scene now because it is so splintered.
Ward: Back then, the scene was only about 20 people, and you had to all hang

out to some degree even if you didn't exactly like each other. Nowadays, there are so many people and there are so many kinds of punk scenes in this town that you can afford to have this kind of fractured thing where there are whole scenes that don't even interact with each other.

Pete: Exactly. And the bands that you would think could play together don't.

Ward: There is this weird snobbery thing going on. The scene is so big now you can afford to be snobby and cliquish. You think you pay all these dues in the punk scene, and now there are all these cliques.

Pete: And which one will you align yourself with?

Ward: Or will any of them even accept you? Will having been at it for over 20 years mean a damn to any of these people? Most of them are like, "Whatever, I moved here five years ago." It's an embarrassment of riches. Now it's a luxury to have a punk scene that is broken into eight parts, and none of these parts seem to have to interact with each other to maintain their own scene. It's disappointing to me. Perhaps I am nostalgic for back when if you saw another punk rocker, there was solidarity because you were probably both getting your asses kicked by the jocks at high school. But now it seems like "punk" has been co-opted by the mainstream that you can have any level of a punk scene from a meaningless mall punk/Hot Topic thing to the DIY scene.

MRR: Do you think that Resist and many of the other Portland bands of the late '80s and early '90s opened the doors for a lot of people and bands to move to the city as they are doing now?

Ward: Sort of. This may sound arrogant, but I used to have a lot of people tell me, "Wow, it sounds like you have this really awesome scene in Portland with all these political leftwing anarcho punk bands." And to some degree, yeah, there were these kind of bands , but in reality there were only three or four bands all made up pretty much of the same six people. They were all sharing members. People seem to think there was more going on here than there was, and a lot of people started moving here, starting with bands that were from the suburbs or nearby towns. Now shows are made of people who moved here in the last few years. A lot of the original members of the scene have dropped out.

Scott: It's just the cycle of life!

Ward: You just have to deal with it as an aging punk, I guess.

MRR: So are there any local bands now that really catches your ears?

Tom: Locally, we have gotten to play with Squalora a few times, and they are an awesome band!

Ward: You've got to give it up to Tragedy, who are absolutely killer!

Tom: Cower was sick, they are awesome. Happy Bastards are fucking sweet. Fucking Defect Defect!

Pete: Oh yeah, I really like them.

Ward: Oh, that band that Cower came from called Forced March. They were great, and you bastards broke up before we could play with you!

Tom: Locally, that is just a handful, but there are a ton of them now that we really dig.

Pete: And that is just in the punk scene. Outside of that there are so many fantastic bands here as well.

MRR: So when you were kids, what were some of the bands that influenced Resist?

Ward: Poison Idea have to be one.

Tom: A lot of Portland punk. Bands like the Obituaries, Poison Idea, Death Midget.

Ward: When you listen to Resist you think that certain bands would inspire us, but you wouldn't know that there are so many bands from here that you have probably never heard of that were very inspirational to us, just as much as guys like Crass or MDC had an impact on us with our politics and our imagery. Public Enemy was a huge influence on Resist just as much or more than those bands for the same kind of reasons—the politics and the imagery and the militant aspects, but you would never assume that by hearing us.

MRR: And Paris?

Ward: Paris! Fuck yeah, absolutely!

Tom: You know, honestly, a lot of my inspirations for what I did were local musicians. I was lucky to have an older brother who was in bands.

MRR: What was that little-known local band that your brother was in ???

Tom: Haha… My brother was in Poison Idea. But he was also in the Oily Bloodmen.

Pete: Who were probably one of the most underrated fucking punk bands to ever come out of Portland! But I have to interject—I forgot to mention Sleepwalkers RIP, which is one of my favorite current local bands.

Tom: But with local music, there is just such a connection when you go to a local show. This guy works at some shitty ass job too, and they are playing at some crappy club at ten at night. Anyone can do this. It's real music. Portland has always had a really good underground music scene, and that was a huge thing for me.

Ward: As a general rule, it seems that local bands are tighter now, they play better now, they have improved songwriting, it is kind of an evolution of the punk scene, a natural progression.

Tom: Well, all that being said, I would also say there are far more generic bands around now. There are so many bands you can't really tell the difference any longer. That is something that I would fault with the regression of the whole Resist era. There were so many people and they were all in every band. It's like you were going to a show and seeing basically the same seven people up on stage, just in five different bands. So it got to the point that there was no real differentiation between bands.

Pete: Wait, wasn't the original question about the bands inspired Resist?

MRR: Yeah, way to go off on a tangent there.

Scott: I can say that Resist was one of the first punk records I ever got. I was living in Perrydale, Oregon.

Tom: I would say that the first two punk bands that inspired me to start a band in the first place were Rudimentary Peni and the Damned. They were huge for me. And Minor Threat.

Ward: The day I bought my first two punk records, one of the two was Poison Idea's *Pick your King*. I went to some house that my friends and I were playing Dungeons and Dragons at and played it. This was like 8th grade in Santa Barbara, and I think I pretty much appalled everybody.

MRR: Well, it is apparent that the Portland punk scene has changed from back then to now. How do you think that Portland as a city has changed over the years?

Ward: It's disgusting. They bulldozed the goddamn Weinhart Brewery. Everything that ever mattered in this town has fallen under the bulldozer, and everything that has been built is to benefit the yuppie class.

Scott: Yeah, but I just bought a condo in the Pearl District!

Pete: The money wasn't as much of a factor…back then the powers that be were trying to keep people's jobs, now it seems like jobs are being created to cater to the elite class. Portland caters to the leisure class.

MRR: "Portland is the city that Works."

Tom: Ha ha, yeah, but it is also taking a lot of breaks lately!

Pete: I do remember thinking, "God, if only people could discover how cool Portland is, our scene would be so much bigger and better."

MRR: If only people saw the show "Hello Larry."

Tom: Haha…there ya go. "Cos Portland is a long way from L.A." Good one.

Ward: Now the genie is out of the bottle, and now we're fucked.

MRR: As a city, was Portland more livable back then??

Pete: Yes, economy-wise for sure. It was more affordable.

Scott: Why the fuck do you think Tom lives in fucking Gresham now?

Pete: I live in North Portland, but I am amazed that I haven't been priced out. There is a fairy godmother that hasn't raised my rent yet. I'll be on the outskirts somewhere within the next year because I can't afford to live inside the fucking city anymore.

Ward: I always hoped that the rain would make all

these lightweights leave town.

MRR: Californians, you mean!
Ward: I was hoping that they couldn't take the S.A.D. depression symptoms, but they seem to be toughing it out, unfortunately.
Pete: I was hoping the same thing, but it ain't happening.

MRR: So what are your thoughts on people moving into Portland now, punks and otherwise?
Ward: Don't!
Tom: He's quoting the former governor Tom McCall, "Oregon is a beautiful place, come and visit, but just don't stay!"
Ward: He had the right idea! A lot of the people that are coming here are coming for all the right reasons, but they think it is a left wing paradise where you can eat Tofu, you can wear Birkenstocks and all that stuff. It's true to some extent, but they just can't keep coming. All of us who have been here for a long time are getting squeezed out. One minute, you're bitching that no one cares about the part of the country you live in and then the next thing you know you're like "Ahh, quick, tell everyone it sucks here to make them stop coming!"
Tom: And they can't pronounce the name of the state correctly!

MRR: How is it pronounced?
Tom: It's "ORY-GUN," man!

MRR: This is off that subject, but you guys are all older. Most of you are in your late 20s to late 30s. What are your thoughts on growing older in the punk scene?
Ward: Could you speak up, sonny?! No, really, some people think it's bad if you don't come to shows so much any more, but when you get older there comes a point where you have things to do , or perhaps you have been to too many basement shows where you cant see the band, but you can see the bare light bulb burning into your retina. At some point, you have done this stuff a zillion times, and it's no fun any more. People develop bigger and broader interests, and that's not a bad thing. I still want to be involved in the punk scene, but as every year goes by, I have more and more interests in things that aren't punk rock.
Tom: Punk, to me, is kind of an ambiguous thing. Is it a culture? Is it an attitude? Is it a lifestyle? I consider it a personal outlook and my way of dealing with life. The reason I got into it is because I'm a fucking loudmouth, so I don't intend on ever shooting that one down.
Ward: Or you just didn't feel welcome anywhere else.
Pete: Exactly! I have tried to escape it a couple of times, once where I literally got up at a show and started reading the Bible (in Southern Baptist preacher voice), "I resign from the punk scene and I got this new thing!" It was a joke, but I was sort of saying that I don't have a place here anymore, I don't have anything to offer, I don't have the right haircut , I don't listen to the right band this week. I mean, the sad part of it all is that unless you're really plugged into it to where your life revolves around the punk scene, the other people whose lives are totally absorbed by the punk scene don't have much use for you. It's hard because I still feel like a punk; I'm still an anarchist at heart.
Ward: We still have all the same political beliefs and we combine music with our political views, but the rules are being dictated by people who have shown up recently. I feel like I have been at this for a while, but I'm being made to feel like an outsider.

MRR: But at the same time, Scott, you are in Resist and you are also in a band called the Rosenbaums, who are not exactly what you would call punk.
Scott: Well, the Rosenbaums aren't necessarily punk, but we have the same mindset. It's underground music. I was very happy when we had our first show. I was curious how some of the people in the punk scene would take what we were doing and a lot of them liked it. I think that punks nowadays are still idiots sometimes, but I am noticing a lot more recently that there is a broader view of what punk is, and a wider acceptance due to the fact that punk culture has become such an accepted fixture in our society today.
Tom: When my wife grew up in Gresham, she would have gotten harassed horribly. Now its like there are punkers everywhere, everyone has got tattoos and piercings. Subcultures have become such a part of culture that it becomes really hard to be a shocking individual anymore.

MRR: So Tom and Pete, you both have children now. How has coming up in the punk scene shaped the way you raise them?

Ward: Take them to shows, throw them in the pit!

MRR: I have a 15-year-old, and she has been to Resist shows and a lot of the same shows I go to. Do you hope your kids will follow in your footsteps? Is that important to you?
Pete: I want my kid to have a broad range of experiences. I want to bring her to Africa or Europe.
Ward: But maybe not to a Hannah Montana concert!

MRR: But what if your kid wanted to go see Hannah Montana, though?
Pete: Absolutely she could! She has to figure out how to get the fucking money, because I'm a broke motherfucker. You know the world is so big and so broad beyond the punk scene. If my kid gets into punk that's great. I wonder how rebellious it will be when she is finally the age for getting into it, though.
Ward: It will be like *Happy Days*, like "Rock 'n' Roll" and "Leather jackets and malt shops."
Pete: Well, sadly, it's only subtly rebellious now, and I think the politics of punk rock are what make it rebellious, not the fashion. If she gets into radical politics, I'll be stoked, but I certainly won't force punk on her at all. I'll teach her an instrument if she is interested. I love all kinds of music and I think there are all kinds of subcultures that are rebellious and interesting. Whatever she gets into, I'll be happy with…as long as she doesn't become a Republican!
Ward: I think one thing you learn as you get older is that punk rock doesn't have a lock on radicalism or politics or any of that, and to some degree the best politics have nothing to do with punk rock and the best punk rock has nothing to do with politics, and you learn to find the middle ground.

(From this point, the interview moves on to a lot of bullshitting and general drunkenness, I later hit up Ward and Tom on the Internet for a few follow up questions about how the tour went)

MRR: How did the tour go? Did you reconnect with old friends/fans? Did you make any new ones?
Ward: Tour was awesome! We hadn't played California in 18 years, and the last time was one show at Gilman when we were just starting out. This time we made it all the way to SoCal. A first for me, band-wise. We met so many cool people from the other bands. We met lots of cool folks too, some of whom hadn't even been born yet when we first started the band. Things like that make me feel old!
Tom: We still haven't ever toured the states, but the trip to California was awesome. Another cool thing was playing in Eugene just prior to California. It was at the Wandering Goat coffee roasters. It was a benefit for Jeffery "Free" Luers with Happy Bastards and Nux Vomica. There seems to be a really cool, unified scene there. The vibe was really positive. In regards to your question about California, and reconnecting and meeting new people, it sort of went in that order! In Oakland, we ran into some folk from way

the fuck back. People from Capitalist Casualties, Econochrist, and our connections with Jesus Fucking Christ actually extend quite a bit further in time. In Oakland the venue was real cool and the crowd was awesome. The show in Corona was likewise incredible—stage dives, people knowing the words to songs… Amazing! Sacramento was cool as well, it wasn't much of a turn out, but our show was fun and our stay in Sacramento was real nice.

MRR: What were some of the high points and the low points of the tour? Do you see any difference touring in 2008 as compared to the early 90s?

Ward: First off, there were no low points for me! All the shows were fun, but the Corona show blew me away. The turnout and crowd reaction were better than we could've ever imagined. Plus, we played well and had great sound. Oakland was fun too, as we got to play with Jesus Fucking Christ, who are old friends and a killer band. I can't say too much about the differences between touring then and now. The gas is definitely more expensive. An unfortunate side effect of that is it will be harder for unknown bands to hit the road and "see America." It does also appear that today's crusty punk is gainfully employed, more organized, and less filthy. That's a definite improvement.

Tom: The whole trip left me feeling really positive about punk. I saw a lot of people getting along and having fun, not too much in the way of ego-tripping. It really reaffirmed for me all the reasons I got into punk in the first place. None of it would have happened without help of Larry of the Oakland Pyrate Punx Crew, Dan from Alternate System, and the Sacto Pyrate Punx. I am truly thankful for all the work they did in helping to set our trip up. The low point is that I can't really drive stick shift, and Ward doesn't drive at all, so Pete and Scott had to do all the driving. One of the high points for me was just chilling out in Sacramento. Scott, Pete and I walked the capital grounds at night just shooting the breeze and smelling the wonderful scent of the orange trees. We also discovered 2Pac energy drinks.

MRR: Tell us about the new release on Profane Existence. I hear this may be one of the last for that label, is that true? Do you plan to do any other releases in the near future? Any labels you have in mind?

Ward: The *Resistography* is out and the closing of P.E. records means it won't be available for long, so get 'em while you can. Dan did a great job with it from the packaging to the live video footage, and I'm happy to see our stuff in print again. There is a double LP version coming out soon on Inimical Records. As for our next record, we'll see who wants to do it.

MRR: What does the rest of the year hold for Resist? Where do you see yourselves in the vast Portland punk scene after being back together for more than a year?

Tom: Not sure entirely. Scott is traveling to Austria soon, so we're focusing on writing and recording. We've spoken with Alternative System about doing a split and we've been approached by other bands as well. Maybe we could do a six-band split or something.

Ward: Definitely more shows and recording. I'm hoping to do another album first, but we have also had a lot of split offers, too, so we'll see. We'd love to tour, but between jobs, mortgages, kids, etc., it is a little tricky for us at the moment. We had so much fun in California. I'm sure we'll get down the coast again before long. I don't know where we fit in with the current Portland scene, as we were gone for 14 years, and a lot has changed. Things are increasingly cliquish, and I for one didn't get into punk to be around the "cool" people. But there are plenty of good folk, and I'm enjoying having to re-introduce ourselves and earn respect and new fans.

MRR: Finish this sentence: "Punk sucks nowadays because…"

Ward: It's been somewhat co-opted and robbed of its power as a musical/political youth movement. I can get a CRASS t-shirt at the mall. Other than stuff like that, the punk scene still rules and continues to provide a DIY example of how something can exist independent of, and in spite of, the dominance of corporate culture.

Tom: I don't know. If I really thought punk sucked, I'd go join a metal band. Punk isn't perfect because people aren't perfect. I don't get much out of finger pointing, unless I'm trying to fart and need someone to pull it. Seriously, though, the things you don't like in other people tend to be those things in yourself that you're not fond of. Right now, I'm a bit occupied in dealing with the mess that is me.

MRR: Final thoughts, contacts, words of advice?

Ward: Final thoughts? Thank you, Pat, for the interview! Thanks to *MRR* for still being there and thanks to the immortal Tim Yohannon for obvious reasons. Try to remember that being "punk" and being "yourself" aren't mutually exclusive. Try not to over-romanticize the aspects of punk that have been proven to be negative and counter-productive. If you must mosh, mosh against multinationals. Leave your dog at home if you go train-hopping. Remember to drink enough water, especially if you have been drinking. Take your vitamins. Have fun and be nice to each other. You can reach us at www.myspace.com/resistportland or write RESIST c/o 123 NE Fremont ST. / Portland, Oregon 97212 / USA

Tom: And be true to yourself!

THE BLACK AND WHITES

The Black And Whites put out their debut LP on Douchemaster Records in 2008 after releasing three well-received singles in 2006 and 2007. Recently Talbot Adams (vox, bass) and Johnny Valiant (vox, guitar) sat down with Rich Crook (occasional drummer) and Matt Williams of Lover! to discuss the Black and Whites past, present and future.
Photos by Mark Murrmann

MRR: All right, let's set the record straight—Black And Whites—alive or dead?
Johnny Valiant: It's kinda like that movie *Flatliners*.
Talbot Adams: Yeah, we're waiting for wires attached to our chests.
Johnny Valiant: Start the interview over.

MRR: You guys don't have a MySpace anymore. What's going on?
Talbot Adams: That's on me. I got drunk one night and we kept getting requests for shows in our hometown from all these bands…
Johnny Valiant: White Stripes, Dirtbombs, Modest Mouse…
Talbot Adams: I got so sick of people wanting us to be their booking agent, I got wasted one night and we got this ridiculous request from some terrible band, and I just deleted it.

MRR: OK, fair enough.
Talbot Adams: It was a bad move.

MRR: Let's talk about the first LP on Douchemaster. What about your songwriting?
Talbot: All my songs are about girls. Either real or imagined heartbreak.
Johnny: My songs are either about girls that I don't care for and the other half are pretty much about partying, but with girls involved.

MRR: Your songs are all so fun and lighthearted. Would you all try maybe a darker side at some point?
Talbot Adams: I think so. "You Only Want My Body" is a dark song of ours.
Johnny Valiant: It stuck.

MRR: Why are we doing this interview if you guys have broken up?
Talbot Adams: We aren't broken up.
Johnny Valiant: We'll still get together every now and then.

MRR: What happened to your first drummer, Punk Rock Pat?
Talbot Adams: He's a great drummer. Good guy. Black and Whites are not hard enough for him.
Johnny Valiant: He needs something more aggressive.

MRR: Maybe that could be your dark side. Do a black metal album.
Talbot: Yeah, Pat needs to be in a metal band. The Black and Whites are like Peter, Paul and Mary to Pat.

MRR: Which one's which?
Talbot: Johnny is Peter.
Johnny: Talbot is Mary!
Talbot: Rich, you have been a great drummer for us. You did a great job on the West Coast tour (Crook filled in on drums for Black and Whites on a west coast tour with Crook's project Lover!).
Johnny: I think Pat was also really sick of the bands we played with.
Talbot: Yeah, I think the only band we ever played with that he liked was Evil Army.

MRR: OK, let's get hypothetical for a second. You know Ma Fratelli *from The Goonies*?

Johnny Valiant: Oh, God.
Talbot Adams: Yeah.

MRR: For five million dollars, Talbot, would you service Ma Fratelli once a day for one hour every day for a year? You would have to service her sexually.
Talbot: Intercourse, oral, anal? What?

MRR: Whatever she wants. Or what if some days she just wanted to talk for an hour? You have to use your own income for a year, but then the big payday is five million dollars at the end of the year.
Talbot: It would depend on what she wanted.
Johnny: Tossing salad.

MRR: Five million dollars. And you have your wife's blessing. In fact she is kind of pressuring you to do it.
Johnny: Think of your kids!
Talbot: Could I use copious amounts of drugs? If she could give me advances, could I just stay drugged for a year and do it.

MRR: No, your own money.
Talbot: I'd do it if there was money up front and I could have time off and stay completely zombified.

MRR: Let's get back to the band. How about touring. Everybody dig the Black and Whites? How was the response?
Johnny: When it wasn't complete apathy, it was usually good.
Talbot: Atlanta treats us well. Chicago treats us well always.
Johnny: Tulsa was good.

MRR: Let's talk about Memphis.
Talbot: In Memphis we have five dudes who like us. I hate playing Memphis.

MRR: It's going through a little fashion trend.
Talbot: Yeah, it ain't the same. It used to be fun. It's not anymore.
Johnny: It used to be a good rock 'n' roll town.

MRR: What do you think of this new sorta new wave of neo-psychedelia being shoved down our throats?
Johnny: I don't think of it.
Talbot: Some do it well. Some don't.

MRR: Name some that do it well.
Talbot: I think the Black Lips are good.

MRR: I'm talking about the lesser-knowns.
Talbot: We have played with some bands that have been such blatant Black Lips rip-offs, it's kind of embarrassing.

MRR: What about the bedroom rock stuff, like Blank Dogs?
Talbot: Blank Dogs were not what I expected that Mike Sniper would be doing, what with the Radio Heartbeat stuff and all.

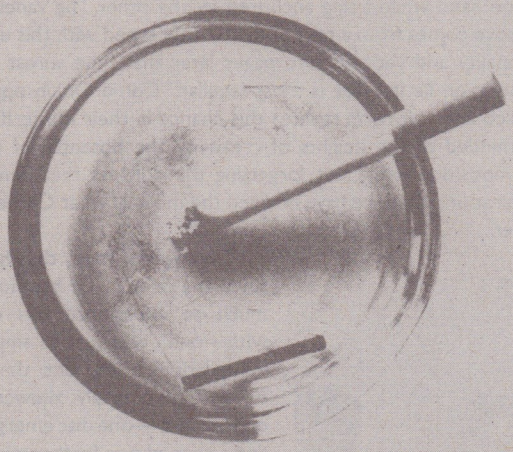
MRR: You guys are kind of purists at heart as far as rock n' roll goes, have you ever thought of changing your format a bit?
Johnny: Yeah, sure.
Talbot: Somehow we got lumped into the whole powerpop thing, which is weird, because now you see dudes in powerpop bands with this Thunders' look, Rod Stewart haircuts, and we don't fit in to this strange retro powerpop scene. Fashion punk.
Johnny: Yeah, we look like a bunch of fuckin' slobs.
Talbot: We look like what dudes actually dressed like in most pop bands in the late '70s, early '80s. T-shirts or button down shirts and jeans. Most powerpop dudes were more kinda preppy than these kids in powerpop bands today.
Johnny: You take the fashion away and a lot of these bands come off pretty generic. It all sounds the same. Put 'em on a runway and you may have something.

MRR: Yeah, you'd have a bunch of ugly schmucks in make-up walking down a jank-ass little ramp.
Johnny: There's no future.

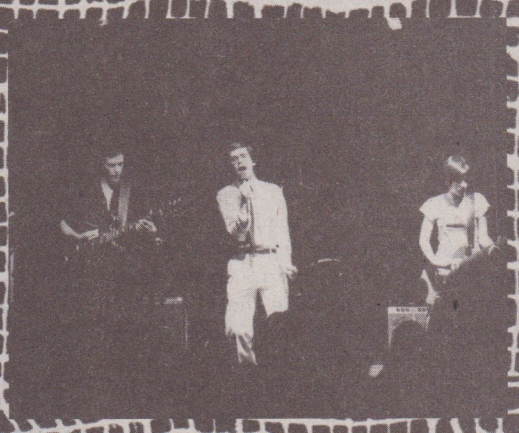
MRR: They tend to burn out, the fashion guys don't they?
Johnny Valiant: What do you do after the make-up?

Look for Lover!'s next EP on Big Legal Mess Records. As for The Black and Whites, they will be playing a handful of shows around the Southeast this summer. Possible recordings and tours in the future as well.

COME ON



CBGB
WED. AUG. 2



by Ethan Swan Originally printed in Sincere Brutality

There exists a poster from a Come On show at CBGBs that shows a neatly arranged place setting—plate, knife, fork. The knife is in the wrong place and certainly someone's going to be in trouble when mother, the boss, or whoever's in charge sees it. Beneath the band's name is the sentence "Nervous Rock Music" and in retrospect the combination of the image and the words expresses the most integral parts of Come On.

Come On is a band that, like so many others, played in New York City towards the end of the 1970s. Their music is as tightly wound as any of the English post punk groups and as unsettling as their noisy and destructive neighbors, but it doesn't fit with either. Come On's real triumph is their intricately tangled playing—an achievement unmatched by Andy Gill's too-mathematical-to-be-disorienting formula or Arto Lindsay's furious blasts. The songs themselves are anxious and often repetitive explorations of the tedium of everyday life. A strange partnership emerges between the lyrics and the music. The narrative of monotony is escapable through the inventiveness of the players, while their skills are grounded by the constriction of the words.

Part of the force of Come On comes from their collaborative learning process. Only two of the members had played in a band before, and in many ways they were all learning how to play at the same time as they were learning how to play together. Through this process they created an interrelated approach in which each member had space for individual expression within the unity of the song. Their contributions fit together cleanly, and the songs move along with an unbroken rhythm. Guitarist George Elliott remembers this as a distinct goal—"Ralf [Mann, bassist] kind of was obsessed that we perform as machine-smooth-uninterrupted-unpausing as possible! When one song was over he'd turn immediately to Page [Wood, drummer] and remind him not to wipe his hands or brow, but count 1-2-3-4!" That sort of continuity makes a strong image, but more impressive is the way in which the instruments interact within the songs. Guitarists Elliott and Elena Glasberg play labyrinthine parts against each other, entangled and distinct at the same time, somehow never in the other's way. The first minute of the song "Old People" swarms with clockwork bits of guitar and bass—descending, stabbing, and rotating with all parts reliant on the others. If you plucked one

out and examined it individually it would seem as ineffectual as a solitary gear, while the combination is overwhelming. Not in that oppressive Glenn Branca way, or even in the way you feel the first time you realize photographs in the newspaper are just tiny dots all grouped next to each other. The impression is like a house of cards, delicately arranged and depending on itself for stability. Such reliance requires equal effort from all sides but is inevitable when the members learn and develop together in the way that Come On was able to.

For the individual members of the band it couldn't have been a better time for the group to form—however, the musical climate suggested otherwise. No Wave, often remembered as the most creative end of the underground at the time, was far too personality driven for a band like Come On and their cooperative method. Furthermore, No Wave generally fluctuated between brutal and impenetrable, neither of which leaves room for Come On's complex yet approachable songs.

There exists of course a precursor for the nervous and angular music that Come On was playing, and then and now comparisons to the Talking Heads were not uncommon. The connection between the two bands is not imagined; a definite influence existed. However, press comparisons to the Talking Heads ignored the creativity of Come On and ultimately hurt the group more than helped as potential fans dismissed them as imitators or worse. While Come On progressed as a group, the Talking Heads grew distant from the scene and their presence and influence waned as a result of growing fame. And although Byrne, Eno, and the New York loft scene continued to support and inspire Come On, when it came time for the band's first single, it was self-released with nothing more than an East Village address to connote any relationship to that circle. The self-reliance demonstrated in the group's songwriting stretched to other parts of their work.

"There are more truths in 24 hours of a man's life than in all the philosophies."
—Raoul Vaneigem

The content of Come On's lyrics match the banality of life itself. Everyday monotony, when placed in a spotlight, becomes momentarily unrecognizable, making these moments either magical or unsettling. Come On opted towards discomfort—in "Howard After Six," Jamie Kaufman hisses in your ear about inescapable monotony. Kaufman only leaves the secrecy of this whispering twice. In the center of the song the name Howard rises in volume and pitch like a kettle calling for attention. Instead of relieving the tension, all of the household frustrations of Peter making coffee after six ("Howard doesn't like it") is revealed in this outburst. The only other raised voice—"After six"—comes through clenched teeth as if Howard himself were describing the audacity of such an act. The punch line "tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tick" reminds us that the same thing will happen tomorrow, and the days to come. Even the exceptional becomes tedious. "Mike's mother looks like the Mona Lisa," already a step away from Nat King Cole's crooning "Do you smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa?", reveals the true nature of this gift—"Mona complains, it seems she doesn't like it, but what can she do, she just has to smile." In the end, a smile that blessed creates another burden, another tiresome interaction to be repeated for the rest of a lifetime.

A lot of listeners find humor in all of this—the band never denies this path, and in some cases accentuates it (like singer Jamie Kaufman's marching with a briefcase during "Businessmen in Space" and his jumping jacks during "Physical Ed"). I appreciate that reaction, but I find most of the content agitating—it makes me anxious about my life and in need of escape from that banality, which, fittingly, the songs themselves provide. It is this sort of cyclical relationship that suggests that Come On is conceptually complete—reaching with one hand while being anchored by the other. The Vaneigem quote above comes from a text primarily concerned with this escape from banality and yet says two pages later that, "the surest chances of liberation lie in what is most familiar." Come On, in opposition to disco and soft rock, realizes this chance in their music. If we can be reminded of the heights of creativity, the potential of unbounded composition while not forgetting the dullness that demands such aspirations, then we have realized the most of what Come On has to offer.

The twenty years that have passed since the band's end has not provided much to experience this excitement with—one two song single and a compilation track. But the last year or two have finally allowed a better opportunity—one disc emerging in 2000 and a second one forthcoming. The first CD has thrived by the same means the group initially did—by word of mouth. The formal reception of The Come On Story reveals a critical skepticism. I have read more than one review in which the reviewer asks an older authority for verification of the band's history, as if in doubt that they actually existed. I have had friends who have shown a different disbelief upon hearing Come On for the first time—astonishment that they hadn't heard (or even heard of) the band before.

I am certain that the reviewers and my peers are making the same gesture, based on a surprising sense of ownership for the years 1976-1983. The culprits especially come from a generation who were mostly born in or near the years that these records were made—historians in their mid-twenties who consume discographies and facts in a frenzy. Given the prices some of these records are fetching, it's no surprise to find them sealed away in people's houses like baseball cards or beanie babies. The shock that these collectors demonstrate upon hearing Come On borders on anger that the group has for so long escaped attention. I am hopeful that when this anger subsides it is replaced by excitement and perhaps even a sense of good luck. The relative non-existence of expensive originals to collect keeps away the investors, and there is something almost socialist about the CD-only availability of the songs, which requires that everyone own identical and readily obtainable copies. This unique situation where Come On can be appreciated for the quality of the songs and not for the rarity of the records is remarkable, and will only be improved by more people listening, dancing to, being inspired by, and sharing these songs.

The Come On Story, which compiles their one single, demos, and live material was released by Heliocentric (www.heliocd.com; 69 Cooper Square/New York NY 10003). Forthcoming on Heliocentric is a second Come On CD, Disneyland +, which assembles recordings discovered since the release of the former CD, including three new songs and studio versions of songs previously presented only as live or demo versions. More information on these discs as well as subsequent work by the members of Come On is available at the Heliocentric website.

BOOKS

Punk on Kuollut, Elakoon Hardcore
Juha Pekka Inkinen
152 pages
LIKE Publishing
Liisankaru 16
00170 Helsinki
www.like.fi

Anyone who has deep affection for Finnish punk and hardcore probably won't be too put off by a book that's not in English. *Punk on Kuollut, Elakoon Hardcore* describes a place, time, and music fascinating enough to appeal to fans of early HC—and while my Finnish skills are non-existent, my appreciation for this project is worth touting.

There were, of course, a score of smaller bands, but the wealth of material is from the likes of Terveet Kadet (of course), Maho Neitsyt, Bastards, Rutto, Lauhaus, and so many other outfits. They formed not so much a scene as a wave. According the author, the small handful of pre-1979 punks suddenly flourished. The window-rattling sound of hardcore took over, and Inkinen found himself in the unique position of documenting and photographing the music.

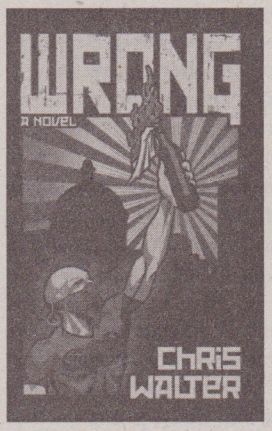
It would be too easy to concentrate attention on the visual aspects of this book, but there are dozens of images—all in black and white, of course—all telling the varied story of the HC lifestyle as such. Band shots, fashion, records, fanzines, spiky mohawks, and such were, of course, only the surface; *Punk on Kuoolut* tries to explore some of the early voices the Finnish HC movement.

The book contains over a hundred pictures, but takes particular care in delineating the new boundaries in the music. While punk was local, melodic, and even optimistic, HC struck off in the opposite direction; the music was nihilistic, discordant, and wildly popular despite being linked strongly to the underground aesthetic.

The general outline of *Punk on Kuollot, Elakoon Hardcore* is probably closer to a conceptual snapshot than a historical overview. Its goals are ambitious: to provide a realistic, un-romanticized point of view that sometimes suggests opposite points of view. The philosophical side of the music solidly roots the book, suggesting that that the range of ideas and HC styles was wider than others might be willing to admit.

Finnish HC has always had a mystique in that, for the most part, the lyrics and subject matter has been defiantly, well, Finnish. The purpose in making this book does not try to make any compromises with English translations, and that too has made for a document appealing uniquely to a special audience. I won't presume to say I'm expert enough to do justice to *Punk on Kuollot, Elakoon Hardcore*, but my sense of the text in general seems honest and accurate.

—Steve Spinali



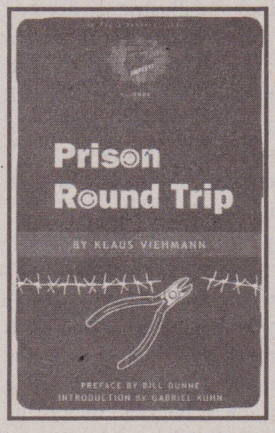
Wrong: A Novel
Chris Walter
238 pages • $16canada/$19US
Go Fuck Yourself Press
www.punkbooks.com

This is not literature from someone who merely studied a lifestyle; this is prose from a man who survived a lifestyle. The obvious comparison is Bukowski, only the references and perspectives are genuinely punk rock. Chris Walter, pushing 50 years old, is an ex-junkie punker dropout, and Canada's most prolific literary export. This, his fourteenth novel, stands as further evidence to Walter's continued improvement and evolution as a writer.

Dill, a now-recurring character of Walter's, is still in the seedy bowels of East Van(couver). His drug use has intensified and his band is about as successful as ever, which is to say, not very. And now, with the 2010 Olympics just around the corner, both figuratively and physically, he is facing the dark side of city beautification. The story unfolds, as one might expect, after seeing the face-masked man hurling a Molotov cocktail on the book's cover.

Walter does an exceptional job envisioning and playing out the inevitable clash between the low-income dwellers and the development of an Olympic-worthy city. He does an even better job, though, of giving his characters more dimension and complexity than in previous efforts, all the while maintaining his compassionate bent on the city and its darker elements. What was once Walter's personal stories retold on paper are now literary embellishments of a respectable, creative, and poetic nature. These are novels for novels' sake and now more than ever deserve to be read.

—Craigums



Prison Round Trip
Klaus Viehmann
25 pages • $4.95
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

The author *Prison Round Trip* spent fifteen years in a German prison for his involvement with urban guerilla activities. The essay is a discussion of that experience and how he coped with incarceration and remained politically engaged. Although brief, the pamphlet is thoughtful, well written, and practical. It's heartening to read that Viehmann was not only able to keep his sanity under the circumstances, but to remain committed to political activity, to learn from the experience, and to advise others of ways they can do the same.

—Tress

Jin & Jam #1
Hellen Jo
36 pages • $5
Sparkplug Comic Books
PO Box 10952
Portland, OR 97296-0952

I liked this comic book the minute I laid eyes on it. I mean, I know you're not supposed to judge like that, but come on—the cover is bright yellow and there's two badass girls smokin' cigarettes in a cloud of unidentifiable confetti on it. I'll take it!

Jin & Jam #1 is an introduction to our two main characters, Jin & Jam, and the other misfits in their somewhat-fantastical world of San Jose, California. Hellen Jo's style reminds me a lot of some current comic greats, particularly Daniel Clowes, which is a good thing. Better yet, the weirdo characters are right up my alley. Jam reminds me of my tough-guy queer college bud that used to push me around all the time, and Jin, who's still forced to go to church by her parents, ends up in a schoolyard fight with a set of conjoined twins.

I was kind of bummed that the fight sequence took up so much of the comic, and was definitely excited to hear more about Jam's favorite band, the Beefsteak Boys, which ends up being the only uniting force between the schoolyard ruffians on this particular day. But being youngins, they never get into the club, and instead Jin and Jam get to hang out and begin establishing their unique friendship. Hellen Jo's fresh illustration and misfit characters show a promising start for this new comic.

Jin & Jam is definitely an exciting debut. Bring on issue #2!

—Kate Wadkins

Reich #4, #5
Elijah J. Brubaker
24 pages • $4.00
Sparkplug Comic Books.
PO Box 10952
Portland, OR 97296-0952

It took me a while to work up to reading these two relatively short issues of *Reich*. A comic book series recounting the life of Wilhelm Reich, a radical psychoanalyst and student of Freud, seemed like such a strange choice for an author and illustrator's devoted interest. I kept thinking about what might motivate this Elijah J. Brubaker to write and illustrate the biography of a man who has mostly been forgotten in both radical politics and academia. I wrongly associated Reich with dudes who talk about his ideas as a foundation for a system of magick (with a "k") because of the invocation of his theories of sexual symbols and power in contemporary illuminati obsessed communities.

Low and behold, Brubaker's project actually works quite well (and there are no spells in either of these issues). As it turns out a controversial public intellectual during the rise and fall of the Weimar Republic in Germany between 1919 and 1933 is good material for non-fiction comics. Between attempting to negotiate his own problematic marriage, trying to teach the German communist party about sexual liberation, and the impending rise of fascism and new perversions of power, Reich's life is an interesting point of entry to the history of the period. In true psychoanalytic form, a return to Reich's memories of childhood is used to set up his adult ways of thinking. Reich's mother's suicide is represented as her sad escape from an unhappy marriage, and is inserted as his defining emotional break with traditional ideas of love at the time. There is a sad romantic moment in issue five in which during a theater performance, Reich comments, "There is so much going on today. Cinema, art, music, science, psychoanalysis… all making new strides, improving humanity. I feel like we're in the center of a cultural uprising." The feeling that everything was getting better just before fascism destroyed all of those small cultural steps is laid bare by the final silent and dark panel of the page.

As with any biography, the focal point is the particular person over the group and so some of the key characters are left flat. To compensate for this problem, the work jumps between panels of first person interviews and third person perspective to situate the biography. It's a nice use of the comic medium that might come off as too chaotic for a completely textual account or too quick of a movement between scenes for film, but flows seamlessly in the six panels per page format. Through it all, we learn that speaking intellectually about guilt and jealousy are different from dealing with the ethics of these emotions in everyday life.

Jumping into a comic series at issues four and five is not the best way to be introduced to someone's work, but the way the stories break between issues is quite satisfying and the biographic moments Brubaker picks out for each issue make for the high drama of revolution and relationships. With the increased production of non-fiction, biographical comics by larger presses, this zine-sized paper bound work could be easily overlooked, but for anyone interested in the history of radical sexual politics or Weimar Berlin, these issues of *Reich* are definitely worth seeking out.

—Zane Grant

Danny Dutch
David King
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Danny Dutch is a printed compilation of David King's webcomics. It's not as awkward as it sounds—webcomics. We can just pretend the strips are from some bizarro, better newspaper that offers it alongside David Lynch's *The Angriest Dog in the World* and David Rees's *Get Your War On*. There are four characters in this strip (all big-headed like the *Peanuts* crew), and four strips to a page. The lettering is a flat all-caps. The denizens dress like '40s business-types, and speak like amateur haikus; sometimes to each other, or to the reader, or maybe just themselves. To wit, "Our friendship can be described in visual terms as a yellow sky filled with pink-gray clouds. / It may be inferred that I am the sky and she is the clouds. / One could alternately presume that when together we are the sky. / And are filled with vapor, dispersing the light of dusk."

And as they speak the characters appear to be walking away from a house, and then back towards it, hands in pocket. The scenery could be mere background or he could be commenting on the existential loops of the day. Just as you can call it pretentious, but I'd take this artful subterfuge over the deluge of indulgent autobiographical comics any day. Maybe half of the strips here fall on their face (or mumble incoherently), but those that succeed soar. King's actually using the comics format to it's full potential. Images and text can work in conjunction, independently and/or against each other. Ben Katchor's *Julius Knipl* strips are a good reference point here, but King traffics in cutesiness rather than Katchor's watercolored sublimities. Twenty-eight pages is barely enough to review, but this stands as a promising debut. However the writing on the back cover, "Getting to Know the Funnies," is worse than unnecessary. That and the promo sheet (which you shouldn't have to see) almost soured me on the whole deal. Let things exist without explanation or summarization, particularly when the writing says things like "the back-alley rowdies that will give the business to your patience!"

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—Travis Fristoe

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– Fugitive Equilibrium Web Zine

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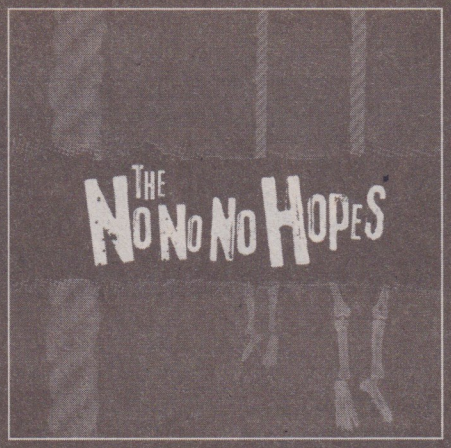

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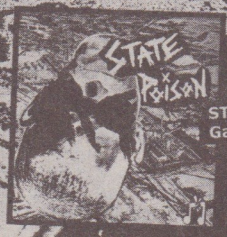

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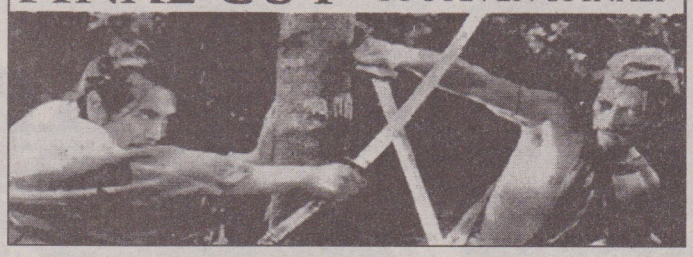


A REDISCOVERED MIRACLE

Cult director Kim Ki-Young was nearly seventy years old when, armed with a small cache of his most characteristic films, he planned a whirlwind tour across the world. But, alas, the master passed away in early 1998, and finally, the San Francisco Film Society generously offered to screen this set of subbed prints. I caught most of the series, but I can assure you that no one in the audience was quite prepared for **Hanyo (The Housemaid)**, a 1960 melodrama spiked with a nasty, black comic edge. It was all the more impressive for the fact that the film's basic events actually happened.

The print itself was in fair shape, considering the wear and tear, but there were still a few things to worry about. The subtitles were rendered in two languages, often looked hand-printed, and the old video was scratchy and well worn. Fact is, **Hanyo** had come perilously close to being completely lost forever, and even with the limited release of VHS tapes, the visual quality was as funky as ever. It was beginning to become clear that the film was doomed to fall into a painful obscurity. Internet chat groups wondered about the possible release of an academic print, or even a restored DVD, but even the film's more ardent champions admitted that **Hanyo** was an older film—from South Korea, no less—in flawed condition and with every chance of succumbing to fatal nitrate deterioration. (This was exactly what was happening with the print I saw in 1998, and I can recall how concerned projectionists were handling such a delicate property.)

Music teacher Dong-shik owes no small part of his success to the fact that he's good looking and talented. Never mind that he's married with two children. He has idealistic notions of teaching his factory's all-girl choral group, all of whom want him; if anything, the girls at the factory dormitory can be almost predatory. When his wife collapses from overwork, Dong-shik finds a housemaid, but the sultry Lee Eun-shim is a real work of art, and not willing to give up on such a prime catch. Quickly, she seduces the music teacher, wins bedroom rights from his wife, and sets her sights on destroying everything in her sight.

In the meantime, Dong-shik's two children have to fend for themselves against the housemaid, who shows every intention of murdering them. "Don't drink the water!" shrieks the daughter – one of the great punch lines in the movie - but it becomes clear her brother has bought into her dad's pride, and maybe even his fatal weakness.

Melodrama has long been South Korea's favored genre, but **Hanyo** takes it to the extreme, soon turning into a moody study on the influence on Confucian philosophy. One of the film's most memorable achievements is the set direction, where the walls are almost sculptural, as if the veined walls had given way to wrinkles and calluses. Hidden stairways might lead the way to unpredictable or dangerous conflicts. On those rare moments when a character errs outside, Lee Eun-shim happens to stalking nearby; we see her reflection in windows, or her shadow in flashes if lightning as the story draws toward its seemingly inevitable conclusion.

But nothing is predictable, by any standard, except the Confucian dignity of Dong-shik's wife, who's become a kind of glorified seamstress. The story was sensational enough to attract the interest of a filmmaker like Kim Ki-young, but he understood that it wasn't enough in itself. The genius of the film's construction, (which should be seen to the very last, insanely impossible frame) suggests a narrative that's tragic and ironic at the same time, a parable that may seem overbearing, but then winks at you, suggesting that things may, or may not be what they think.

As is with the case of older prints, even by acknowledged filmmakers, reels and often-entire films have sometimes vanished without a trace. While well-liked, **Hanyo's** fate was put on the back burner after one after another military leader attempted a coup or clamped down on the populace; and there were always fears of regressive North Korea, who scarcely has a film industry. In light of this, the notion of film preservation seemed like a far-off dream.

Then, a remarkable thing happened. Halfway into the new millennium, after Kim had already passed into legend, the Korean Film Archive came up with a DVD release of **Yangsan Province**, incorporating a modest set of special features – including "the search for lost prints." Although nearly complete prints of **Hanyo** were screened in New York, London, and the occasional film festival, news of the film's fate soon led to complete silence.

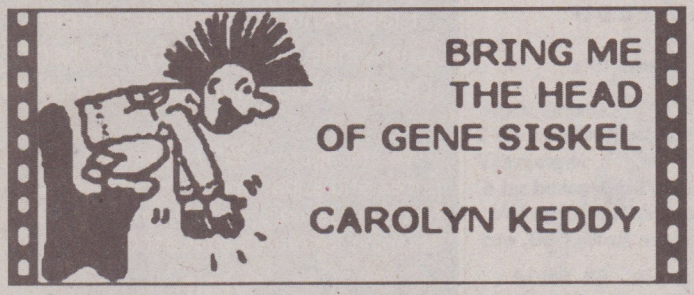
Major events began a rolling boil, and from here it wouldn't stop. The Korean Film Foundation managed to pull together a complete full print of **Hanyo**, and with the support of Martin Scorsese's World Cinema Foundation, committed to restoring the classic. Restorers set their sights at digitally erasing the unsightly subtitles, frame by frame, until there was finally a pristine, relatively clean work print. Next, of course, new subtitles were added. And while there still isn't any official announcement of a DVD release, a streaming video site, *The Auteurs* has daringly opted to host the film. For free, in its entirety, no strings attached. If you're technically inclined, *The Auteurs'* bandwidth is wide enough to allow a handsome transfer in black and video onto your home computer. I predict that a DVD print of **Hanyo** will appear soon enough, which is probably just fine for fans who realize how extraordinary the film is.

In short, **Hanyo** has graduated from being a cinematic lost cause to having a chance at a kind of immortality. To get it all free of charge is an unexpected bonus, and who knows how long this generosity will last. Be thankful for small miracles.

There's another miracle that came completely out of the blue. Just a year ago, the Korean Film Archive came out with the *Kim Ki-Young Collection* (www.koreafilm.org/publica/dvds.asp). **Iodo**, **Promises**, and **Chugnyeo** show a striking cross-section of the director's mature work,

but I haven't been able to catch **Goryeojang**–at 1963, the earliest film of the group. (For the cinematically hungry, the KOFA offers nearly 35 films of historic significance to Korean film, all on DVD, and even several directorial sets.)

Oh, and in case you haven't noticed, South Korean film has become big, having assembled a roll of predictably commercial work as well as ambitious films by the likes of Im Kwon-taek (**Sopyonje**, **Mandala**, **Festival**, **Chihwaseon**, and more work than even he'd care to admit), Jang Sun-woo (whose work can be intense, and both religiously and sexually provocative), and Lee Chang-dong (whose **Peppermint Candy** goes back in the main character's personal history, one episode at a time, until we discover the foundations of Korean national history). But after half a century, **Hanyo** has become history in itself, and is likely to remain that way hopefully for a long time.



YOU KILLED ME FIRST

I have this annoying memory from my first month in San Francisco 1990. I saw a flier advertising an underground film festival showing the films of Nick Zedd, Richard Kern and others. I had seen a bunch of both Zedd's and Kern's films while I was living in Boston and was really interested to see more, hopefully newer films. I showed up at the Kennel Club (now known as The Independent) and paid ten dollars to get in which seemed like a lot at the time, but I was in a new city so I didn't know better. It ended up not being a film festival at all. Two different films were shown simultaneously on two screens set up on the stage at askew angles. There was no sound for the films. Instead a DJ was playing music while everyone stood around talking and drinking. I tried to watch the films for a while, but it was utterly frustrating. I left completely pissed off.

Llik Your Idols tries to tell the story of the New York film, art and music scenes of 1984–1991 in a little over an hour. It is ambitious to be sure, but doesn't seem to get focused enough to make any part coherent. Maybe that was the point. The film focuses on artist Joe Coleman, filmmakers Richard Kern and Nick Zedd and musician-spoken word artist-author-actress Lydia Lunch. There is a bit of mention of No Wave too.

I would have liked for **Llik Your Idols** to solely concentrate on the filmmakers. That is the direction this documentary mostly heads in. All the other interesting peripheral people particularly Joe Coleman sidetracks the film. Each of the four main characters focused on could have had their own documentary, yet the viewer only learns the basics. Kern and Zedd's interviews don't really tell too much about their filmmaking or even what was going on with them at the time. Drug use is barely mentioned. Film clips are shown from other filmmakers, but none are interviewed. I was particularly interested in Jon Spencer's 1986 film **Shithaus**. A small clip is shown and someone recalls a review that said the film "out Kerns Richard Kern". I would have liked to hear more about it or even Spencer's recollections. But the clip appears merely as a footnote.

There are also interviews with Thurston Moore, Richard Hell, Russell Simmins, Jarboe and more. Usually I'd say no more Moore, but he is the only one who has anything interesting to relate. He describes Sonic Youth playing at CBGBs and Kern showing some uncompleted scenes from **Submit To Me** as a backdrop. The audience was outraged. He later recalls Kern deciding to go off and do heroin with GG Allin. That was too much for Moore. Simmins opinions are virtually useless since he doesn't even seem to have been around at the time all this was going on. The absence of Lung Leg is equally conspicuous.

One of the DVD extras is an interview with director Angelique Bosio. I almost wish it wasn't there because it definitely clouded my impression of what **Llik Your Idols** was attempting to achieve. Whereas I thought it was simply scattered and trying to cover too much ground at once. It seems that perhaps she didn't do enough research. Bosio's simple reasoning for the title was a play on a t-shirt she saw at stores depicting Jesus or Kurt Cobain with the slogan "Kill Your Idols". I always relate that phrase to the Sonic Youth song "Kill Yr. Idols" from 1983. Sure, it has been co-opted by T-shirt companies. Almost everything has. But Bosio also states that her interest in Richard Kern and New York underground film was a result of being a Sonic Youth fan. I would think she would at least have heard of the song.

The best part of the **Llik Your Idols** DVD is the inclusion of two Nick Zedd films **Police State** and **War Is Menstrual Envy**. It is much better when you get to witness first hand what all the fuss is about. *Police State* is my favorite Zedd film. It's a simple anti-authoritarian story. A guy gets picked up on the street for looking weird. He gets accused of being a junkie and hauled in to the station for a variety of ridiculous charges including resisting arrest. He stands up to the crooked cops and gets beat up. There is no good cop/ bad cop in this story. They're all bad. (www.mvdvisual.com)

One of the more fun aspects of working at *MRR* is simply showing up at the house. The other day I walk in to Brace Belden telling a story of pissing next to Greg Ashley while he was trying to play some songs at some BBQ. Then I walk down the hallway to compile my top ten and Bruce Roehrs tells me I have to listen to the new Cock Sparrer. I'm skeptical. New Cock Sparrer? Yikes. But Bruce was right. The song "Gotta Get Out" rocks. Included in the LP *Here We Stand* is a bonus DVD that includes the **Making of Here We Stand** and live footage. It is all pretty straightforward.

The **Making of Here We Stand** is a short documentary made as a student film. The questions are obvious ones: what are your influences, how do you write the perfect song, what are the plans for the future, etc. The guys are funny and even though they're interviewed separately they all have similar answers. There is a bit of them playing in the studio, but not enough. The live footage is from their 2000 US tour and then some other more recent shows. The venues are large, the audience is going crazy and it all seems like a lot of fun. It is a nice bonus.

The weird and unintentionally funny part of the Cock Sparrer DVD is a "forward" by Pirates Press owner Eric Mueller. It is obvious he is not an actor. His nervousness and frequent glances at his computer screen where he seems to have written his monologue down are understandable, but it is still a very odd thing to include on a band's DVD. He goes on to explain in full detail his introduction to Cock Sparrer when he was interning at TKO records through Pirates Press' release of the *Here We Stand* album. He is obviously very proud of this history and it is kind of charming in a twisted voyeuristic way. I just wish he wouldn't refer to the album as a "package" so many times. With that small phrase he goes from fanboy to marketer. It's a punk rock infomercial. (www.piratespress.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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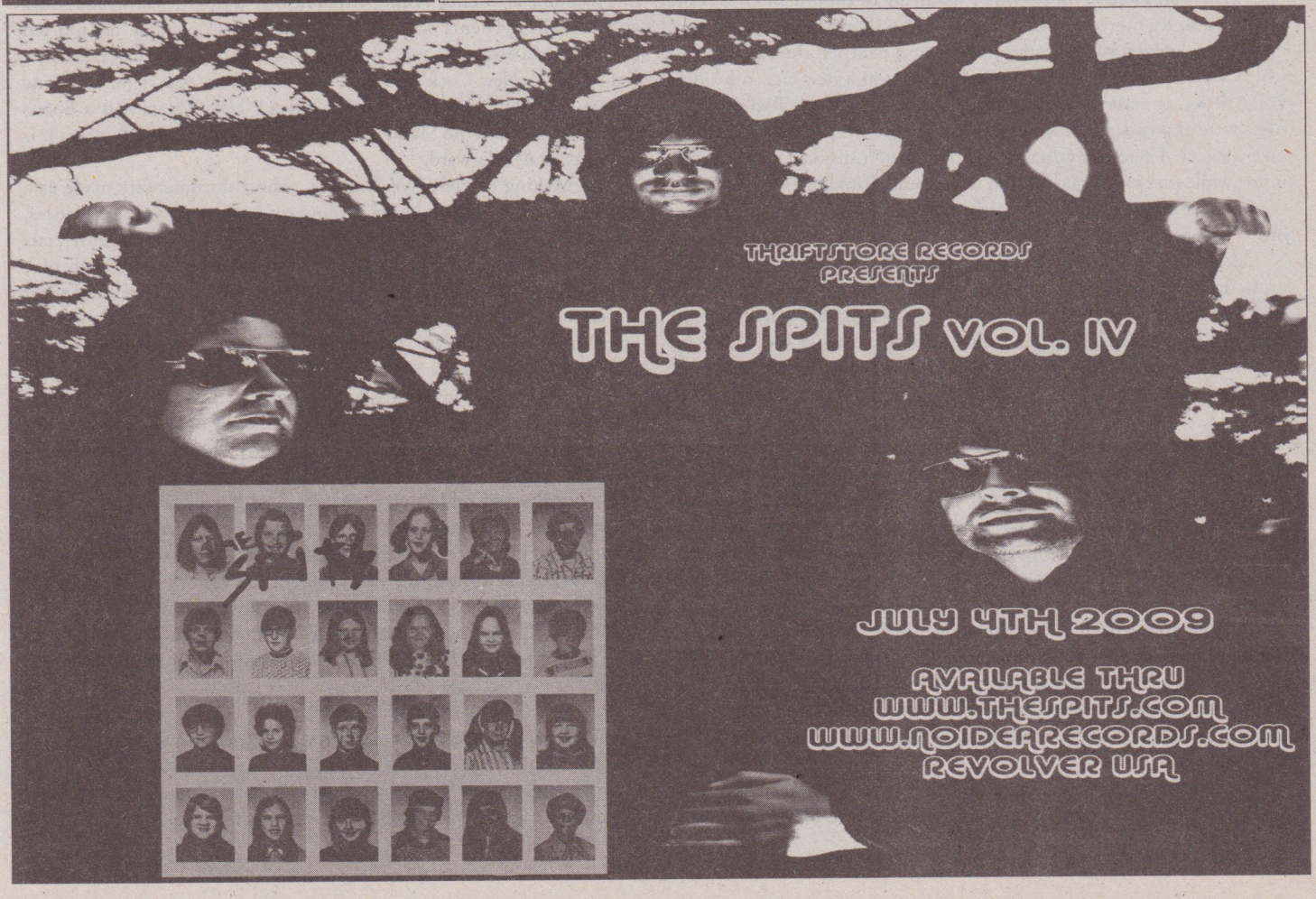

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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ACEPHALIX – "Nothing" EP

Fuck yes!! Dan and his hardcore metal punks in ACEPHALIX have dropped the bomb on you! Ken Sanderson's Prank Records presents the new *Nothing* 7" EP for your total aural destruction! ACEPHALIX comes out of the bunker with forked weapons bristling!! Side A starts with a storming punk metal number; the title cut "Nothing." Fucking great! Dan supplies gruff, deep hardcore vocals that pay tribute to the furious death metal that he celebrates so heartily! Influences from MASTER, PESTILENCE, or ASPHYX are present and accounted for. David, Gabriel, Kyle, and Luca fill in the important hardcore parts to give ACEPHALIX ferocious punk teeth! These men crash through "Embodied in Skin" to wrap up side A. Fuck! Side B contains more no-remorse hard-punk bile! ACEPHALIX leads off side B with "Patricide" and then the band finishes hammering your skull with "Confession." Fuck yes! For your new ACEPHALIX product, contact Prank Records. (BR)
(Prank)

AI – "The Sounds of Hearts" 12"

A reissue and domestic release of classic decade-old studio tracks from Japan's AI's Bloodsucker Records releases. Time, along with the good, loud re-mastering here, has made these eight songs none the less raging—super scathing vocals cornered with powerful choruses, rapid-fire thrashing fueled by quick drumming and wailing solos. Picture perfect for what you'd expect of the '90s style of provincial Japanese hardcore, similar to many bands of the time. Maybe most reminiscent of the classic early WARHEAD *Cry of Truth* material, but dealt out with AI's own inventive flair, in addition to the similar top-notch delivery and hyperactive manic energy. The track "Born Dead" is worth the price of this alone!! This release includes great translations of intense lyrics that reflect the Japanese punk way of life in otherwise plain, but nice, packaging. Mandatory! Don't make me drive you to the record store! (KS)
(Feral Ward)

ALL OR NOTHING HC – "All of These Are Days of the Dead" EP

ALL OR NOTHING HC has been around for who knows how long. Their half-page ads used to grace *MRR* almost monthly, and I confess that I have never once heard them. While I was expecting by-the-numbers mosh metal (and that's pretty much exactly what I got), ALL OR NOTHING HC separates themselves from the herd more than I anticipated. The obvious observation is the powerful female vocals, and I see them mentioned over and over in reviews and comments, but the content of the band is far more surprising than the gender of the singer. The lyrics address a broad spectrum of issues (emotional abuse, Native American land rights, America's difficulties identifying with citizens of the rest of the world) that are always in depth and well thought out, even if they sometimes come across a little bit simplistic. The music is polished and pro, and faster than typical mosh, but there are more than enough breakdowns to keep even the most enthusiastic side-to-side manly-man dancers happy. These tracks were recorded in 2006, if you're keeping track. (WN)
(Emancypunx)

AMATEUR PARTY – "Public Utility Complaint" EP

This is a lovingly and earnestly presented vinyl issue of the AMATEUR PARTY songs from their split with Australian band the FOCUS. If you're unfamiliar with that record or the band, think an upbeat combination of FUGAZI, DAG NASTY, and SQUIRREL BAIT. The lyrics focus on local political issues close to the heart of the band members, who hail from such other Philadelphia-related luminaries as LIMP WRIST and KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS. I was a big fan of that split CD, so it's nice to have at least half of it available on vinyl, especially with such exquisite packaging. (AM)
(Paramnesia)

AS WE BLEED – "Harsh Means of Answer Against Compromise" LP

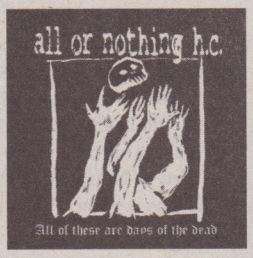
Maybe I'm unqualified to do this review, as I never got into CONVERGE, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, or BOTCH—three bands from which AS WE BLEED derive influence. AS WE BLEED is mathy metal-core and they seem to play this style of music well. They're French and have been around for ten years now. Here's to ten more! (DB)
(Marvelmusicmotion / Emergence)

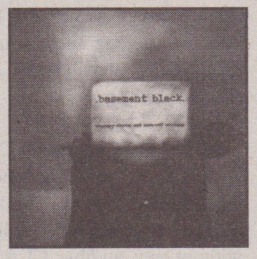
BARE WIRES – "Let Down / Looking for Some Action"

Two tracks of fuzzed-out garage pop, with an added hint of '60s psych. The production is raw but not ass-burning, and the pop is infectious without being too sugary sweet. It's even got a subtle touch of mid-'80s English indie jangle, which totally warms up this nice two-song platter. All pushed along with a rock 'n' roll sensibility and a punk rock 'tude. Two thumbs up, a smiley face, and a blankity-blank checkbook and pen. Great stuff, now go fetch me some more. (SD)
(Milk 'n' Herpes)

BASEMENT BLACK – "Recovery Stories and Worn-Out Welcomes" CD

Good melodic hardcore with emo overtones. The sound is a





mix of HOT WATER MUSIC and LATTERMAN. Bare-bones packaging, but the music sure packs some punch with social-political lyrics to boot. From New York State, BASEMENT BLACK includes members from KOSHER and I FARM. (RL)
(Dead Broke)

BATTLE RIFLE – "Guaranteed ta Rattle Dat Trunk!!!" EP

Standard-fare power-violence from Houston, TX. Vocals that are a dead ringer for LACK OF INTEREST or one of the SPAZZ guys, tons of movie samples, and fifteen songs on a 7". I love power-violence and I like this, but if I were going to turn someone on to power-violence I would go through a long list of releases before I got to BATTLE RIFLE. The guttural vocals bothered me a bit, but the booger-green vinyl and locked groove didn't. (MH)
(Sick Thought)

THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHERS – "Chikara" EP

Heavy, off-kilter, art-damaged HC that reminds me of grunge acts like SOUNDGARDEN when they released records on SST. Imagine UNWOUND mixed with UNSANE and a singer similar to David Yow during his time in the JESUS LIZARD. Noisy and heavy. Noisy and heavy. Noisy and heavy. Yeah. This is good. (VL)
(Tsurumi)

BEYOND PINK – "Try This at Home, Kids" EP

Six raging, thrashy hardcore tunes from five Swedish women. The first thing I noticed is that the artwork was done by the band's guitarist and really fits the music. There is lots of color (not common for HC releases)—red, yellow, and an odd green in a cartoon that on quick glace looks cute, but once you look close you see fangs and skulls and creatures. The music is straightforward, heavy hardcore with raw sound and heavy chugging moments that remind me of some late-'80s bands. Lyrics seem personal (a song about someone who really pissed off the band) and about the scene. Good stuff. (MH)
(Emancypunx)

THE BLACK TAPES – CD

This is a well-produced, well-played piece of melodic R'n'R punk. Think of a band like BOMBSHELL ROCKS or GASLIGHT ANTHEM, but without any audible CLASH influence. It's thick and melodic in the same way as a lot of stuff on No Idea. Not bad at all, they're a talented and musically adept bunch of dudes, but this is a bit too conventional for my tastes. (P$)
(Antena Krzyku)

BLANK DOGS – "Waiting / Splitting"

The song "Waiting" (I think written about pre-ordering from Down in the Ground Records) is a kinda upbeat number, and the B-side is (and please God, forgive me for using this word) bouncy. (BB)
(In The Red)

BOMBER – "Mourning" EP

I'm starting to think I'm on the wrong freakin' coast with all this amazing punk and hardcore coming out of the Virginia area these last few years, and meanwhile I'm over here playing goddamn fancy-pants in San Francisco and missing out on all the action! Here's another incredible punk band to add to the list. BOMBER sounds like a product of living in the humid South, being surrounded by bible-thumping yokels, and carrying the weight of a dark history. It's not a pretty picture. Musically they are one *big* part GERMS, one part '77 punk, and a whole lot of go-nowhere attitude. Five tracks here on their debut EP and not one is throwaway filler. Paranoid? Dreading tomorrow and what it may bring? Rather get blitzed and say fuck it? Then this is your soundtrack. (BG)
(Cowabunga)

BRAIN KILLER – "Endless" EP

Burly hardcore with occasional lapses into a noisier territory. Overall, the impression BRAIN KILLER leaves is simply punishing. The vocals are deep and barked in a manner that reminds me of DEVOID OF FAITH and early DEATHREAT, while the music has the feel of a subdued FRAMTID. The term "subdued" is not meant to be a slight, it's just that I hear definite wilder Japanese influences but with a decidedly more straightforward American foundation. I like that BRAIN KILLER plays around with feedback but leaves room for other tones to penetrate the mix, and there's actually lots of cool sounds subtly drifting around throughout these brutal songs. In summation, this EP contains eight-or-so minutes of ferocious hardcore punk. No complaints, and actually I'd like some more. (CI)
(Deranged)

BULEMICS – "Burn Baby Burn" EP

What the fuck! The BULEMICS are still cranking out some great dirty rock 'n' roll!! Admittedly I was never a huge fan of them in the past, but I could always appreciate it when they came through town for a show or if someone was blasting them on the stereo at a house party. To me, they fall into a category of not particularly memorable rock 'n' roll from the late '90s like the WEAKLINGS, 9 POUND HAMMER / NASHVILLE PUSSY, or the CANDY SNATCHERS, for example. I loved all the destructive rock 'n' roll from that era, but I can't honestly tell much of it apart—however that might be just as much because that part of my life is a relative blur for reasons that need not be explained here… Regardless, this EP is some good shit! (ML)
(Scarey)

THE BUNCH / MENY HELKIN – split EP

I seriously don't know what to say when confronted with the fact that people are still making music that reminds me of attending More Than Music fest in '96. MENY HELKIN sounds like something that could have come out on Doghouse or Art Monk Construction in the mid-'90s, and while I am not ashamed to admit I still have LINCOLN and FABRIC 45s clogging up my 7" boxes, this sound isn't what I wanna hear from current bands. If you are still rocking yourself to sleep whilst the sweet sounds of slightly rock-ish emo plays, this will be your jam. There's a weird prog edge to the guitar too, which I really was not feeling. The BUNCH go for a more angular '90s hardcore sound, reminding me of a less interesting BRANIAC or the HAL AL SHEDAD. It actually reminds me of a mathy hardcore version of the horrible band INTERPOL I had to listen to all the time at a particularly soul-destroying retail job. I am sure these bands are rad humans and doing it for the DIY community in France etc., but this is definitely not my thing in any way. (LG)
(213 / Wonder Noise / SM Musik / Tas Voulu Voir Vesoul / Dream Come True / Emotionally Unstable / Emergence)

BUxKxNONE – "In Mint Condition" EP

Fast, rocking hardcore punk from Rouen, France. This is some good stuff, more melodic than heavy, but still pretty straightforward. I don't know exactly where to categorize BUxKxNONE, genre-wise. It feels like modern hardcore, but at times it's epic, at others it's thrashy, and some parts remind me of Portland-esque crustcore while others make me think of DAG NASTY. They're very good, I just can't figure out exactly what it is they're going for. If you want to try something a bit different, I'd recommend picking this up. (VX)
(Emergence / Wee Wee / No Sex Til Death / BoumXCoeur)

LA CARA OCULTA / SCUM OF THE EARTH – split EP

This is a funky li'l split. Without knowing either band, I naturally put on side A first, which happens to be SCUM OF THE EARTH in this case. After the sample that begins the track, I was thrown off by the hip-hop that was coming out of my headphones. So I'm thinking: ha ha, they made a hip-hop song to be funny, the next one is the punk song. But I was wrong. Next, I decide I better read the letter these dudes sent along with the record. Sure enough, LA CARA OCULTA is friends with some guys who have a hip-hop group and they did a split together. I was *wondering* how a hip-hop record made it in here for review. Anyway, LA CARA OCULTA is a band from Gainesville who sings in Spanish. Their sound ranges from poppy to street, which brings to mind UNION 13. I also really enjoyed the brief history of BO DIDDLY that is included as an insert. As for SCUM OF THE EARTH, this just isn't the hip-hop style I can get down to. I love old shit like GRANDMASTER FLASH, RUN DMC, et al, but this stuff just doesn't compare. Sorry, guys. (BD)
(TPV, distributed by No Idea)

CHARLIE AND THE MOONHEARTS – "Drop In Drop Out" EP

If I lurked on the *Terminal Boredom* message board, I probably would already have heard of these guys. Be that as it may, this is good shit: fast garagey punk with a bit of weirdness. I was dreading the B-side's "Stoney Jam," but it doesn't sound stoney and is much more aggressive and noisy than "jams" generally are. As I said, good shit. (DD)
(Tic Tac Totally!)

CHEAP TIME – "Woodland Drive / Penny and Jenny"

THE KINKS meets the WHO meets DEVO meets MILK AND COOKIES. I should just end the review here, but that would be cheating. If you could can the energy, sell the hooks, pawn the melody, and package the vibe you would be rolling in it. I'll listen to this twenty times before leaving the fusty corridor of *MRR*, and sing it all the way home till someone pops me in the face. Go get it. (SD)
(In The Red)

CHINESE – "The Conquest for Tomorrow Today" CD

This is pretty cool. It's a full-length CD of just guitar and drums (no vocals). It's sometimes kind of punk, sometimes kind of metal, sometimes kind of indie, and everything in between. Lots of fancy guitar work—MINIBOSSES if they weren't doing Nintendo game music. Gives me kind of sci-fi vibe for some reason. (FS)
(Whoa Boat)

COBRA NOIR / HOLY MOUNTAIN – split EP

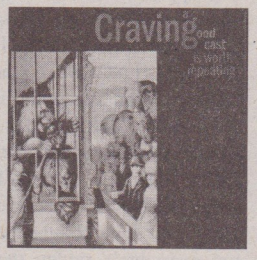
COBRA NOIR contributes one song and HOLY MOUNTAIN gives us two. COBRA NOIR's starts off slow then hits the fast riff and is off to the races, followed by a slow breakdown, then quick again. Very atmospheric, the song has a very black metal feel to it sonically and thematically. Lyrics are of a disturbed nature; there are references to killing, cleaning the blood of knives, arson, and lies. HOLY MOUNTAIN is much heavier and metallic. Their songs remind me of a band that is influenced by bands who worship ENT. They have their own thing going on, but they don't worship the ground of others. Cool split. (VL)
(No Idea / Alerta Antifascista)

COCK SPARRER – "Here We Stand" LP

Fuck yes! COCK SPARRER's stunning working-class masterpiece that was released in England last year is finally available in the USA courtesy of Pirates Press Records! This *Here We Stand* LP illustrates what a lot of skins and punks have known for years—COCK SPARRER is the premier blue-collar pub-rock band in the whole world! The guitar hooks and vocal harmonies have been honed to perfection over the years. COCK SPARRER first appeared in East London in the early '70s playing SMALL FACES covers and rose to the level of skinhead-rock kings in 1983 with their LP *Shock Troops*. The new *Here We Stand* LP demonstrates the superior songwriting talent that these men possess. We start with "Too Late"—"They closed the factory, it's cheaper abroad / Fat cats paid so they couldn't afford to put food on the table of the family man." You then chug through "Did You Have a Nice Life Without Me?" Next you get the best melodic punk song written in the last ten years, "Gotta Get Out." Fuck yes! This tune has all the infectious melodies of COCK SPARRER's "I've Got Your Number." It is a tribute to the band's stamina and tenacity after 35 years on the road. You will then be treated to "Spirit of '76," "So Many Things," and "Despite All This." Side two reveals more hits. "Don't Stop" cries out: "People come and go / There's a thousand faces I'll never know / I'm lost in the crowd but even so / I've still got something to say / I still get angry, I still get mad / Just like I did when I was a lad / The flame's still burning deep inside of me / Don't stop believing… / Don't stop being yourself." Excellent! "Time to Make Your Move" is another immediate classic! "When the rules become too hard to take / And promises are made to break / You need to make your own mistakes / It's time to make your move." This is a powerful message to you! One of the really strong rock and roll anthems on this new LP is "True to Yourself"—"Back against the wall, no thanks at all / Break out, do what you wanna do / Find out who is the real you / Shout out, 'I'll do it my own way' / Always be true to you / Always be true to yourself!" Fucking brilliant! You finish off this great LP with "Sussed" and "Better Than This." This album *is* the very best! (BR)
(Pirates Press)

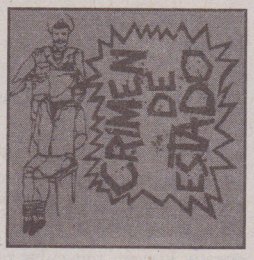
COKE BUST – "Lines in the Sand" LP

I've been a fan of COKE BUST since their demo and first show. Since then I've watched them hone their HERESY-via-youth-crew sound, which they nailed on their *Fuck Bar Culture* 7" leaving me wanting more, but I still had no idea they were capable of writing an LP of songs this fucking good. *Lines in the Sand* takes the more streamlined sound of that 7" and expands on both the thrash and youth crew elements. COKE BUST has written songs where top speed does not compromise tune, and their youth crew influences are seamlessly interwoven without predictability; they've got an originality and harshness that most bands influenced by YOUTH OF TODAY could never even begin to conceive. I've compared their sound to a more youth crew SCHOLASTIC DETH, and with this record I'd say the overall vibe is SCHOLASTIC DETH gone wrong. Compared to COKE BUST's previous stuff, *Lines in the Sand* has a darker and more pissed off vibe that is matched by dirtier production, a thicker guitar sound, and Nick's more blown-out vocals, as he takes on topics such as the façades that are the free market and democracy abroad, scene unity calls by those who want unity on their terms only, and political stances that serve as a means for social climbing tendencies and a mask for self-imposed segregation. Jeremy also introduces some extra guitar lead work here, and Chris, who is a grind drummer by trade, shows his full range and makes his own mark on these songs. They will be touring the US with SICK FIX by the time you read this, so if you're looking for more substance in your hardcore with the music to back it up, you won't sleep. (DG)
(Six Weeks)



COLD WORLD – "Hands Off Our Music" 2xEP

Fuck yes. This just made my day: a new record from Austria's legendary COLD WORLD. This one is not to be confused with the American "hardcore" band of the same name. No pseudo hip-hop influences or "sick breakdowns" here, just pure adrenaline, hate, and passion. Fast, heavy, brutal hardcore bordering on grind more than their earlier material did 20 years ago. This is a double 7", and it almost should be reviewed as two separate records. The first 7" features four killer new songs that make you wonder why these guys ever called it quits in the first place, topped off with an SOB cover. OK, "new" is stretching it a bit, as these were recorded in 1995 with the vocals being finished last year. Absolutely punishing. The second 7" is an odd beast, featuring remixes by FUCKHEAD and the legendary MERZBOW. The FUCKHEAD side is described as "digital grindcore," which sounds about right, while the MERZBOW side is genuinely disturbing and atmospheric while still keeping the source material moving between foreground and background—in other words, it's pretty classic MERZBOW. Highly recommended. (VX)
(Shortfuse)



THE COLORS – "Teenage Furniture" LP

Features the two songs off their classic 1980 *Rave Up* 7" and thirteen other songs recorded in 1980-'81 for a never-released album. Despite the liner notes trumpeting how the COLORS were destined to be the "next big thing" in New York, it's pretty obvious that, like most bands, they peaked early. The first song on the album, "Growin' Up American," is a flat-out killer. A fine, snappy piece of power-pop—fast, short, and catchy as fuck. Damn-near perfect. From that point on, the COLORS significantly mellowed out, sounding like they were chasing the title of "Band Most Destined for Commercial Success," and all the watered-down, toothless songwriting that comes with that title. They come close to hitting their stride again on songs like "Popstar" and "Symphony for a Summer's Day," but there's just too much reaching for a radio-friendly pop song on this. Given that this LP will probably set you back about $20, I say track down the original 45 for about the same price. You'll get the two good songs ("Growin' Up American" and "Rave Up"), which is all your really need. (IS)
(Rave Up)

CPC GANGBANGS – "Kill Yourself for Rock 'n' Roll / Big City Blues"

It seems appropriate the A-side is called "Kill Yourself For

Rock 'n' Roll" as the band has broken up since this was recorded, making this their final release. Both songs are short and sweet rock numbers and sure to please all of their fans. The artwork for the sleeve is an instructional cartoon of how to inject drugs. (MU)
(Dusty Medical)

CRASH NORMAL – "Finger Shower" 10"

Well-played and pretty good lo-fi, blown-out, bluesy garage / glue-wave-y punk that should probably appeal to fans of the ANALS or CHEVEU (though not really of the same caliber as some of CHEVEU's better stuff). I can't fight the feeling that CRASH NORMAL inadvertently wrote its own EP elegy. Even though this is pretty good, the style's been done to death. Is this *de rigueur* listening for internet messageboard scuttlebutt preps? Devotees of the subgenre shouldn't be discouraged from getting up on this, 'cause it's not bad. It's actually pretty well done. Maybe these dudes are originators and everyone's ridden their coattails. Ultimately CRASH NORMAL seems like a pretty good take on a subculturally trendy and overdone style of garage punk. (P$)
(Rijapov)

CRAVING – "A Good Cast Is Worth Repeating" CD

This long-running German trio is one of the few bands still carrying the torch for driving '90s indie rock in the style of JESUS LIZARD, SHELLAC, GIRLS AGAINST BOYS, etc. You get the idea: meaty, honest, muscular rock that relies on heavy riffs, driving, repetitive rhythms, and a minimalist approach to structure. Keep it up *mein herren*! (AM)
(F-Spin)

CRIIITS LITTLE / MOROCCOS – split LP

CRIIITS specializes in crusty hardcore that is tight, but they achieve their best results with discordant blasts to enliven their riffy and somewhat repetitive tuneage. On the other hand, LITTLE MOROCCOS is more substantial and original; imagine a throat-mangling vocal attack à la RAW POWER, with a sharp, trebly guitar with hypnotic riffing—like a MAD CAPSULE MARKETS on a grindcore fever. LITTLE MOROCCOS in particular shows off the kind of intensity that's hard to ignore, or forget for that matter. Recommended! (SS).
(Kremon)

CRIMEN DE ESTADO – "La Bomba Atomica" EP

From what I can see, the Spanish (and Portuguese) language punk and hardcore of today is quickly becoming what Japanese hardcore was in the late '90s/early '00s—all the rage. And in my opinion, it's 100% warranted, especially concerning the bands coming out of Spain these days. CRIMEN DE ESTADO is no exception. It's like the second coming of the early DISCHARGE singles—simple songs used like a fucking hammer to make a much deeper impression than some slick hi-tech Dremel tool. Instead of waxing poetic on something that is, by design, direct, stripped-down, and powerful, I'll just tell you that you need this record. (JU)
(Malsonido)

CROW – "Flock of Beast I / Flock of Beast II"

FFFUUUUCCCKKK!!!!! I have listened to this 100 times at home—first thing in the morning while the teakettle is boiling (nothing gets you ready for the real world like CROW), late at night when I'm so wasted that the fist-banging propels me into my records, spilling beer and hardcore all over the floor (hypothetically, of course…naturally that never happened), when I'm on the way out the door to see bands that are almost certainly not as good as CROW—over and over and over I listen to these two songs, and they just get fucking better! "Flock of Beast I" is a mid-tempo, plodding piece of brilliance that would fit perfectly on their *Bloody Tear* LP, but they have managed to make this track even more crushing and brutally sinister…the low end absolutely bowls you over, and they mix a VENOM tempo with MAIDEN leads and make it 100% Japanese. Crow's vocals are arguably more stellar than ever here, and the whole thing just serves as a warm-up to "Flock of Beast II" on the flip side, which is as close to fucking perfection as I could ask for. Total CROW assault that breaks down into howls and screams that slip into the mix from all sides and then they take over the song altogether, and all you are left with is the shreds of what used to be your hope. CROW was never a typical Japanese hardcore band by any means, but as the years pass and Tomio's guitar takes a more commanding role in the band while Crow's vocals get even more diabolical, CROW has become something fucking other-worldly. *Flock of Beast* is a near-perfect single, and word is that Prank will be gracing us with a US press of the 2006 12" in the near future. I cannot wait—the more CROW the better. (WN)
(Prank)

CULT RITUAL – LP

If this is the new sound, then so be it. There are three versions of this LP, a mail-order one, a tour one, and a norm one. Does owning all three give you access to Rosemary's Baby? Insert oblique comment about consumerism and hardcore. CULT RITUAL is a great band, managing to integrate their influences whilst retaining their own identity and idea of hardcore, which is distinctly more interesting than most who aim for this but end up in BRAINBOMBS the sequel… It brings to mind the first RORSCHACH LP, and you can tell they are Greg Ginn fans, too. But this band does not sound exactly like either of those, as inferred above. The record is a total and compelling listen, made by a band that cares about what they put out in the world; the aesthetic and sound are thought out without being overwrought or seeming like a put-on… What was that about music that sounds like Raymond Pettibon drawings? I am bored with rock music, bored with the epic guitar solos that have somehow come to signify hardcore. Going through the motions. Doomed to the eternal re-run. Seeing this band in a '60s tract home, malformed circle pit on the shag carpet, nails sticking out of the ragged wood paneled walls, reaffirmed that this is why hardcore will always be my favorite sound. (LG)
(Youth Attack)

CULT RITUAL – "Holidays" 45

One *killer* track hardcore track (that also appears on their new LP) backed with a harsh noise / sound collage exercise. The former is honestly among the best current HC that I've heard in the last couple years—fast and noisy before seamlessly switching gears to a MELVINS-style dirge—whereas the latter is kinda spooky but otherwise not nearly as compelling. Apparently this limited single was literally sold out *before* we even received it at the magazine (that was weeks ago, and this issue hasn't even made it to the printer yet, let alone your eager hands), so don't even bother writing the label… (CS)
(Life's a Rape)

THE CULTURAL DECAY – "Eight Ways to Start a Day: Singles and Demos" LP

This is Belgian minimalist post punk circa 1981-'82. It's very downbeat and deadpan, kind of like JOY DIVISION meets ZOUNDS or the MOB. The only thing on the inner sleeve that's familiar to me is the producer's name Luc Van Acker, who I know had something to do with REVOLTING COCKS. If dark, industrial estate post-punk is your bag, then this is definitely genuine shit that you should check out; JOY DIVISION fans, too… In fact, this totally could have been on Factory Records a year or two earlier. The record comes with a nice booklet with writing by band members and black and white photographs. The whole design very much compliments the sound: stark. (AD)
(Sacred Bones)

CUSTOMERS – "Howling at the Moon" EP

Ex-CARBONA and BEAT BEAT BEAT kicks down some sweet power-pop jams not unlike the PETS or the more upbeat Douchemaster bands… kinda like a punker EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. What makes this EP is the vocalist's slurred delivery; totally punk and it pushes this to the top of the million or so bands rocking this sound. Looking forward to more from these Atlanta cats… (TB)
(Rob's House)

CYANIDE DESTRUCT – "Recipes for Disorder" EP

Old-school hardcore punk from old-school dudes. CYANIDE DESTRUCT's basic approach is tried and true; the drummer did some time in BRISTLE, and musically that's a pretty close comparison—just toe-tapping fast punk rawk. Five tracks about not liking violence, not liking pigs…you get the drill, right? Totally competent, and the highlight for this reviewer is that every now and then there is just a slight hint of GRIMPLE—that will win me over every time. (WN)
(Pyrate Punx)

DE CYLINDERS – "I Wanna Get Married / Looking for Work"

Another reissue on Sing Sing Records, and this one was originally released in 1988. These songs sound like the band grew up on the REZILLOS and the REVILLOS, and they're actually catchier than that. "I Wanna Get Married" in particular just begs to be played over and over again. Wow. It disturbs me that I was not aware of this in 1988. I need to make up for lost time. (KK)
(Sing Sing)

DARK AGES – "Vicious Lie" EP

Cowabunga has been releasing a bunch of good

hardcore jams these days, and this record definitely holds up. A bit sloppy at times, the weird bass lines carry this record through the distorted guitar tantrums and catchy hardcore thrash parts. Everything will drop out except bass and drums and then pick up with a blast of energy forced through shouted vocals. They seem like a pretty passionate bunch, singing about the curse of religion and how American politics fuck us all. Overall, it's a pretty solid hardcore release. Digging it. (DA)
(Cowabunga)

DAVILA 666 – "Pingorocha Ya La Diva Rockera" EP

I dunno, everyone fucking loves this band, but it's just a little too wimpy for these ears. Puerto Ricans, in Spanish. It's like a Spanish SHOES or PLIMSOULS. I usually trust this label, but not feeling this one… (TB)
(Douchemaster)

THE DAWGS – "Outside of Time" LP

The DAWGS are a little-known band from the Boston area circa the late '70s / early '80s. Some of the cuts have been released previously, while others are new to vinyl, including some from a live radio show. The music is rootsy, bluesy rock 'n' roll, sometimes mid-tempo, other times slower paced. The record is very punk, without really sounding like punk rock. (KK)
(Rave-Up)

DEAD AT 24 – "Blast Off Motherfucker!"

Formed at some point in the '90s, this band sounded in opposition to anything that was happening at the time and thus did not see their music released beyond a tape until now. The band that instantly springs to mind is VENOM P STINGER, I think because of the dynamics of the guitars. It's got a real Midwest sound, too—that dragged-down-to-earth feel of ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS… The one-sheet makes a reference to the current "weird-punk" revival, which as a genre I will leave to Brace, but I am not sure what bands they are attempting to align these guys with—the HOSPITALS? EAT SKULL? TYVEK? Hmmm! DEAD AT 24 were from Pittsburgh and you can tell; it has that dying industrial town undertone—maybe why I mentioned ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS above too. There's a real male angst thing, but not in an emo way—it's heavier and more masculine. We're not quite talkin' *My War*, but closer to that than CURRENT. (LG)
(Ride the Snake)

DEAD CLODETTES – "Flou / La Suer Coule"

Repetitive kinda off bass, distorted guitar, murky drums, screechy vocals that sound like someone is yelling straight into yr face, all set to a lazy grunge beat. *Yeeeeeessss*. Kind of like if EMILY'S SASSY LIME was more together and spent a lot of time listening the SMITHS, BIKINI KILL, and possibly BARBARA LYNN. Or maybe if VIVIAN GIRLS didn't give a shit about being accessible. It's pretty dreamy. (MM)
(Trashmondain)

DEEP SLEEP – "Three Things at Once" CD

I'm pretty picky when it comes to buying shit because I don't have a lot of space in my apartment, or a lot of money, and I'm sick of mediocre records. Yet I own all three EPs that make up this CD collection, even after a few desperate I-need-to-break-free-of-materialism purges that have cleared my shelves of a lot of good stuff. I'm trying to say that DEEP SLEEP totally kills, and this shit is vital. How can I describe them? Try imagining a rougher-sounding early DESCENDENTS or CHEIFS, but much more pessimistic in the lyrics department and a bit more ugly all around. There're no bonus tracks or anything on this disc, so I would recommend finding the vinyl copies if possible. Either way, file this under essential. (BG)
(Grave Mistake)

DESCENT TO HELL / WAR/SYSTEM – split CD

WAR/SYSTEM plays metallic punk that draws from the likes of DISCHARGE, POISON IDEA, and HELLBASTARD. DESCENT TO HELL is similar but with a more modern metallic hardcore element, and neither band has a single song shorter than three minutes. Decent for what it is, and there's nothing too cringe-worthy here, but nothing to really make it stand out either. (DG)
(Angry Scene)

DESKONOCIDOS – "Donde Lloran los Valientes" EP

This is seriously so good. This might be my favorite release so far from this Austin band that sings in Spanish and plays mid-tempo lo-fi punk. Side A is more upbeat and melodic but still retains a punk edge that is reminiscent of early Spanish punk bands, while side B features a slower, more tortured jam with interesting guitar parts and epic sing-alongs. This recording is killer and is exactly what punk should be. (DA)
(540)

DESKONOCIDOS / SCARED SHOCK – split EP

Sometimes when I'm friends with a band I can't tell whether I love them for the music or their friendships. With SACRED SHOCK I love the music as much as the people (and I *love* the people)…seeing them at 4:00 in the morning in Texas sealed the deal. Raw as fuck hardcore from deep in heart of Texas… get the LP, it smokes. I just got turned onto DESKONOCIDOS who rock my current fave genre: falling-apart Spanish lo-fi hardcore. They could be straight out of Barcelona, but are actually from Texas. They have a couple of discs out this issue and they are both worth price of admission. Seldom are splits equally weighted, but in this case both bands are barnstormers. (TB)
(Todo Destruido / Desobediencia)

DESTINO FINAL – "Atrapados" LP

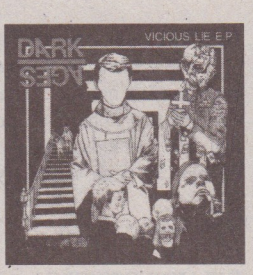
Given the amount of praise DESTINO FINAL received in the last issue, I feel like I hardly need to review this record. Like many other *MRR* staffers, I made my way to several of their gigs while they were in SF and I can assure you that the hype is totally justified. While no record can offer the same unbelievable intensity of the live show, this album *fucking rocks*. The vocals, in a style similar to WARHEAD, echo with reverb and venom. The music doesn't overwhelm with speed, it overwhelms with heaviness. Toms thunder, the bass rings (*lots* of bass in this recording, and it's all for the better), and the guitar leads are short and executed with maximum impact. While one can detect elements in DESTINO FINAL's songs that draw from bands from all over the globe (DISCHARGE, MG-15, CONFUSE), the totality of their sound is both very unique and very much *now*. It's certainly not hyperbole to say that *Atrapados* is bound to be considered a classic further on down the road, and it would behoove you to get yourself a copy ASAP. (AU)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

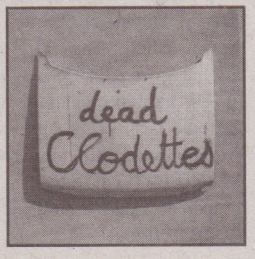
DFI / UNLOGISTIC – split EP

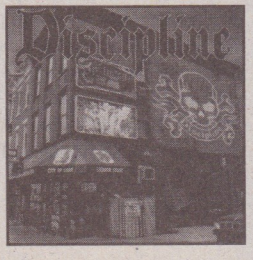
DFI spends no time getting things moving with their songs. Fast hardcore with chunky, palm-muted riffs to inspire circle pits and black eyes is what we have here. They kind of remind me of Swedish hardcore à la DS-13 crossed with any number of '80s hardcore bands. UNLOGISTIC has a sort of melodic hardcore sound, but isn't really consistent with that sense. I'd compare them to a more melodic MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, but at times the out-of-time beats make it hard to follow. (BD)
(Cut My Balls)

DIGITAL LEATHER – "Power Surge / Shattered Reflection"

I avoided DIGITAL LEATHER forever, thinking they were







hipster "darkwave," and they (he?) might be, but there is no denying the fucking hooky-ness of their discs. The new one is no slouch, though not sure how punk this is. Total new wave darkness, like a fucked up NEW ORDER or TUBEWAY ARMY. Electronic drums with deep, dark keyboards and the requisite Ian Curtis vocals. The B-side is a little throwaway, but the A hits the spot. 'Scuse me while I go and apply white face makeup and slit my wrists… (TB)
(FDH)

DISCIPLINE – "Anthology" 2xCD

I know there are people out there that like this stuff, but it's not me. I can occasionally hang with slick Oi that borders on pop punk, and this is just that, but not today. As the title would imply, this double-CD is an anthology of the band's releases. (JU)
(I Scream)

DFI / UNLOGISTIC – split EP

DFI spends no time getting things moving with their songs. Fast hardcore with chunky, palm-muted riffs to inspire circle pits and black eyes is what we have here. They kind of remind me of Swedish hardcore à la DS-13 crossed with any number of '80s hardcore bands. UNLOGISTIC has a sort of melodic hardcore sound, but isn't really consistent with that sense. I'd compare them to a more melodic MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, but at times the out-of-time beats make it hard to follow. (BD)
(Cut My Balls)

DOUG DEREK AND THE HOAX – "Who the Hell Is Doug Derek?" LP

This appropriately titled LP collects twelve unreleased tracks dating back to 1980 and '81 from this obscure New Haven, CT band that never actually had a record. It opens with "Bobby's Gotta Get Back to Boston," a near-*perfect* power-pop tune falling on the lighter, wimpier end of the genre. Unfortunately, this turns out to be the most rocking of the bunch by a long shot; the rest of the LP is filled out with some over-produced, wince-inducing radio-friendly pap with titles like "Show Your Love" and "I Need Your Love (Let Me Take You into the Night)." The low point is their reggae-influenced number that closes side one. I mean, you know I can get down with some wimpy shit, but sheesh… this is really mellowing my harsh and I'm *not* into it. (CS)
(Rave Up/Backstreet One)

D9 – "Mitkafa Matmedet" CD

Named after the type of bulldozer cruelly re-outfitted with armor by the Israeli army for occupation, D9 produces music here that is similarly destructive. Stop-and-start throttling power-violence thrashing driven with speeding blast-beats, sandwiched between slow and punishing, sludgy, crushing dirge and scraps of noise. Slathering throaty and harsh vocals scream as it speeds by, but D9 retains a stripped-down hardcore punk feel as opposed to a more metallic "grind" tone, making for a harsh 19 tracks in 28 minutes. The lyrics are entirely in Hebrew. (KS)
(Heart & Crossbone)

EATING GLASS – "Feed Them to the Vultures" EP

A well paced record that displays a relentless, not-so-friendly buzzsaw guitar distortion as well as a healthy breadth of hardcore range. From song to song—and even riff to riff—EATING GLASS really held my attention, employing tempo changes with ferocity to develop great songs and a solid sound. They nicely merge chop beats and youth crew flair into punk-as-fuck territory as they confidently stagger across seven inches of turquoise vinyl hardcore. They thank Chris Colohan on the insert and I would not be shocked if the SWARM was on heavy rotation during these guys' formative approach to this band / release. Not to say this is anywhere near the debilitating quality the SWARM exemplified in their day, but it's a good record and the kind I like to see on No Idea. Var has a knack for good music, and his heavier / hardcore records tend to be gems in my book. (RM)
(No Idea / High Anxiety)

EL BANDA – "Wisi Mi" EP

A new four-song EP from Warsaw's recently re-formed EL BANDA, who features the bassist of POST REGIMENT and carries on that band's tradition of melodic punk with impassioned female vocals, anthemic choruses, and at times a jumpy, ska-like staccato guitar. Where EL BANDA diverges into their own territory is the large, layered nature of this recording and production, which has almost a new wave-ish feel and is less directly punchy than their LP. The re-recording here of one of the LP tracks shows the drums muted back in comparison, but there's no less impact, it's just more by mood than speed or a blunt attack. The lyrics are quirky, poetic, and weird. Perfect! (KS)
(Pasazer)

ESQUERITA – "You Better Believe Me" EP

Nice little entry into the soul sweepstakes (I could have done without the slick backing vocals, but what the hey) from 1969 by a genius better known for his wild '50s sides (one of which, "What Was Wrong," is on the flip). Bonus LITTLE RICHARD interview in which the Georgia Peach gives props to ESQUERITA (and talks about hanging around the bus station because he couldn't sleep: oh Richard!) is worth the price of admission alone. (DD)
(Norton)

EXTORTION – "Terminal Cancer" EP

EXTORTION has surprised me quite a bit with this EP, especially since I've liked but not been blown away by their previous releases. *Terminal Cancer* has a self-proclaimed "raw as piss" recording, which might wholly account for my change of heart. Hardcore is meant to be crude and with this recording EXTORTION sounds very harsh and bludgeoning as hell—ten songs of uncontrollably demented, violent hardcore. The relentlessness of the songs brings to mind NO COMMENT's *Downsided* EP, and *Terminal Cancer* has also somehow achieved the flawlessness of that record, which is no easy feat. I'd go as far to call *Terminal Cancer* one of the ten best powerviolence records I've ever heard. Rararghhhh, this is *so* goddamn raw, mean, and bleak. (CI)
(Short Fuse / Way Back When)

FAST BOYS – "Rock 'n' Roll Trash" CD

Judging this book by the cover left me with a ghastly impression of a late third-string entry into the attempted punk / glam sweepstakes that always seemed to smack more of hair metal than glam, although the ordinariness of the band's looks undercuts their posturing in an amusing way. The music is in the expected vein, although, while far from being remarkable, is not nearly so bad as I'd braced myself for: as with the cover pose, they're probably more interesting than if they were more successful at doing what they were trying to do. (DD)
(Zodiac Killer)

FNU RONNIES – 12"

The first 12" vinyl release from this Philly band is three songs on one side of an LP with the flipside being blue ink drawings over clear vinyl. These three songs are pretty rad. All are weird and rockin' except for the third, which is weird and swayin'. The first song sorta sounds like BRAINIAC slowed down, which ain't so bad. The second song, "Golemsmoke," is the longest of the three with the same slow bass line keeping the pulse while all sorts o' racket is made over the rhythm. The record ends with a sigh of quasi-ambient industrial drone sounds. (MU)
(Night People)

GAY, GAY, GAY, GAY BONERS – "Trees Are Bonerz" EP

A tremendous waste of time and money. BLANK DOGS connection. (BB)
(no info)

GO! – "Your Power Means Nothing" EP

Nice. I've been a huge GO! fan since I was a wee lad, and this second 7" of theirs from 1990 was the one I never found. To summarize, GO! was a part of the original ABC No Rio scene along with Born Against, Citizens Arrest, etc. They played in a much more youth crew-influenced style of fast hardcore than many of their politically oriented peers did, but GO! too were very outspoken in their politics. With super short songs—many between one and three seconds—they managed to pack many a message into their 7"s, of which there were four in the original era of the band, and two more since the resurrection. Damn, I still love this shit. (JU)
(self-released)

GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE / SHANG-A-LANG – split EP

Both sides on this split 7" are totally awesome. From beginning to end you have trashy pop-punk played at breakneck speed. On the SHANG-A-LANG side they do one original and two covers. The original song is pretty killer; it's kind of a cross between TULSA and THIS BIKE IS A PIPE-BOMB. And one of the covers they do is a HICKEY song that sounds exactly like HICKEY. They totally nailed it—impressive. Flip the EP over, and on the GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE side you get spastic, aggressive punk rock. It's one of those records where they're playing so fast and the vocals are so high-pitched that you think it's at the wrong speed at first. The music is a combination of early-'80s hardcore and riot grrrl, like BABES IN TOYLAND covering an ANGRY SOMOANS song, but GOD

EQUALS GENOCIDE has some poppy breakdowns that throw you for a loop. They're all over the place. Pretty cool stuff. (FS)
(Razorcake)

GOVERNMENT WARNING – "Paranoid Mess" LP

Don't even tell me you haven't heard these guys yet 'cause I don't have the time to explain to you just how pathetic that would be. Two words for you, pal: missing out. And now after two fantastic EPs and a debut LP that I almost wore through the grooves from playing too much, GOVERNMENT WARNING comes out with another full-length that refuses to let down anyone's expectations! And for any jerk who says these guys dig the F.U.'S too much (and what's wrong with that?), I have to announce here and now that these boys have come a long way and totally have a sound of their own. The tunes here sound like…er…the F.U.'S, but you can also hear a nice mix of the first VERBAL ASSAULT record and a little bit of early ACCÜSED as well. The lyrics are cool as usual, and I will just say that the title of this record sums up the attitude of the songs. Great band! (BG)
(La Vida Es Mus / Grave Mistake / No Way)

THE GRIZZLEY ENDS – "The Unfortunate Demise of the Grizzley Ends" EP

Check this out—a brand new band putting out a 7" record limited to only 60 copies. We've turned a serious corner here, folks. We are now definitely in the era of limited-edition records. Skip that part where you try to expose your band to people, and just go straight to the limited-edition vinyl. I think this is the GRIZZLEY ENDS' first record and already they're doing this. Weird. Anyway, the GRIZZLEY ENDS are a very melodic pop punk band from the UK. At best, you can sometimes hear a vague glimpse of OFF WITH THEIR HEADS or JAWBREAKER. It's some OK music, but kind of standard and formulaic stuff. This isn't going to turn any heads. (FS)
(Squinty Joe)

FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS – "Who Said These Were Happy Times" LP

So you see them on the street sometimes—good-looking girls or skinny, shaggy guys in their VIVIAN GIRLS shirts, on their way from the part-time job at the organic grocery store, on their way home to listen to their WAVVES records, then cooking a big tofu dinner, and then going to dance, dance, dance to THEE OH SEES at Amnesia. You see those people and it makes you fucking sick, because they're shit, worse than shit, there isn't a name for those people yet. They're the homogenized version of everything you like, part of the shit system with their no socks and tight flannels and morals. You see them and wish there was something that could come out and stomp, I mean fucking annihilate, every one of those going-green, one-less-car, 40 oz. of Colt 45 (cuzza that big ad campaign in *Vice*) sipping pieces of human garbage. Something to crumble and crack them, blow them up and not leave a trace. This is terrible. Buy this and your girlfriend will leave you in minutes. But fuck, it's worth it. (BB)
(Going Underground / Square Wave)

HICKOIDS – "Waltz-A-Cross-Dress-Texas" CD

A reissue of the HICKOIDS' second album from 1989. Recorded by Spot, this album sounds amazingly cohesive despite the liner notes' claim that the band only practiced (maybe) twice before recording it. The HICKOIDS were from Texas and this album sees them pushing their twisted take on country music to the silly extreme. I can just picture a scene similar to that one in the *Blues Brothers*. The band is playing to a bunch of hillbillies that suddenly realize what the they're singing about and all hell breaks loose. Even though back then, the HICKOIDS were actually playing for the punks with their Texas compatriots BUTTHOLE SURFERS, but I bet the reaction was similar. The only disappointment about this reissue is the length. Eight songs on a CD is pretty lame. The reissue of the first record had nineteen tracks. They could have at least included the Christmas single (a personal favorite of mine). Aside from that minor complaint, it is still great to have this reissue. The band is reuniting for a new album and will be doing a West Coast tour in July, which unfortunately will have already happened by the time you read this. But you know I will be there. (CK)
(Saustex)

HJERTESTOP – "Åårh Fuck… Det Er Hjertestop" EP

This record is hands-down my favorite EP out of Denmark in the last six years. Here we have the reissue on Fashionable Idiots. For those unaware, HJERTESTOP plays the perfect mix of early Danish punk (e.g. CITY-X) mixed with early US hardcore from bands like CHRONIC SICK and RED CROSS. The lyrics, which are sung both in Danish and English, deal with anger, frustration, angst, drinking, and drugs. The songs are really well written and contain an original edge that sets HJERTESTOP apart, while defining them as a great band. This is a masterpiece that will be played for many years to come. This being my last month reviewing here I feel honored to have got this record to review. (WK)
(Fashionable Idiots)

HOLLYWOOD SWANK – "Can't Get Fixed" CD

What is it about Toronto that keeps spitting out these piss-and-vinegar, venomous punk / rock 'n' roll bands? I was only ever there once, and it seemed like a pretty normal city to me, yet it seems to produce more than its fair share of good rock 'n' roll!! HOLLYWOOD SWANK follows that trend with a pretty decently self-produced CD here. At times it becomes a little tedious to listen to a full-length of this…but then again, if I was at the bar or sitting at home with a few beers in me, I'd probably be way more into it! Overall, this is good party music that reminds me of the MURDER CITY DEVILS at times and that's not a bad thing at all! (ML)
(Wasted Breath)

HOODS – "Pit Beast" CD

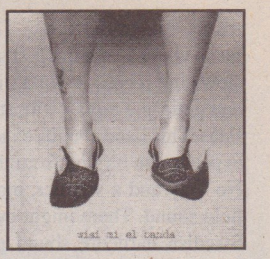
If you don't already know Sacto's HOODS, here's a lyrical sample (from the song "Let's Have Fun") to give you a taste: "Fists are a swinging, beers we're a drinking / Time for some fun, so let's stop thinking / Pour me another, gonna start a fight / Let's get drunk and party tonight / The emo kids are crying, fashion victims dying / Punk rockers moshing, SxE kids are fighting / Skins are looking hard at the edge of the pit / All the ladies in the front are showing their tits." Not my thing. (VX)
(I Scream)

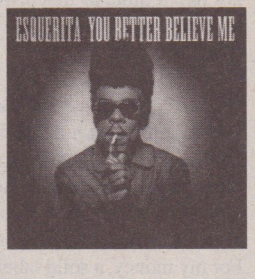
HOORAY FOR EVERYTHING – "Killy McGee" CD

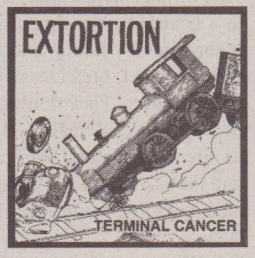
This Oakland trio is originally from Santa Barbara, and you may remember them as BRAINTREE. Apparently they moved up here and reformed as HOORAY FOR EVERYTHING. I've never heard of either incarnation (not that I've heard of every Bay Area band…). They apparently have current and former members of ANNIHILATION TIME, but couldn't sound any less like that band. This is some less-than-memorable rock that does not appeal to me whatsoever. Pick any number of Fat Wreck bands from 1998 to compare to this. (BD)
(self-released)

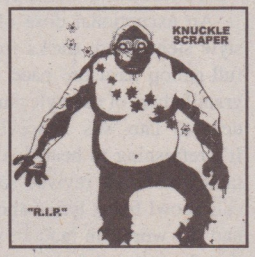
HUMAN MESS – "Anger Problems" EP

I would definitely like this a lot more if it weren't a handful of sniveling little pervert boys doing it, but what else is new? These five hardcore tunes are generally pretty simple, with catchy guitar and screamed and desperate vocals that sound like









it's the end of the world. The songs on side A have fast switches, and the first song on side B definitely slows the record down a bit, but it's all kept pretty energetic and raging with straightforward punk bass lines. This band sounds exactly like what you would expect to be birthed from the joining of a label like No Way and a weirder, more tweaked-out Bakersfield sound. There might even be a bit of the recent Swedish hardcore sound poking around in there, but with less snotty, SEX VID-style vocals. It's way faster and crazier than their previous EP, but I might not like it quite as much. 100 on red, 500 on black. Snatch it up. (DA)
(Desensitized)

HUMAN MESS – "Follow You Home" 12"

I'm a picky sonofabitch when it comes to hardcore, but I love what I like. And not being totally plugged into the hardcore scene, there are a few key indicators I look for to wade through the thrashy mess of hardcore releases. One is the No Way logo. For my money, a solid label to take a chance on. On this 12", HUMAN MESS puts their fucking foot on your throat and just wails away, non-stop, beats you to a beautiful, bloody pulp. Just fucking ferocious without totally falling into all the tired hardcore clichés. Ragged, breathless vocals and perfectly blistering guitars. They don't quite have the catchiness of, say, GOVERNMENT ISSUE, but are every bit as intense as the best stuff coming out of Richmond, and they deliver a hot Bakersfield rawness that will chap your ass. Scum stats: 100 white vinyl, 200 red. (IS)
(No Way)

THE HUMANS – "Pop!" EP

Who names their band the HUMANS? Not only are they not the first band called the HUMANS, they might not even the first band from Reno called the HUMANS. I need to get over it, as the music itself is right up my alley. It's mid-tempo and catchy punk rock, with a little poppy-ness to it. Four tracks that all rock pretty well. My one complaint is that the record sounds a little muffled. (KK)
(Rich Bitch)

INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL – "North of Nowhere…South of Somewhen" LP

An exceptional dose of nine burly, AMEBIX-style stench-core tracks from Germany. There's a full-gallop hardcore pace never reached by those grandfathers of the style, and this owes just as much debt to late-'80s Peaceville-style head-crushing. It's refreshing to hear this largely mid-tempo metallic crust style revived so well—wicked dual vocals scowl bleak lyrics about the state of mankind and the world, in tandem with doomy, heavy riffs that fly fast and furious. Mid-tempo epic metallic doom riding, total dreadlock headbanging. You'll find yourself covered in cider and you haven't even flipped the record over to the second side. Nice recording, acoustic bridges, seagull noises, gatefold sleeve with lyrics and a nice large foldout poster. Crustacular!! Totally recommended! (KS)
(Bołzkow)

JETZ – "Catch Me / Breaking It Down"

Holy crap! The A-side of this 7" is un-*fucking*-believably incredible!! Fast and catchy as hell, "Catch Me" is the epitome of power-pop. This song channels the energy of, and actually possibly precedes, the likes of bands like RUDI and numerous other contemporaries at the time. Unfortunately, the B-side falls far below the high standard set by the A-side… "Breaking It Down" is not a bad song at all, but it veers more into a glam direction reminiscent of early SLADE rather then the infectious power-pop sounds on the A-side. According to the info on the Sing Sing website, JETZ was formed in the UK in 1974, and the songs on this reissued single were recorded in two separate sessions in 1976 and 1977 and originally released only in Belgium, Germany, Scandinavia, and Holland in 1978 making it pretty obscure. So my most sincere thanks to Sing Sing for unearthing this gem and making it available once again. Get your copy as soon as possible if you're into amazing power-pop / punk!! (ML)
(Sing Sing)

BENNY JOY – "Button Nose / If I Had You"

Jesus-fucking-christ, I love Norton Records. They just don't stop. In their latest tsunami of unearthed, early, amazing, *craaaaaaaaazed* rock 'n' roll, they bring us everything (and more) you could ever want from BENNY JOY, 1950s rockabilly / rock 'n' roll monster. This 45 is part of that flood of releases, which includes five albums, a series of jukebox 45s, and this little gem—two un-issued demos from 1957. "Button Nose" is a stormy, manic early rock number, complete with frantic guitar playing and obligatory yelps and howls. The recording is really lo-fi, making it sound like it's coming out of a little countertop radio at some Southern diner. Just right. The flip, "If I Had You," takes a slow, moody, romantic turn. The song showcases BENNY's pining, wistful singing. (IS)
(Norton)

JUDGEMENT – "Just Be" EP

What we have here is a crucial vinyl issue of JUDGEMENT's CD-only final release from 2000. *Just Be* showed a minor deviation from the door-busting, rampaging hardcore fury that was featured on the previous four singles. The vocals are less beastly and more straightforward hardcore punk. I mean, fuck, when your band includes the singer from LIP CREAM on its final record, you can't lose no matter what, really. It's a sick record by one of the best hardcore bands that the world has ever seen, just not their high-water-mark. The energy is still through the roof, the riffs are fantastic, drums are pounding, and the bass is fucking thunder. A no-brainer, and an absolutely mandatory purchase. (JU)
(Prank)

KEN PARK – "La Haine Dans Les Yeux!!" LP

KEN PARK plays basic, gruff, mid-tempo hardcore punk. The music is non-adventurous mid-tier BLACK FLAG worship. I really like the gravel-huffing vocal style and some of the songs are catchy, but the flat guitar sound and static drumming make it hard to pay attention for very long. I'm gonna give it a B–, because I think KEN PARK has potential, but with this style I'd like the guitar to sound dirtier and the playing to be looser. (CI)
(I Don't Think It Will Be Possible / Wee Wee / Dead Kids / Kawaii / Emergence)

KINTARO – "Power Love" EP

These guys sound heavily influenced by JAWBREAKER and other emo-before-emo-was-emo bands. Don't read that the wrong way though, as this is by no means an emo record—KINTARO just seems like they were influenced by those types of bands. In a subgenre where the music is usually derived from previous bands' sounds, the lyrics usually have to be the attention-getter. The words here aren't bad by any means, but they just don't stand out as being something that I can relate to. (BD)
(Baby Don't)

KNUCKLESCRAPER – "R.I.P." EP

Hopefully this is not the swansong for these power-violence warriors. Featuring members of INSECT WARFARE, HATRED SURGE, HOMO POLICE, and SACRED SHOCK among others, these dudes have a similar sense of humor to SPAZZ, with the ferocity of DESPISE YOU and blast parts that rival CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, while employing the graphic sensibilities of MAN IS THE BASTARD. So hopefully it's obvious as to what this trio sounds like. The drumming on this is fucking phenomenal. What a great record. (VL)
(Rescued from Life)

LENGUAS LARGAS – "I Feel" EP

Dreamy garage-pop from Tucson, AZ. There are some interesting sounds tangled together here: jangly guitars that are not too wimpy, vocals that are barely whispered yet still seem urgent. The two songs on the B-side maintain that dreaminess except with a bunch more noise. More like the dreams I usually have. The more I listen to this, the more I like it. LENGUAS LARGAS has created an original, exciting sound. (CK)
(Tic Tac Totally)

LEXOMYL – "Au Travail" EP

This EP has everything I love about a good punk record: short and simple but catchy tunes, crappy but not so crappy that it's unlistenable recording quality, and cool artwork (in this case a drawing of a guy shoving pills down someone's throat). All the songs are written out and sung in French, so I'm not very confident I know what's being dealt with there. (BD)
(self-released)

LIECHTENSTEIN – "Survival Strategies in a Modern World" CD

I was informed by an excited friend that this was the perfect mix of LILIPUT and the SHOP ASSISTANTS, so naturally I listened with very high expectations, which were very quickly dashed. LIECHTENSTEIN also claims the most excellent, and soon to be reissued '80s Swiss dreamy-punk band CHIN CHIN as an influence too, which I can see more so than either of the aforementioned bands. So while it's clear that their above-average C86-influenced pop would never meet my demands, this definitely isn't a lousy record… I was just expecting the second coming of the SHANGRI-LAS vs. the GO-GOS. It's really well produced, by the band themselves, but I like a little more grit rather than something that sounds as clear and pure as BELLE AND SEBASTIAN singing a fuckin' Christmas carol. Sort of weird that a band that are equally

influenced by the girl-group sound and classic lady-fronted post-punk would get a half-assed review from me, right? I just wanted this to be next-level greatness and instead it's mildly insipid but very catchy and well constructed pop… Sounds like something K or Sarah Records would put out. I guess I just like shit to be not quite so saccharine. (LG)
(Slumberland)

LOADED – "Taste the Power" CD

Mid-tempo heavy rock from Liege, Belgium. This falls somewhere between AC/DC, SABBATH, and MOTÖRHEAD, and would probably be best suited for aged ex-punks who sit in bars. (WN)
(Loadead)

LOVE POTION – "Ejaculator" EP

Charged-up, noisy, grimy rock 'n' roll hardcore from Denmark with a cover depicting a small boy eating a cup of semen. All right! That's how K-Town does it?? Meanwhile there are lyrics about smoking weed, waiting to get a welfare check, anger, and more anger. See, the advantage here is that if this were the guy next to you in your trailer park thinking about spewing his load all over small boys while stoned out of his mind and checking his mailbox every day in his dirty underwear for a welfare check, well, it would be pretty goddamn pathetic and call-the-fucking-cops disturbing. Packed into a eight-song 7" of rampaging, noisy hardcore with solos squealing out of the chaos, you get a buffer where you can at least hope these people are just being fuckheads for the hell of it and inviting you along for a wild good time being outrageous. Like other less-than-PC ragers à la BRODY's MILITIA, the music here has a killer overdrive attack that, well, "nice" people can't always seem to muster. Mean. (KS)
(Adult Crash)

GREGOR MACKENZIE AND THE MISANTHROPES – "Torture That Girl" LP

What is this? I didn't bother to read the liners, but GREGOR MACKENZIE AND THE MISANTHROPES probably came from somewhere near where I think the SUICIDE COMMANDOS were from, and they were around in the late '70s. The A-side has some slow-breathers that are creepy and great—the punker ones less so—but the B-side is fucking *awesome*. "I like doing it in buses or in the backseat of a cab." I hate anything with wheels but *I love sex*. Rave Up usually releases bizzaro live sets by bands that could barely tune a Telecaster, but fuck all that shit, this sounds like the fuckin' RED KRAYOLA or something. Good, stupid, and I like it. Weird. (BB)
(Rave Up)

MAGRUDERGRIND – LP

It's always great to get a record from a band you're already familiar with, only to find that they're twice as good as they were the last time you heard anything from them. MAGRUDERGRIND has always been near the top of the pile in the world of modern grind and power-violence, along with their compatriots in PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER, IN DISGUST, HATRED SURGE, and the ENDLESS BLOCKADE, but with this new sixteen-song LP they're issuing a challenge to all the others to step up their game or to quit trying. Bonus points for the amazing collage art on the covers, and for the great poster in the same style. (VX)
(Six Weeks)

THE MANIKINS – "I Want My Baby Dead / Don't Look Back at Me"

Awesome!! One of my favorite songs from their last album (*Crocodiles* on the label Full Breach Kicks) has now been released as a 7" single—the best format for music ever!! Nothing beats 45 RPM *and* it makes DJing so much easier, but I digress… The MANIKINS from Sweden have cranked out some great music in recent years that blends catchy power-pop riffs and vocals with a stripped down garage-rock feel, not too dissimilar to a band like the KIDNAPPERS or some other Rip-Off Records type of bands… This is highly recommended!! (ML)
(FDH)

M.E.S.S. – "Weekend Ritual Massacre" CD

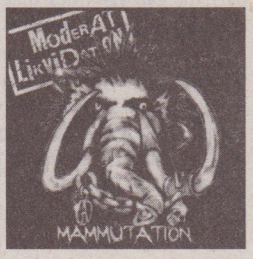
Fast hardcore with vocals somewhere between cookie monster metal barks and BIKINI KILL. I kind of like it, but at the same time it sounds really slick and like it would be humming in the background at a Hot Topic. Oh, and the lyrics are weirdly sexist at the same time they claim to be "bringing riot grrl back from the dead." Uh, no? (MM)
(self-released, no info)

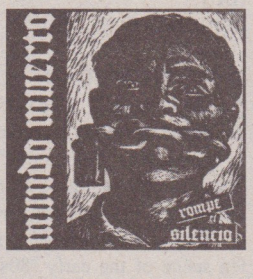
MIKA MIKO – "We Be Xuxa" LP

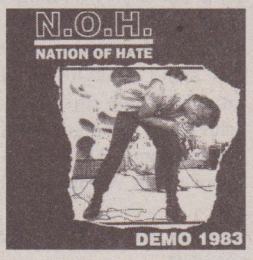
When I first heard this I was truly bummed. One of my favorite bands with a really dead-sounding record *and* a new non-interesting drummer? Plus we went to see them play (with forged hand stamps!) a dull set at the lousy rock club across the street from *MRR*, with the equally tired FUCKED UP. It made me realize that whenever a band wants to "take it to the next level" this is what they actually mean; playing to disinterested / clueless indie-frat rockers at giant half-filled rock venues. Seeing this band—who've blown me away in basements—in *that* context was a total heartbreaker. But Randy said I should listen to the record some more because it was great, and he was right. The first side is all-killer-no-filler, and I wish I had seen 'em play these songs at a less doom-soaked, atmosphere-drained venue. Music like this is meant for house shows, all-ages spaces, illegal basements, not 21-and-over boredom pick-up joints. MIKA MIKO sounds like a band that could have been on Dangerhouse Records, or on the *Beach Blvd* comp. Parts of the guitar sound remind me of AGENT ORANGE or a RIKK AGNEW band, Michelle's playing is so right-on—using the constraints of the above references but somehow making her own style in a well-ploughed brO.C.-laden genre. Plus Jen and Jenna's vocals are maybe my favorite thing—totally rambunctious and wild but not screechy or draining. The sound of perfect girl punk, in short! They compliment each other so excellently—Jenna's slightly throatier voice makes me think of a female version of TONY ADOLESCENT combined with Milo from the DESCENDENTS and Jen has this rad, bratty attack style that is totally non-grating. Listening to LP makes me think of the GO-GOS if they were into hardcore. Seriously, this makes me want to start a band, which is the best thing a record can do for a punk, I think… Also I think you have to listen to it in order, A-side to B-side—it makes more sense, so don't fuck up and get a CD/MP3 bullshit—get the vinyl. (LG)
(PPM)

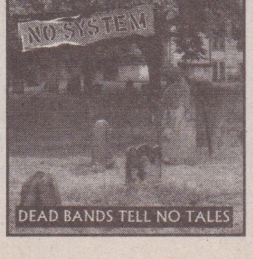
MODERAT LIKVIDATION – "Mammutation" CD

When I first saw this CD I figured it had to be a reissue, but it's not. *Mammutation* is a new CD from the reformed MODERAT LIKVIDATION, who were originally around from 1980-'85. What you'll hear is raw Swedish D-beat hardcore with some rock 'n' roll punk sounds. The first track, "PK" is a dead ringer for DISCHARGE. Some of the more melodic tracks surprisingly remind me of GBH, and some of the more rock 'n' roll tracks have a little MOTÖRHEAD in them. The good news is that this doesn't sound like an attempt to rehash the glory days, but MODERAT LIKVIDATION has the fresh energy of a band that is doing something now and not in the mid-'80s. "Levande Bomb" starts out with a sample and a slow, dark, almost metalish guitar before the band rips into fast D-beat hardcore. "Hal I Marken" is slower and more melodic punk. Other than the first track just being too much *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say*









Nothing, I really liked this CD. (MH)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

MOMMY S3Z NO – "Hotwaterburnbaby" CD

Anime, lectures, stubbed toes, fat junkies, mean dogs, anarcha-feminists, getting my balls kicked so hard it gives me a stomach ache, tattoo flash art, eight-dollar-sandwiches, undercooked Chinese food, WAVVES, anyone who gives me the "metal horns," people who like DIO, "whiskey-soaked" pop-punk vocals, Randy Ransone (just kidding pal), the garbage truck that wakes me up on Thursday mornings, the obscenely loud refrigerator / fan / whatever-the-hell-it-is that's on top of the over-priced burrito joint next to my apartment window that keeps me up all night every night, Rave Up Records!, Thee Parkside, hipster power-violence (and power-violence in general), Whole Foods, Nopa, FINALLY PUNK, my leg itching after I pee my pants a little bit because I didn't shake "it" enough after peeing, people who are really into the OH SEES, the cover art of the new GOVERNMENT WARNING album (sorry Brandon), DRY ROT. (BB)
(self-released)

R. STEVIE MOORE – "U.R. True" EP

The look on R. STEVIE MOORE's face staring out at me from this record cover is kind of twisted. Is he crazy or just intense? Listening to his music doesn't help me figure that out. He doesn't sound either way. His music is power-poppy new wave. It could be some lost recordings from an easily forgotten scene of the early '80s, one where the people worshipped DEVO and IAN DURY as much as '70s classic rock. I am trying to listen really closely to the lyrics, but the music is just a bit too loud for me to decipher them all. The secret is there for you to uncover. Reminds me of a less manic MR. CALIFORNIA. Kind of weird, but really cool. (CK)
(Felony Fidelity)

MOTHER SPEED – "Bizarre Reality" EP

Fitting record title of the month. This record's A-side is dominated by an instrumental that cops the riff from the song that is BLACK SABBATH'S namesake, over which at least one other guitar and some horns play nothing in particular that sounds good nonetheless. The second side is mostly modern thrashing mish-mashed with mosh parts, but they aren't afraid to get creative at times, incorporating '70s rock riffs and additional SABBATH-ry, echo parts, and a goddamn flute outro that is actually awesome. (DG)
(Here's Your Warning / Knee Jerk)

MOVIE STAR JUNKIES / SLOW DANCE – split EP

Two bands with the same members, which probably made the split-single idea a natural, since both bands sound pretty similar. Though I don't know that I see the point of calling it two different bands. Both have a dark cabaret (beats a dark carnival), TOM WAITS feel, though with crooned rather than growled vocals. The electric piano on "I Love You More as Dead" reminds me of the SEEDS and there's a nifty bit of guitar noise in the middle. (DD)
(self-released)

MUNDO MUERTO – "Rompe El Silencio" EP

MUNDO MUERTO hails from Los Angeles and plays a great style of Spanish punk rock. The guitars are bouncy but also dark while still driving. The vocals are really raw and manage to hit that place where you can tell that they are heartfelt without being overdone. They are delivered with a shouting singing style that is a very welcome change of pace from so many bands playing punk these days. Did I mention the perfect back-ups? This record is way too short but very good nonetheless. (WK)
(Que Punk?)

NATION OF HATE – "Demo 1983" EP

This Vermont band's demo (their sole output, I think) has been unearthed and pressed onto vinyl for 109 lucky individuals (the 110th will reside in the *Maximum* library). The seven songs here are split between thrashing with an East Coast feel that gives many of the more well-known classics a run for their money, and some slightly slower stuff with adventurous drumming and cool weirdo guitar work that makes me think they might've had their ears to what was coming out of NYC a few years earlier. The insert includes a band history and short Vermont punk lesson, an *MRR* scene report that gives them mention, and even a few newspaper clippings about the band. (DG)
(Breakaway / Big Heavy World)

NESSERIA / VENOSA – split CD

VENOSA starts off this split with two rather charged numbers that had me reminiscing of days past and bands long gone. These guys could easily be lumped in with recent groups like FUNERAL DINER, TREADWELL, and END ON END (all broken up and not so recent) but as I was listening to their tracks in my headphones, I was really reminded of EX–IGNOTA. That comparison stuck with me and I think suits them well. If you're familiar with any of the aforementioned bands you'll know "melodic" and "emotional" are two terms that get thrown around generously when they're mentioned. That certainly holds true here, yet, to the bands' credit, they do a good job of not wearing out the listener with either of those two elements. We have definitely been taken on the quiet / chaos rollercoaster before, but even after the first listen, I was impressed with the quality and totally into it. I did get exhausted of the singer's voice, even after only two songs (they were long songs, though)—but that's a small complaint for a well written and executed effort. Recommended for those who may not think they'd be into it. If a heavy dose of *crush* is more your style, NESSERIA follows up nicely to fill just such that void. NESSERIA has a strong handle on the metal-core take, but not mosh stuff—you gotta think New England heavy. To give you an idea of where I'm trying to take this, I'd bet 20 Euro that the majority of the riffs from their three songs were lifted from the CONVERGE back catalog. They do them slight justice, keeping it pretty tight and ferocious—no real ear-bleeders, though. (RM)
(Emergence)

NIGHT OWLS – CD

You know what this sounds like? This sounds like kids who were into youth crew hardcore, or maybe even metallic SXE bro-core, who heard FUCKED UP and decided they'd better jump on that train right quick, slowing down the pace a little and adding "epic" parts to all their existing songs. That might sound a little harsh—OK it sounds pretty harsh—but there is definitely one part in the song "Amusing Ourselves to Death" that is a pretty clear rip of a FUCKED UP song. It's not bad, but it's not really my thing. Six songs and a live set. (AM)
(Hex)

NO HEROES – "No Heroes" EP

The first thing that struck me about this record was the production. It's loud, the bass and drums sound thick, and the guitars are prominent. It's well balanced. The riffs are pretty catchy along with some of the choruses. NO HEROES mines their influences primarily from US acts, most noticeably POISON IDEA. When the vocals aren't blown-out (i.e. half the time) they remind me of SIDE BY SIDE. In the insert there's a picture of them cross-dressing, which is cool. Well-executed. Diggin' it... (DB)
(Man Boobs / Sharkcore, no address)

NORTHLESS – "No Quarter for the Damaged" LP

No Quarter for the Damaged is a beautifully packaged and well-presented record, top to bottom—from the awesome bi-fold insert containing the CD of the LP material to the sheer quality of the music itself. The lyric sheet is adorned with powerful art and a strong presence of thoughtfulness and passion. The art itself shares a similar aesthetic to releases by fellow Cheese-heads PROTESTANT, yet NORTHLESS distinguishes themselves as a separate and dangerous beast on these four songs through their excellent display of sludge, blues, and metal. I hear elements, if just a bit, of newer-era NEUROSIS, the better parts of PELICAN, and even slowed-down MASTODON licks maybe...all while maintaining a solid identity in a popular style. This is a bulldozer—check it out! (RM)
(Halo of Flies)

NORTHLESS / PROTESTANT – split EP

The release of a new PROTESTANT record is always a cause for great celebration around my house. Well, more accurately, around my room, since alas, I don't think anyone else at my house cares all that much. Well, it's their loss, since PROTESTANT is one of the best active crust / hardcore bands in this shit country today. I expected their side of this split to kill, and I wasn't disappointed. The one track on their side is one of the best I've heard from them—it grabs you by the throat and doesn't let go. I've always thought that they had excellent taste in music, based on their previous splits with RHINO CHARGE and GET RAD and recent East Coast excursion with the mighty FALL OF EFRAFA, and I'm happy to say that NORTHLESS proved this point to me once more. These fellow Wisconsonites deliver two songs of emotionally charged sludge-core with some of the most memorable lyrics I've come across this year. This 7" is limited to 500 copies, all hand-numbered; buy it and you won't regret your decision. (VX)
(Inkblot)

NORTH LINCOLN – "Midwestern Blood" LP

Solid, emotional mid-tempo punk. It has that tra-

ditional No Idea thing going on—very bearded sweaty dudes in basements. NORTH LINCOLN sounds like a non-country NOTHINGTON or rockier HOT WATER MUSIC. I lost track of this kind of stuff after it blew up somewhere in the mid '00s. It's OK, but that's it. (AD)
(No Idea)

NO SYSTEM – "Dead Bands Tell No Tales" EP

Yes!! It's a stab from the past! Mr. Al Quint, well known for his *Suburban Voice* zine and his columns, will now be exposed as Al Quint, the singer / songwriter / bass player. Mr. Quint's band NO SYSTEM existed from 1984 to 1986. This new No Way Records EP has copious notes on the insert. Mr. Quint speaks of the clichés that appear when looking back on songs written 24 years ago. The basic sentiments still ring true—the songs touch on racism, religious zealots, corporate control of workers, and vigilantes. The music on *Dead Bands Tell No Tales* has stood the test of time well. The guitar hooks accompany Mr. Quint's snotty punk vocals very comfortably. Give this EP a spin. Read Mr. Quint's commentary. You will have a new perspective on one of the premier writers in punk rock. (BR)
(No Way)

NO TOLERANCE – "Boston Straight Edge" EP

Can these guys do no wrong?? Muthafuckin' garden gloves and dog piles!?! Schism shirts and X'ed up dudes named "Doug Free!" The record certainly comes across as a throwback / rehash, but be forewarned this is *not* your pappy's HxC. This is militant straight edge played by the virtuoso duo Chris Corry and Justin DeTore of MIND ERASER fame, continuing the epic project list that relentlessly offers up quality hardcore. This particular record has hints of familiarity, à la PIECE BY PIECE or INTERNAL AFFAIRS, yet is distinctly Boston and definitely their own. DeTore belts out unapologetically hateful lyrics that blur the line between promoting the idea of why they are edge and inciting violence. Certainly JUDGE-worthy. And musically, they are on their own level—no subtle nods to days of yore, no predictable breakdowns, just fucking chunky hooks and pummeling, aggro drums played with an intensity that is easy to get lost in. A beast of a record that will be on my turntable for a while! (RM)
(540)

JEFFREY NOVAK – "One of a Kind / Short Trip Home"

Dude from CHEAP TIME pulling off a couple slower-paced killer jams that end up sounding like NOBUNNY by way of a stoney, drug-addled BEATLES. It's a departure from his other solo stuff—less SPARKS-y. After being spun on the crucible of cruciality (my turntable), this record was found to be, in no uncertain terms, totally crucial for anyone down with poppy garage punk. (P$)
(Sweet Rot)

NO YARD / TRIKORNOA – split EP

NO YARD plays energetic hardcore that alternates between incredibly fast HC and grindcore. It's oddly interesting; the guitarist and drummer almost seem like they're playing different songs. The guitarist plays HC riffs while the drummer is playing grind beats. Sounds weird? Well, it is, but it oddly works well. TRIKORONA plays dark and chaotic HC complete with blast beats, slow breakdowns, and fast parts. They had two songs that were very heavy and reminded me of HIS HERO IS GONE, if HIS HERO IS GONE had been addicted to meth. Two, maybe three singers (there's a lot going on and the songs are all over the place so it's hard to tell) and no matter how many there are they all sound possessed. Both bands are from Japan, though I'm not sure which part. All lyrics are written in Japanese. (VL)
(Too Circle)

NUCLEAR FAMILY – "Doublespeak" EP

Awesome 7" right here. Three songs of '90s throwback that have a strong L7 feel. But like L7 when they sounded way punk, not the *Hungry For Stink*-era droning grunge they did. That stuff is also good, but NUCLEAR FAMILY plays way faster and more spastic. The vocals are totally killer too; they cut like a knife through the songs. Great stuff—I want to hear more. (FS)
(Loudpunk)

NUNSLAUGHTER / SYPHILITIC VAGINAS – split EP

This is a no-brainer for most folks who would want to get their metal on. Ohio's NUNSLAUGHTER have been dishing out low-fidelity black metal for about 300 years now, and they are no better or worse than they ever have been. It kinda feels like what I imagine the band is on that *Metalocalypse* cartoon that everyone keeps telling me I would be into. For me, this is really a one-band record, but considering that band is the phenomenon called SYPHILITIC VAGINAS, that is totally OK with me. SYPHILITIC VAGINAS only offers up one track, "Under Satan's Command," and it absolutely destroys! Metal up you ass and all that shit; this is one of the best bands going today, and my only hope is that they don't turn into a cartoon like….ahem…some bands from the punk scene who play metal have. (WN)
(Rescued from Life)

OAK & BONE – "On Your Own or Not at All" EP

Judgin' by the cover art I thought that this would be straight psychedelic or stoner rock, and I wasn't too far off the mark: this is psychedelic / stoner *hardcore*. Take a few hardcore kids, get them really high, and sit them down with a stack of BLACK SABBATH, 16, GRIEF, and MAMMATUS records, and this just might be the result. If you hadn't guessed, I really like this record. This shit is good. Copies also come with a digital download song featuring all four songs on the 7" plus a fifth bonus song, for all you computer / iPod types. (VX)
(Hex)

ONNA – CD

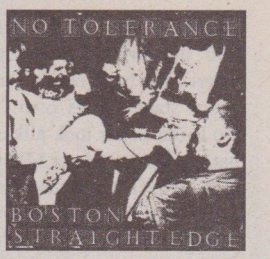
This CD pairs ONNA's 1983 single (reissued on vinyl a couple months ago by the same label that did this CD) with a ton of outtakes and live tracks. The studio material here, produced by MICHIRO ENDO of the STALIN, is a mix of experimental new wave and psychedelic rock delivered at a crawling pace—scratchy guitar and haunting vocals over a drum machine. The live stuff (sans percussion) is even *more* sparse and measured, with some tracks stretching out towards the fifteen-minute mark, making the preceding seven-minute studio versions seem positively brief and driving in comparison! OK, so this is truly at the edge of *MRR*'s area of coverage, but it's one of the most intense and compelling releases I've heard in long time. What pushes this reissue CD into "essential" territory is the accompanying insert and packaging, which feature extended liner notes as well as artwork by band leader Keizo Miyanishi (an underground *manga* artist) that ranks up there with Nick Blinko. Highly recommended, and mandatory if you appreciate the more experimental moments of the VELVET UNDERGROUND or early Ohio art-punk bands like PERE UBU. (CS)
(Holy Mountain)

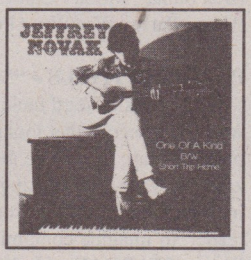
OPEN CASKET – "Worst Case Scenario" CD

Basic Austin garage punk. Played loud and direct, volume over quality. All too primeval for my tastes and just not enough going on to hold my attention. (SD)
(Mortville)

THE PATRONS / THRASHINGTON DC – split EP

THRASHINGTON DC is neither thrashing nor from DC;





rather they are a French band that play some high-fivin' stagedivin' hardcore that's a bit polished and generic and have nothing to make their side of the record stand on its own. The PATRONS feature two Brian Baker look-alikes and have a cool sound that has sort of a later MINOR THREAT or RITES OF SPRING-ish tortured crooning over urgent yet tempered riffs. They conjure up the lethargic sunny afternoon with thoughts of the imminent end of the world bubbling below the surface. Worth picking up for the PATRONS side. (DG)
(Ben Salad / Moon / Can I Say? /Emergence / One Person Party / Wee Wee / Positively Negative)

POPITILOPITILUS – "Mini Skirt" EP

Holy balls!! Weird fucking shits from the Northwest, on a record that looks like a shitty folk-punk piece of crap. *Do not be fooled*, as this is some bizarre, in-your-face fucking punk, and three songs in, I think I might be hooked! I would like you, dear reader, to imagine combining the nonsensical brilliance of FAT DAY with the abrasive sensory attack of BLATZ. This record is really all over the place and disjointed, but as a result it holds my interest, if only because I have no clue what they will do next. Seven songs, one of which features my single favorite lyric of the month, if not all time: "I can't remember my last meal, I think it was your mom." A totally original record, great shits. (WN)
(Stank House)

PRF – "We Got Disease" EP

PRF plays very European-style straight edge thrash in the vein of DS-13 and VITAMIN X, but they're from Portland. I dig this style of straight edge hardcore because the lyrics are way more punk than posi-core, and the sentiments of being stabbed in the back or whatever are kept to a minimum. Listening to this a third time now, I have to say it is pretty goddamn good! I heard these dudes have an LP from a couple of years ago that I might try to track down. (BG)
(Dead Kids)

PROJECT HOPELESS – "Av Hela Mitt Hjärta" EP

This is highly political crust from Sweden that has a bit of a '90s throwback feel to it. The tunes are thick and meaty, with few frills. Think STATE OF FEAR or early SKITSYSTEM for reference points. I like the higher-voiced singer's desperate edge; it lends some urgency to these mostly fairly pedestrian songs. In the end, I can't call this essential. Don't get me wrong though—it's certainly not bad and the lyrics are right on. (AU)
(Crisispoint / DistroY / Inget Jävla Chafs / Not Enough / Undislessed)

QUICK FIX – "Fake" EP

The band's label may be Danish, but the curious will pleased to land upon this slice of Swedish hardcore. The sound suggests the tight, potent style of the first REBEL TRUTH EP, while the incanted vocals have an MDC flavor. Not overproduced, the six songs are generally fast (except for the mid-speed closing tune), and the stereo mix renders a full-fleshed sound. The B-side is blank, making for all the more tumult on the A-side. Well above average. (SS)
(Adult Crash)

READYMADES – "San Francisco: Mostly Live" LP

Seven tracks studio, seven tracks live (quality thankfully good) all recorded in 1978. A band that I know zero-to-nothing about, but am impressed by. A harder JONATHAN RICHMAN, with a herky-jerky DEVO feel mixed up with the squeaky, infectious glory of the DICKIES. I can even see them as the predecessors to the ANGRY SAMOANS. All helped along with whacked-out keyboards, piano, sax, and a touch of power-pop and the early beginnings of new wave (SD)
(Rave Up)

REAL UGLY – "Live Suffer and Struggle" EP

REAL UGLY is a good way to describe the music (in a good way). This two-person band from Pennsylvania makes some heavy sounds that are a little grindcore, a little hardcore, and noisy. This isn't power-violence but I swear I hear some SUPERBAD or PLUTOCRACY in their sound. There is always something special and messy about two-person bands—somehow the messiness, chaos, and fun are all the more apparent, and REAL UGLY is no exception. (MH)
(Agromosh)

REIGNING SOUND – "Love and Curses" CD

There are some bands that transcend labels, genres, or scenes—they just *are*. Greg Cartwright and his band are true *songwriters*, not penning a tune to fill up airtime or to be pressed onto another forgotten black slab that will end up as landfill. These cats write it from the heart. I'm baffled as to why they continue relatively un-lauded (except in the punk and garage community), because their songs have so much depth and soul that their appeal is pretty universal. It's the kinda thing I can throw on when my Dad is in the car…or when hitting a show with a bunch of pals. So after all this time (I mean *Too Much Guitar* was what? Four years ago? Jeez), was it worth the wait? Of course! Less hard-rockin' STONES than the last disc, with the songs having more in common with the *Time Bomb Highschool* LP of a few years back. Think *Nebraska*-era SPRINGSTEEN, or maybe the BYRDS, but wait—there's some punk rock chops in there…and…and. Masterful and sublime, yet another Cartwright disc that will remain lodged in the player for some time to come. Essential? Always. (TB)
(In The Red)

RETAINERS – "Waste of Time / Die Baby Die"

The RETAINERS are totally the most exciting new band coming out of the Midwest right now, and this single is only further evidence to that notion. This is some high-energy, dirty rock 'n' roll. They're just as catchy as MARKED MEN, and just as sleazy as JAY REATARD. Both tracks are scorchers, but the title track is amazing. Highly recommended. (FS)
(Fashionable Idiots)

THE RETICENTS – "EP I & EP II" CD

I wasn't expecting to be blown away based on the sparse packaging (minimal, lo-res cover art, no lyrics, no band contact, no info on where these tracks are from, etc.), so I was pleasantly surprised by the highly energetic and raging hardcore punk rock that emanated from my stereo speakers when I popped this li'l platter into my CD player. The RETICENTS fall in the middle ground between classic American and UK82 hardcore styles, taking the speed and intensity of the former and the drive and melody of the latter. At ten tracks, it makes its point nicely but doesn't wear out its welcome. This reminds me of bands like CAUSTIC CHRIST, LAST IN LINE, KRUMBUMS, etc. Not breaking any new ground, but totally solid all the same. If I could make one criticism, I'd suggest a dirtier recording—as is usually the case with CDs, the sound is a little on the sterile side. But nevertheless, check this out, especially if you're an avid reader of Bruce Roehrs' column. (CS)
(Zodiac Killer)

REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN – "Make Pigs Smoke" CD

This is literally my worst nightmare: mainstream pop punk with hardcore influences creating such gems as "Cosmopolitan Horse Tits" and "Donkey Yeast Infection." I'd rather drink my own piss. (DA)
(TNS)

RICH WHITE MALES – "We've Come to Kick Ass and Play Bubblegum" CD

By the numbers snotty stupid punk a la SCREECHING WEASEL and THE QUEERS. Fun competent stuff that has been done to death. I'd put this in the middle of the heap. (RL)
(Cheapskate)

R.I.F. – "It Was 25 Years Ago Today" CD

From the cover I was expecting generic, UK82-style two-chord skint-punk, but this was a total surprise. Very well written melodic punk that actually manages to bridge the gap between the COCK SPARRER / pub / '77 / street sound and RAMONES / '90s American pop punk. I thought they were probably Canadian but visiting their web page I see they're Swedish... Shoulda known. The album title relates to the fact that they've been around since 1984. They originally had a more hardcore sound—in fact they were on the *Vikings Are Coming* compilation back in 1986—and it's a shame that they haven't had more recognition because this is truly great. Don't let the cover fool you—this is as good, catchy, and tuneful punk as I've heard in a while. It's sugar sweet yet tough as nails. The disc is five new tracks, six from '86, and an eleven-song demo from 1984. Goosepimple-inspiring good. (AD)
(MASH)

RONDOS – "Destroy the Entertainment" 2xLP

If you read my column last month (of course you did!) where I gushed over this band and intimated this release, you'll be familiar with how much I looked forward to this double album. The first LP comprises the RONDOS' 1980 album *Red Attack*, while the second contains their *Fight Back!* EP and their tracks from split singles and compilations, as well as a live set from 1978. Add to the package a complete lyric sheet and a 24-page booklet with photos and a history of the band. The RONDOS were one of Holland's earliest punk bands, and initially shared similarities with UK bands like CRASS in that they considered politics, art, and ac-

tivism to be appropriate activities for punk bands. For a while they seemed to consider music as simply one wing of their left-leaning propagandist collective. That music took the form of abrasive, propulsive post-punk with short songs, chiming guitars, and direct, thoughtful lyrics. The live side in particular is a revelation to me, as I'd never heard this recording before. In this early (fast) incarnation, they were really fellow travelers of bands like MINUTEMEN or MIDDLE CLASS (and possibly in ignorance of one another). I can't recommend this collection highly enough. It's been imported to the US by the good people at Mississippi Records in Portland, and distributed to fine record shops via Revolver, so do yourself a favor and seek it out. (AM)
(Red Wig)

THE ROOSTERS – "Guns Up" CD

This quartet from Warsaw, Poland plays a pretty solid brand of pop punk. Well played and well produced, this disc features lyrics sung in English over some catchy contemporary poppy punk tunes. On the eight-song CD I heard elements of RANDY, the APERS, FACE TO FACE, NEW FOUND GLORY and the LOVED ONES. Good stuff with "Falling" and "One Shot Winner" among the best songs featured. (RK)
(Lou & Rocked Boy)

RUDI – "I-Spy" EP

A bit overshadowed by their other early material because it doesn't possess a track as perfect as "Big Time," "Overcome by Fumes," or "The Pressure's On," RUDI's second 7" is nonetheless a strong outing in the classic Northern Irish punk tradition. The title track is the best here—a creepy tune greatly enhanced by its straightforward pop delivery—though all four are solid. Once again, Sing Sing has done an excellent job on this reissue, faithfully reproducing the signature Good Vibrations foldout sleeve. Highly recommended. (CS)
(Sing Sing)

RUN WITH THE HUNTED – "Destroy All Calendars" 12"

Great packaging on this record, with a beautiful silk-screened sleeve, and a screened, one-sided record on colored vinyl. But the music is what this is all about, right? So on to the music. Hailing from the sunny state of Arizona, RUN WITH THE HUNTED plays fast (as opposed to mosh-inducing), groove-heavy modern hardcore in the vein of DANGERS or LEWD ACTS, and they play it well. Lyrically they deal with personal and political struggle without relying on clichés or fake-feeling calls to action, and they include lengthy and intelligent song explanations here, something I really wish more bands would do. My only complaint would be that when the A-side was over I really, really wanted to listen to the B-side, which was of course non-existent. Hopefully we'll get an LP from these kids soon. (VX)
(Glory Kid)

SAD HORSE – "North Portland Music Series, Volume #2" EP

I really tend to like things that sound like they are on the edge of tumbling apart. I like chaotic shouting. Things that sound like a sudden burst of electricity from a bored basement. This has all that. I just wish they would invest in a fucking distortion pedal. I just need more distorted fuzz, you know? This kind of music, sans distortion and blown-out speakers, just makes me feel like I'm at a vegan potluck. (MM)
(Mississippi)

SCOLD FOR WANDERING / STELLAR DRIVE — split LP

So I think the first side of this split is best described as screamy emotional hardcore. Screamo seems unfair. Not a fan, but seems well done for what it is. I actually like some of the parts (a few seconds here and there). I might like it if it was faster and sounded like JOHN HENRY WEST or HEROIN. But it doesn't. The STELLAR DRIVE side of the split seems like a cross between PELICAN (or some instrumental Hydra-head band) and HER SPACE HOLIDAY. It's kind of like... um...totally gorgeous! Oh no... I think I like it! Too bad I'm not a massage therapist. I would so play this. (DB)
(Emergence)

SECURICOR – "Only in Death" EP

SECURICOR is from Chicago and plays pretty standard metallic crust punk with dual male / female vocals. The band kind of reminds me of a simpler FLEAS AND LICE with the exception of the female vocalist whose voice seems a bit more suited to post-punk or some subgenre thereof. Sometimes it's going for ENGLISH DOGS-style thrash ("Only in Death"), sometimes it's surprisingly moshy in a '90s straight edge way ("Intrinsic Minds"). The lyrics are about religion, capital punishment, and class oppression. The production is thin. I like some of the fast, metallic riffage all right, but personally I'm not into much else. (DB)
(self-released)

TY SEGALL – "Lemons" CD

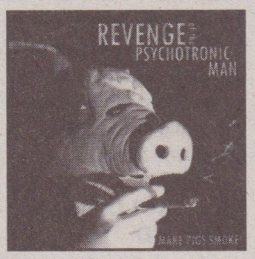
It practically broke my heart when TY SEGALL went from being a one-man band to his current three-piece. Yes, it is well known that I have an unnatural thing for one-man bands, but even still, TY stands out from the rest. There I was at my hundredth SEGALL show faced with the inevitable: an additional drummer and bass player. Alas. But that was months ago and besides, I believe TY is playing all the instruments on this CD apart from drums on one track. So after months of waiting I finally have in my hands SEGALL's second album *Lemons*. What can I say? It is fantastic. More stomping, catchy garage tunes. I'd say the songwriting has matured, but that would be kind of lame. The lyrics are sweet, romantic, and tender. SEGALL's voice is so charming and entrancing. The music is so catchy. The production isn't as blown-out as his debut, but there is still plenty of distortion for a rollicking, dizzying fun time. After the first 50 listens, "Lovely One" is my favorite track. It starts slow and enchanting. "Rusted Dust" has a nice headphone gimmick. The guitar starts the song strumming in the right ear, and then the vocals come in whispering in the left. SEGALL even sounds a bit like Kurt Cobain on that one, too. This is the second amazing album from Goner Records in as many months. Thank you. This is wonderful. (CK)
(Goner)

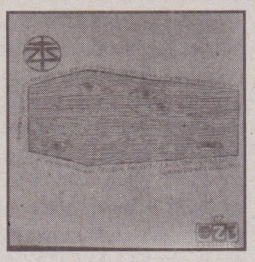
SELVHENTER – "To Fingre I Kudden, Fire Boffer I Skrutten" EP

This is really good Danish punk, a bit on the lo-fi side without sound trashy or tiny. These punx play their songs fast and well, a strong showing leaving me with little to say about the release. We've been here before, it's a good record but unimaginative. They do handle businezz throughout, almost bringing to mind a UK82 sound or something like GERM ATTAK maybe. (RM)
(Bad Hair Life)

SHELLSHAG / THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB – split EP

Oh, fuck yes! I have been listening to this record several times each day since I got it a few months ago. The bands here do the swap thing, covering one of each other's songs with a couple other songs added for good measure. Guitar-and-drum duo SHELLSHAG does an excellent job on "This Is What I Want" by THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, then go on to cover "Promises" by that '80s band WHEN IN ROME—if you're not sure what that song is, you'll know it when you hear it.





Sandwiched between those two is an original song about racing homemade boats through flowing water in the street on a rainy day. I can't tell you how much I love SHELLSHAG—they're so catchy it's almost impossible not to. I can't say I'm too stoked on THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB's newer sound. I can't really tell if it's the distorted guitars or the fact that the recording doesn't sound mastered—the levels don't really seem to come together right. I absolutely loved their first several records, but the last few recordings haven't been what I wanted them to be. I still love seeing them live, and I'll go see them as often as possible either way. Their SHELLSHAG cover is "Make Love," while the originals are "Poison Ivy" (originally included on Rymodee's solo acoustic album, which rules by the way), and "Lou." (BD)
(Plan-It-X South)

THE SKULLCRANES – "Columbia Heights Nights" CD

Man oh man, four guys from the Midwest took a giant crap and called it a record. Dick and fart joke humor translates really badly into punk rock. I don't know which part of this album I like least. Probably the song entitled "Ass, Cash, or Grass," talking about how no ride is free. That was a low point. Oh, and how boring is it to endlessly glamorize alcoholism; wow, you're *soooooo* cool—you drink a lot of beer! Totally impressed! You guys should go down to Unique Thrift Store and donate your guitars, and never touch one again. Shit was boring bar rock. Fuck you for wasting my time. (FS)
(Crustacean)

SKUM CITY – "Skum City" EP

The title track kicks this EP off and reminds me of late-'80s / early-'90s hardcore that I would have been moshing in the pit to, at a Sunday afternoon matinee punk show as a teenager! Overall, the music is competent but not overly sophisticated. I don't mean that in a bad way at all—these guys are sticking to the philosophy of keeping it simple and not trying to re-invent the punk rock wheel. So if you are into this style of hardcore punk, then definitely check out SKUM CITY! And you have no excuses about not buying it because it's vinyl, cuz they have very thoughtfully included a burned CD-R version of the EP for your precious little iPods… (ML)
(self-released)

SMALLTOWN – "Implosion" LP

Wow! Have these guys ever come a long way since their early days. Since their formation in Sweden back in 2000, SMALLTOWN has navigated through their street-punk / skinhead roots and become an incredibly talented pop band that reminds me of the JAM or, on a number of tracks featuring organs, accordion, harmonica, and / or horns, they sometimes have a REDSKINS vibe! SMALLTOWN has matured musically and are now the real deal, complete with clap-tracks on some songs and witty and intelligent lyrics like on "Turn It Around": "Every day we hear the news of floods and hurricanes, of acid rain and the polar ice melting away / I can't believe we allowed it to come this far / I just cannot understand how short-sighted we are…" Brilliant! There is a need for more bands like this, who play with their heart and soul like SMALLTOWN does. SMALLTOWN might just be this generation's BILLY BRAGG… If you like good music and give a damn, you will buy this record and really *listen* to it! (ML)
(Deranged / Combat Rock)

SNAZZY BOYS – LP

Totally well played, catchy punk rock with some cool geetar riffs and sing-along-y parts. But fuck, it's total heavily produced, paint-by-numbers stuff; one song bleeding into the next to point where the whole album just becomes a blur of meaty barre chords set to a 4/4 rhythm. Then songs like "Forgotten Rebels" and "Punk Rock Girls" tips the boat. A little more *oomph*. In all, I think these songs would hold up well on singles, but over an album it's just too much sameness. On the cover, the guys in the band are wearing white sunglasses and shirts of '77-era UK bands: EATER, SHAM 69, and GENERATION X. Maybe throw in a TOY DOLLS reference in there and you've got as good of an indicator as any as to what they're aiming for. White vinyl. (IS)
(Pure Punk)

SOFY MAJOR – "We Are" 12"

Woah, amazing post-hardcore from the impressive French group SOFY MAJOR. It's a short record, but a satisfying one. Initially you're met with a meandering soundscape and rather harsh, yelled vocals. This, coupled with driving riffs and a tight rhythmic core, gives the band amazing cohesiveness. This four-song, one-sided 12" takes you through various sounds and clips that adamantly express only one vision of finality. The bass steps out to challenge any needed stability while the drums pound away, both flailing and steadily crashing. The overall tone of the record is hard to grasp, let alone explain. There is an insane ambient space transmission throughout (think OLD MAN GLOOM) bringing this recording to the surreal level. All hope is lost with this one. I dunno. Experimental? Maybe. Killer? Yes. This is somewhere between ISIS and BAADER BRAINS / PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACKING. I am stoked on this record—they screen-printed the other side of the wax, so four songs are all we get. The sleeve is a brilliant two-color gatefold, screened inside and out. Outstanding. If you're into any of the bands mentioned above, get this. (RM)
(Communication Is Not Words)

SPIKE – "Penetrator" LP

This is a collection of songs recorded by Spike Penetrator (of the PENETRATORS, duh) from 1979-1982. It's really good, too. Included is the fourth PENETRATORS EP, *Spike*, which was also essentially a solo recording. The other songs come from various recording sessions that were intended for other projects or future albums that never materialized. All of them are solid, rockin' tunes and the recording quality is superb for the era, especially so considering they are demos from a solo dude. Italian label Rave Up has put out some spotty-sounding recordings, but this is definitely one of the series worth picking up. (MU)
(Rave Up)

SPIRES – "Flowers and Fireworks" LP

Droning emo-ish stuff from the East Bay, along the lines of CITY OF CATARPILLAR and MALADY. Meandering noodle-y guitars lead this record into kinda heavy, discordant, off-time stuff with angry vocals. I can hang in small doses, but I'm really not in the mood right now. (JU)
(Inkblot / The Hive)

SPG – "Special Patrol Group" EP

All right! I love throwing on a record and knowing immediately that I'm going to love it. This is just pure, fast, angry hardcore without any frills, goat vocals, or horrendous metal riffs to ruin it. Ah, I flipped this thing over a few times now and I'm digging it even more. The lyrics are crude and blunt and contain my shared sentiments of wanting to "drop a fucking atom bomb on this whole society." One can't help but get irritated living amongst "rich fucking assholes," "uptight conservatives," and "religious fucking pricks." I'm with you guys. Musically these six songs—which all rip—fall along the faster side of mid-paced hardcore. The music reminds me of those awesome late '80s UK hardcore bands like RIPCORD but with more of a USHC mix thrown in. And that's a combination that can't go wrong. Check it out. (BG)
(American Waste)

STOLEN HEARTS – "Heart Collector" EP

Fuck yeah. This is what I am talking about. If you are a fan of mid-tempo pop-punk (or maybe power-pop) with female vocals, you need to track this one down. I know, there is a ton of this shit out there, but this one is *good*. Real good. Maybe even better than that. The A-side, which isn't the best of the three tracks, almost sounds like a ballad from the '50s or '60s. The B-side tracks are a little more bouncy. The band reminds me of SUZY Y LOS QUATTRO and the BABY SHAKES. This one is out on Douchemaster, which is, for me at least, one of the more dependable labels out there. (KK)
(Douchemaster)

SUBHUMANS – "The Day the Country Died" CD

When I was in high school (admittedly that's going back in time to the late '70s / early '80s!) there was a time when you could not attend a punk gig without seeing several leather jackets adorned with the SUBHUMANS screaming skull logo. It was almost as commonplace as the DEAD KENNEDYS "DK" symbol. Being one of the original, and one of the best anarcho-punk bands (along with CRASS and CONFLICT) has earned the SUBHUMANS their place in the punk rock history books. Claiming both the DAMNED and KING CRIMSON among their influences, the SUBHUMANS helped to expand and redefine the meaning of punk. Today, 26 years later, we have the bands' first album (along with all their others!) re-released with original artwork and a brand new mastering from the original tapes. The result is a great-looking and great-sounding presentation of a classic punk album. Songs like "Big Brother," "Subvert City," and "Mickey Mouse Is Dead" have never sounded better. Actually, the SUBHUMANS are one of the few bands that I've seen that haven't gotten worse over time. (Though, if truth be told, perhaps the best time I ever saw 'em was in the early '80s. Dick, the singer, couldn't make the gig as he got burnt while trying to fix a

dodgy radiator on the van. The rest of the band gamely played the gig, inviting kids in the audience—what today would be called live karaoke, I guess—to sing each song. Fucking brilliant.) Highly recommended. (RK)
(Southern)

SUBHUMANS – "EP/LP" CD

At last somebody has seen fit to reissue (again) the first four SUBHUMAN EPs on one glorious CD. All re-mastered from the original analog tapes, with improved versions of the original artwork. Great packaging, great quality, great band, 'nuff said. (SD)
(Southern)

SUBHUMANS – "From the Cradle to the Grave" CD

It's rad that the dudes in SUBHUMANS are making sure this record remains readily available to everyone for at least another generation. *From the Cradle to the Grave* came out in 1983, put out by the band on their own label, Bluurg Records. This version of the record is apparently re-mastered from the original tapes. Sounds as good as it always did. The album is a total classic—super highly recommended to everyone no matter what. SUBHUMANS are among the best anarcho-punk bands to ever come out of the UK. I'm not going to bother describing the band because I'm sure everyone reading this zine is already super familiar with them, but if you're not, pick up this album immediately. One thing to add though, out of all of the stupid punk band reunion shows / tours that have been happening lately, I'll go on the record saying SUBHUMANS were one of the best reunion shows I've ever seen. They still fucking wailed, they had tons of energy and charisma. It was a great show. But yeah, if you never picked up this album before, get it this time around, you wouldn't be sorry. (FS)
(Southern)

SUBHUMANS – "Rats + Time Flies" CD

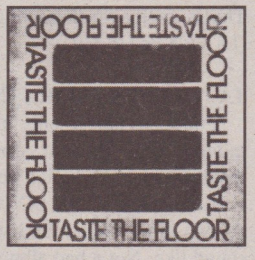
A re-issued CD version of two EPs by the UK's SUBHUMANS, *Time Flies* from 1983 and *Rats* from 1984. The eight largely mid-tempo tracks of *Time Flies...But Aeroplanes Crash* held a lot of keys to where the band members would later go with CULTURE SHOCK and CITIZEN FISH as the ska influences that reoccurred in those bands can be felt strong here. As always, the EP is marked by their on-point, thoughtful lyrics, exceptional musicianship, and blasting punk, particularly in the live tracks that fill out the EP. *Rats* centers around the classic track of the same name, one of the band's best tracks is the bridge to the stunning, mature complexity that came on their follow-up LP, *Worlds Apart*. Classic tracks that lose a little of their compressed buzzsaw edge with the "proper" re-mastering done here (where you can hear everything!!), but it's a minor quibble if you crank it loud enough!! Great "gatefold" digipack packaging with a small foldout lyric booklet and poster. (KS)
(Southern)

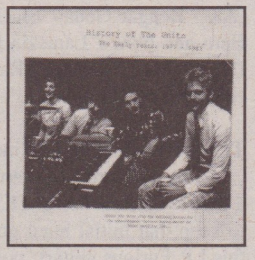
SUBHUMANS – "29:29 Split Vision" CD

So all the SUBHUMANS shit is finally back in print (the CDs are reviewed here, but the entire catalog is back on vinyl as well). These are essential starter records for any young punk, as has probably already been well covered in the reviews of their mandatory *The Day the Country Died*, *Worlds Apart*, and *From the Cradle to the Grave* discs, but the one document that I have in my hands now is all-too-often completely overlooked. The nine tracks on *29:29* were recorded at the end of SUBHUMANS' first run, just before their initial breakup in 1986, and they are an even further departure from the basic attack of the early EPs. There are SUBHUMANS songs here that the punks know and love ("Dehumanisation" and the boppy "Walls of Silence," both of which are still often in the band's live sets), but I think that this record gets a bad rap for the last three tracks, which (I believe) were the last ones the band recorded. "Worlds Apart" (the song on *29:29*, not the title of the third LP) is a seven-and-a-half minute meandering track that gets too excessive in the middle, but the song always sounds like the fucking SUBHUMANS, who were never content to rehash 1-2-1-2 drums and three chords in a box. I cannot help but love the track in all of its noodling glory. "New Boy" is a quiet, mostly acoustic song, which might not be *punk* (in the two-fingers-in-the-air, "I got more studs that a horse farm" sort of way), but the song is beautiful, and Dick's vocals suit the mood of the song so fucking well, and then the piles of awkward guitar wanks at the end that delve into psychedelia for about 15 seconds before "Time Flies..." starts. "Time Flies..." is the tune on the record that I don't like—it enters into a world of funk that I know far too many punks experimented with in the late '80s. Equal parts slow IRON MAIDEN and bad bar rock... I know that punks went down this road, but it isn't anything that we should be proud of (or listen to), but even on this song, the chorus is so completely catchy, that it makes all the funk worthwhile. I cannot emphasize how fucking important this band is... The lyrics have changed thousands of lives, and likely saved a fair handful as well. Completely unpretentious and light-years more insightful and intelligent than just about *any* band before them or since, SUBHUMANS' approach to the music, the words, and the life was wholly original, and to this day inspirational. Instead of adhering to a predetermined scene (which would have been quite easy to do during the UK explosion of cookie-cutter bands in 1980 and '81), they fucking spawned their own (listen to INSTIGATORS, NAKED, LOST CHERREES, SMART PILS, and fucking countless others, and you'll see what I mean), and their excitement and enthusiasm has hardly waned. Even now, after having been "reunited" for almost twice as long as they were together in the first place, get a few pints (actually, whiskey and cokes) in them and put on BLACK SABBATH and you will find yourself in a room with a bunch of wide-eyed teenagers who are as excited about life and living in the *now* as they are fed up with the world that pulls our strings. This urgency comes through in all of their records, and though it might be the most "mature" of the LPs, *29:29* epitomizes SUBHUMANS... Never mind "take no prisoners," I prefer "follow no rules." (WN)
(Southern Records)

SUBHUMANS – "Worlds Apart" CD

When I worked a record store, each week the almighty major labels would re-release a classic album with the dubious justification that it was *remastered*. It kind of pissed me off, not because it seemed like a scam to spur sales and profits, but because I would have to find all the old versions of the new releases and re-price them. Who wants a lackluster *un-remastered* CD? To the bargain-bin you go, BLONDIE's *Greatest Hits*. Anyhow, that brings me to the current album for review. What we have here is actually my very favorite SUBHUMANS album re-released and, yes, that's right, *remastered*. Is it a scam? Is it to spur record sales and profits? This was the first of theirs I heard as a wee lad, and while others revel in their faster and thrashier moments, the mellow tunes of this one always bring a smile to my face. I've listened to *Worlds Apart* at least 100 times via poorly dubbed cassettes and decent-condition vinyl, so in my humble opinion I believe I have a pretty good understanding of the nuances of this album under a variety of circumstances. So, does it sound better? Well, it *kind of* does. I listened to it three times in as many days, and while I can't say I put it on and was blown away, I occasionally thought that there were moments when something sounded different, and usually better. The drums and guitars seemed to be impacted most by the new mix; they sounded much fuller and more vibrant. And while the vocals have always been very up-front in the mix, they now sound even more prominent. Is it an earth-shattering,





Raw Power-level difference? No. Not even close. I'm still surprised it was re-released and I wonder why considering it's now almost 25 years old, and I imagine that most who want it will have already purchased it by now. However, it is one of the best peace-punk albums of all time and if you're one of the few (punks) who has not yet heard this album: it receives my highest recommendations. But, without bonus tracks, I think you can hold off on re-buying it for comparison's sake. (VL)
(Southern)

SURRENDER – "There Is No War" EP

It may come as a surprise to some of you, but our country is fighting a war right now—two of them. And they're both fucked up. It seems like no one talks about it anymore, like we've forgotten we should be angry. As cheesy as it sounds, it's why new punk music is so important. It keeps the dialog alive. SURRENDER is a band that wears their politics on their sleeve, and helps keep the culture of dissent and protest fresh. Probably one of the best anarcho / peace punk bands this side of the Atlantic. This record is SURRENDER's European tour 7", limited to only 400 copies. Chances are if you didn't see them play in Europe this summer, you may never see this vinyl either. Which is a shame because this record is totally great. Both songs are solid, not the kind of throwaway tracks that sometimes get dumped onto these kind of limited-pressing records. The track on side A is a total anthemic protest song, a bit more sloganeering and less poetic then their typical song but still very good. Side B continues where side A leaves off thematically, but this time the lyrical approach is biting sarcasm. It's kind of reminiscent of *Teachers in Space*-era FEEDERZ. This is totally worth hunting down. (FS)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

TASTE THE FLOOR – CD

Fourteen labels put this record out. Take a minute, think about it…fourteen! I was shocked. Anyhow, melodic Italian punk taking a stab at fastcore, complete with a SCHOLASTIC DETH cover thrown in to remind the listener what they want to sound like. Not a bad album; overall it has a rather bright sound but really left me uninspired and at times bored. No thanks. (RM)
(AK / Beggar Gods / Black / Chanmanx / DV's / Here and Now / Lamezia Hardcore Family/ Mad. Die / Piccole Speranze / Radio Riot / Rimini Hardcore / Rising Riot / World's Appreciated Kitsch)

TEST PATTERNS – "Blackout" LP

I like a record that starts out immediately with a frantic blast of noise. TEST PATTERNS manage to keep that initial burst going for the first side of this LP. Furious guitars, pounding drums, and panicky vocals combine to form fast, catchy songs with male and female vocals. Even when the female vocalist starts to gets too cute, the band kicks in and won't let her go too far. Side B slows it down a bit for the first song, then it takes off again. I am getting tired just listening to this. (CK)
(Tic Tac Totally)

13TH CHIME – "The Singles: 1981-1983" LP

This album collects three self-released singles as well as a few unreleased demo tracks from these South England proto-goths. Listening to this perfectly captures the moment when thousands of dreary, mopey teenagers traded their studded jackets and spiky hair for raincoats and eye makeup. On the whole, this stuff sounds pretty good: not as hard and dark as early BAUHAUS or JOY DIVISION nor as poppy and wimpy as the CURE, the CULT, or SISTERS OF MERCY. Maybe that's why they fell through the cracks of goth history? (AM)
(Sacred Bones)

THE TIMEBOMBS – "I Belong in Hell" LP

With a couple of EPs already under their belt, this SoCal band has now adopted some of the aesthetic characteristics of bands like SEX VID on *I Belong in Hell*, their first LP, which features stark, black and white artwork and opens with a minute or so of guitar feedback before kicking into some noisy, thrash-speed HC. On the first few listens, it's a bit hard to discern what's going on beneath all the blur and fuzz, and the scrawled lyrics are nearly illegible; with subsequent spins things gel a bit more, but I'm not totally sold yet. The most powerful tracks are the final ones on each side—"Hive Mind" and "Not Safe"—where they vary the tempos a bit and deliver some solid riffs. I definitely hope they take their sound more in that direction on the next release… (CS)
(Cowabunga)

TOE TAG / WORLD OF LIES – split CD

All right, I have to get it out of the way: TOE TAG is led by Blaine. If "Blaine who?" is your reply, then put this zine down ASAP and get to the nearest record store and pick out anything you can find by one of the greatest thrash-metal acts of all time: THE ACCÜSED. Note: TOE TAG also features former ACCÜSED drummer Steve O'Ring. OK, so now that *that* is out of the way, my next mention *has* to be of the cover art. I'm less enthused about this. Imagine a nü-metal rendition of the cover of *Earth A.D. Oooff*. And now, that *that* is out of the way, let's talk about the music. I'll admit I was leery but I have to say, TOE TAG rocked my socks right off. Fast thrash jams with loads of muted guitar riffs and mid-tempo rockers à la MOTÖRHEAD. This is pretty good. The riffs are fucking heavy as hell, and the fast songs remind me of POISON IDEA. WORLD OF LIES plays grindcore and hails from Portland, Oregon. Musically it's pretty standard fare for grind, but it's done really pretty well and I was impressed with their tracks. Cool CD! (VL)
(A20)

UNITS – "The Early Years: 1977-1983" CD

You could say that the UNITS were early San Francisco punk's answer to LA synth-punks like the SCREAMERS and NERVOUS GENDER. Their sound is way less aggro than the SCREAMERS though; I would say the use of synths in the context of punk are the only thing that align the two. The UNITS were much more accessible to the new wave than, say, CHROME… The liner notes are great, bringing to life the North Beach art-punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s, where the gay clubs, strip bars, art school kids, and cheap rents enabled punk to act as a sort of Petri dish for transgressive culture and art. They talk about how guitars represented 25 years of McRebellion, and of how the idea of punk enabled them to seek other avenues to making music in opposition to the allowed rebellion of "rock 'n' roll." The music brings to mind early CABERET VOLTAIRE and HUMAN LEAGUE with the edge of San Francisco punk in places. You can hear why they would fit on a bill with PINK SECTION and TUXEDOMOON, but were also able to tour with GARY NUMAN. The lyrics are incisive and witty, ridiculing blind consumption and mass acceptance of the capitalist shitsystem. (LG)
(Community Library)

URBAN BLIGHT – "More Reality" LP

This record is quite a fine slab of vintage East Coast-style hardcore! While clearly influenced by the rapid-fire delivery of the ABUSED and NYC MAYHEM / STRAIGHT AHEAD, Urban Blight also understands the power of catchy, mid-tempo, almost Oi-ish hardcore that LAST RIGHTS / NEGATIVE FX in particular perfected on songs like "Chunks." I'm digging the music, but the design of the record itself is another story. The cover has a hole in the middle. I think other records on Slasher might be the same so maybe it's just part of the concept, but this packaging style just seems more apropos for other genres of music (hip-hop, dance music), genres that don't normally include lyric sheets—unless they're hoopty one-sheets written by "artist management." While I know the first press of "Breakaway" and maybe other classics were packaged similarly (maybe some In Effect or Rock Hotel shite too?), the 12"-single cover still just don't look good to me. But in the end it's a fairly inconsequential stylistic choice and, more importantly, the songs are good! Also, the cover does have a cool collage that brings *Blood, Sweat, and No Tears* to mind. Recommended. (DB)
(Slasher)

VAASKA – LP

So I thought this was gonna be ska-punk since VAASKA has ska in their name, but to my shock and amazement, it's punk as shit! Guess I should have guessed by the cover that features three drunken skeletons puking with anarchy signs all over. All jokes aside though, this record is *so good!* Full-on raw punk that is really basic and primal. Actually, I can't think of any raw punk band I have liked this much in a long time other than GASMASK TERRÖR. This is really noisy and chaotic, but still just amazes the listener with structures and hooks that really stay with you. This is the perfect soundtrack to a raging party! I saw VAASKA live a month ago and they do not disappoint. Check them out. (WK)
(Todo Destruido / 540)

VENOSA – "Dancing Together Under a Rain of Ashes" CD

Remember when screamo used to be a sub-genre of hardcore, often dealing with heavy political issues in an endearingly ham-handed way? These guys don't. They play a more modern "screamo" style that sounds to me like it belongs opening a package tour with FALLOUT BOY. This is not '90s-style Ebullition screamo, all lovingly packaged in a silk-screened manila envelope with lyrics printed on vellum, this is glossy and too polished, both in terms of the packaging and the sound. This was put out by a bunch of labels in cooperation and

I'm sure it's DIY as fuck, but I'm not feeling any passion. Sorry. (VX)
(Emergence / Orchid Scent / Line Out Studio / Core and Co / Nutzland)

VIDEO DISEASE – "Make Me Pure" EP

I grew to really like this band's first 7", and while this one lacks the same raw recording and the riffs aren't quite as good, it generally continues in the same vein and is still good on its own. This band plays fast, frenzied, feedback-filled hardcore with high-pitched yet aggressive vocals. The songs alternate between two riffs that usually don't sound alike but still gel well together, then end abruptly but only truly let up to give the listener a chance to flip the record. The last song's chorus riff has been stuck in my head for days. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

VOICE OF ADDICTION – "Re-evolution" CD

Political punk with a rockish lean amongst other flavors: ska, metal, folk, and world... They are a lot like COBRA SKULLS in that they are influenced by a wide variety of music and refuse to be pigeonholed. AGAINST ME! would be another obvious marker, as would LA PLEBE and even MANU CHAU. They're not just good musicians either, their lyrics are well written socio-political commentaries and beyond mere sloganeering. I'm going to keep my eyes open for these guys—I like bands that aren't afraid to broaden their sound and are totally above what's hip and what's not. Good shit. (AD)
(self-released)

WAKING TERROR – "Global Oppression" EP

Very heavy, metallic post-crust hardcore here; some parts almost sound like newer melodic death metal. Most of the tunes kind of skirt the line between grind and fast hardcore, and some parts are really quite catchy. No one song stands out as being the killer of the bunch though. This sounds like a bunch of punks' metal side-project, and while that's not necessarily a bad thing, I think this record kind of lacks enough of one genre or the other to make a particularly great impression. (AU)
(Rescued from Life)

WARCRY – "Nausea" EP

I had a bit of a head-start for this record—I picked it up after seeing their fucking *blistering* set a few weeks ago here in SF. Awesome combination of DISCHARGE meets MOTÖRHEAD; heavy D-beat with members of all the great Portland bands that are too many to list. However, I do have to mention that Keith of HELLSHOCK, LEBENDEN TOTEN, and the ESTRANGED plays drums here and goddamn is that guy fucking great. Anyhow, totally brilliant release. Incredibly pissed-off lyrics, riffs that I don't mind getting stuck in my head. Fuck yes, this is a good one.
(VL)
(self-released, no info)

WARVICTIMS – "Dogs of War" EP

Sweden's prolific men of mystery return with (yet another!) new release. I swear, these dudes are fast becoming the UNHOLY GRAVE of D-beat. Of course, no new ground is broken here but the WARVICTIMS have gotten this sound down to a science. There are plenty of hooks in the songs and the bellowed vocals are timeless. Fucking raw punk, whether you like it or not. This is not my favorite of their releases (that would be the split with FLYBLOWN, for the record), but it's as solid as most. For the uninitiated, WARVICTIMS sounds like DISCHARGE but with even simpler DISCLOSE haiku anti-war lyrics. (AU)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

THE WHINES – "Insane OK" EP

There's a NEIL YOUNG sadness to it, but this is much more reminiscent of a sound that lies between garage rock and shoegaze; maybe it's a little shambolic but it's all definitely in a good way. They've got shades of the bummer swamp punk of the Northwest like SPIDER AND THE WEBS, OLD HAUNTS, or WIPERS, but at the same time definitely do not sound like any of those bands. A track here and there almost brings up the ecstatic bedroom dancings of YOUNGER LOVERS. Sadder, quieter FRUMPIES? OK, OK, kinda VELVET UNDERGROUND, but they don't sound like they're too cool for school like that. But at the same time, this totally doesn't sound like any of those bands. Really, this is worth yr time—it's real, real good. (MM)
(Just for the Hell of It)

WITCH HUNT – "Burning Bridges to Nowhere" LP

This is WITCH HUNT's third full-length LP and seems to be their most accomplished in terms of songwriting. The songs are all quite tuneful and well played melodic hardcore with an anarcho-punk influence (viz. dual male / female vox for those who are unfamiliar with the band). Sometimes WITCH HUNT gets a bit saccharine and this record is no exception, but I'm down for it! I love melodic hardcore. I've got remnants of adolescence that this record appeals to instantly! The songwriting is solid, full of harmonies and often with a good measure of sped-up hardcore parts. At times Nicole and Janine's vocals bring melodic hardcore UK acts like DAN, INSIDE OUT, and / or the JOYCE MCKINNEY EXPERIENCE to mind. In one of their finest moments on this record, "Everyday," Rob's singing (and the tune itself to some extent) bears a strong resemblance to Greg Sage. "A Slow Decay" is a kind of hypnotic song that's made especially interesting by the drumming. Each song has some cool parts I could mention. Good stuff! (DB)
(Alternative Tentacles)

THE WORKING STIFFS – "Rolling Stone / Rolling Stone"

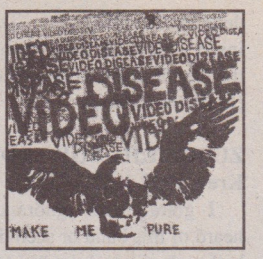
An artistic experiment by original WORKING STIFFS drummer Eric Bird (his music career cut short by a stroke at the age of 29). Eric's drums have been dubbed and the music layered, I'm guessing by two of the original STIFFS. Spacey experimentalism, a sparse trip through two dub versions of the same song, still clutching on to its punk rock roots while diving into LEE SCRATCH PERRY territory. It's got that early SLITS / SCRITTI POLLITI dance-inducing post-punk vibe, a mile are two away from the original street-punk sound of the WORKING STIFFS. Interesting. (SD)
(Left Hand)

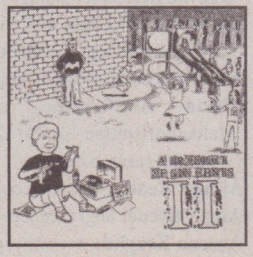
WORMBURNER – "If Life Is a Highway, I'm Totally Fucked" EP

Melodic mid-tempo punk from Grand Rapids, Michigan. This is good stuff. WORMBURNER sounds like a cross between WESTON and early JAWBREAKER. Some of this style is lackluster, but this has enough pep and energy to keep it afloat. Personal positive lyrics and group backing vocals round off a great sound...and there's kitty cats on the labels! (AD)
(Salinas)

DIE WUT – "Die Frühen Jahre 1981-1982" LP

This record is a compilation of original recordings of the early-'80s German punk band DIE WUT. The songs on side A were featured on super rare demos from over the years, and side B is live recordings from 1981-'82. DIE WUT played slower-paced hardcore punk with weird breaks, and a whole bunch of guitar feedback, fuzzed-out vocals, tom-heavy percussion, and a slight hint of peace-punk rhythms. The record is super raw, which is a testament to the spontaneity from which these songs sprung, but the recording quality is so low-end that it almost





detracts from the music. The record comes with an insert with band history, which is all in German, and the first 50 come with a patch. (DA)
(Fight the System)

ZLODZIEJE ROWEROW – "...Gdy Wrzala Krew 1995-1999" CD

I gotta claim ignorance here—I have never heard of this band or seen their name, nor do I have half a clue as to how it's pronounced. These tracks come from three different sessions and previously appeared on various cassettes, CDs, and a 7". I seriously have no clue where to begin with this... I could totally see ZLODZIEJE ROWEROW being a band that people flip their wigs over in a few years. It's got that Polish sound going on but there is so, so, *so* much more. I'm hearing elements of straight edge hardcore, something more angular like post-punk or the PROLETARIAT, and weird ska rhythms (not ska *parts*) on top of the Eastern Bloc / Cold War-era punk sounds. I wish I had more time to let this sink in (and it will most certainly get that time in the coming weeks) to give this a proper review 'cause these are some really cool songs. (JU)
(Refuse)

V/A – "Half-Assed Chicago" LP

Johann's Face Records is still around apparently, and they've released a nice compilation of Windy City heavyweights such as the BROKEDOWNS, M.O.T.O., VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL, SHOTBAKER, the ARRIVALS—and that's just the bands I'm familiar with. Off the bat I have to say that the M.O.T.O. song is a corker, as is the SHOTBAKER one. The ARRIVALS sound very MELLANCAMP here—what's up, guys? The sound varies from mostly melodic mid-tempo punk to the faster and more frantic (i.e. the KRUNCHIES, BI-FURIOUS, and the CATBURGLARS) and other standouts are the YOLKS and the SASS DRAGONS. Cool comp! (AD)
(Johann's Face)

VA – "Messege" CD

Holy fucking hell. How did this one slip under the radar so well? This thing is so hot I would expect all to be going bananas over it! Six-song compilation featuring some of the best Japanese hardcore coming out of Osaka right now. Two tracks each from ORGANISM, TOTAL NOISE ACCORD, and AKUTARE. Blistering Japanese hardcore done so very well. Awesome CD! (VL)
(No Master / Punk and Destroy)

V/A – "A Product of Six Cents II" CD

Holy fastcorepowerviolenceexplosion! Do you wax nostalgic for the days of *Cry Now, Cry Later*? Do you get a little misty-eyed when you spin your limited photocopied cover version of *El Guapo*? Is your *Tomorrow Will Be Worse* box-set splitting apart at the glued seams? Have you ever wondered where the new wave of those bands are hiding, and how they might fare when stacked up next to the original purveyors of blastingfastcoremayhem? If I have your attention, then you will fucking shit yourself when you put this disc in your disc-playing machine. 49 songs in 40 minutes, featuring grandfathers of the genre(s) like MAN IS THE BASTARD, ASSHOLE PARADE, SPAZZ, PHC, SUPPRESSION, and LACK OF INTEREST alongside a killer new crop of bands from all over the fucking map: GEORGE HARRISON, BIZARRE X, MAGRUDERGRIND, BASTARDASS, MAX WARD (the band, not the dude), ASSHOLE ASSASSINATION SQUAD, and so many more it will boggle your powerfully violent mind. Hardcore rules. (WN)
(To Live a Lie /A Product of Six Cents)

V/A "One Foot In The Grave: Unreleased, Rare & Live European One-Man Band Tracks" CD

As much as I love one-man bands, the idea of another record of one-man bands from Europe seems like it might be a bit too much for even me. The fact that this CD starts off with a live track featuring an intro in German (I am assuming that since I don't speak German, but it sounds like it to me) covered in typical club background noise didn't exactly help matters. But once the music started, it was a different story. There are some amazing bands here with some very great songs. I am particularly happy that there are two one-woman bands included: the VENUS FLY TRAP ONE GIRL BAND and MISS IPI. Some of the male bands are URBAN JR., DEAD ELVIS, WASTED PIDO, MR. BONZ, BUD MCMUFFIN, and REVEREND BEATMAN. I am surprised that ten out of seventeen bands are French. Fourteen of the tracks have never been released. Cool. (CK)
(Kizmiaz)

V/A – "Too Circle: World Hardcore Punk Compilation" CD

When I first received this comp, I thought it was a 45 because it has a 7" booklet that comes with it. Then I was wondering if maybe it was actually a CDR instead of a "pro" pressed CD, but indeed it is a pro double-CD! This comp just feels more like a sampler than a comp. It contains 43 bands from around the world, sporting some good tracks by DEATH TOKEN (my faves of the comp—from Denmark), RED THREAD (US), BETON (Slovakia), WHO$HIT (Japan—killer song!), REIGN OF BOMBS (Sweden), FY FAN (Sweden), CARAVANA ANARQUISTA (Japan), and VASELINE CHILDREN (Croatia). A good variety of hardcore subgenres are represented (crust, grindcore, more melodic / tuneful stuff). Overall, it has a pretty decent collection of songs. The layout is kinda weak. It's rad that it's a 7" booklet, but the content of the book is lacking. There's seems to be more emphasis on exposure for the bands and information in general than on the aesthetic vision of the label or the bands themselves. I like when bands get to contribute to the design and layout of the comp. The design here seems so uniform, almost defying the purpose of compiling a collection of bands from around the world. And more than anything, it just makes this comp feel more like an informational sampler than a constellation of different aesthetic visions within world hardcore (i.e. a comp). Not bad, not amazing, not amazingly bad. (DB)
(Too Circle)

VA – "The World's Lousy With Ideas Vol. 8" LP

I was surprised that the VIVIAN GIRLS song that kicked off the record turned out to be the record's epicenter of epic tunes. They're a band I've never been particularly taken with, but they seem to take a page out of the DUM DUM GIRLS' playbook and put it into action pretty well. The rest of this record sounds more or less exactly how you would expect it to sound. It sounds good but it doesn't sound surprising, innovative, or even particularly interesting all the time. All the bands' got skillz, all are relatively well known, and I think you more or less know what you're getting with bands like TYVEK, PINK REASON, THEE OH SEES, and TIMES NEW VIKING. The only surprises were the BLANK DOGS song, which is a great song and a lot better than the torpid semi-wack jams on the *Seconds* LP, and the INTELLIGENCE song, which was a lot better than anything I'd heard from pretty limited exposure to them. One of the joys of comps is hearing great shit from bands that you've never heard before, and this record is devoid of such joy, that (along with the potentially steep cost of admission) ultimately keeps it from being crucial. But it's still a really good record and a great introduction to these bands if you're unfamiliar. (P$)
(Almost Ready)

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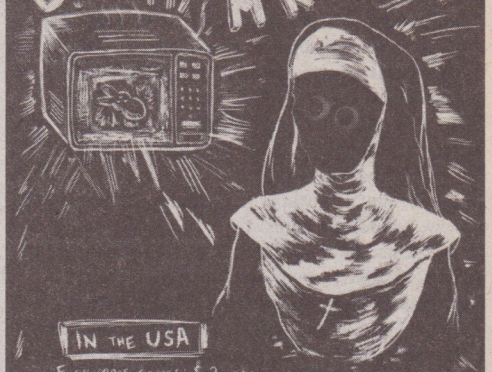

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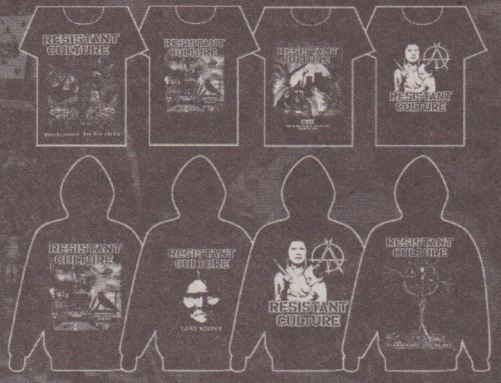

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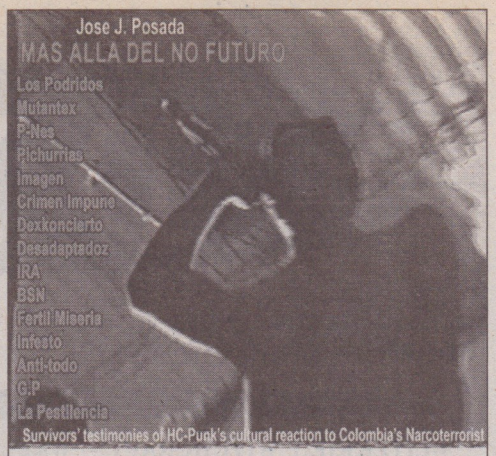

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Dan Goetz and xYosefx

BLITZKRIEG WITCHCRAFT – What to make of a weirdo punk band from Salt Lake City that sings mostly in Portuguese? I don't quite know how to engage with this recording. It's well done, bizarre, and catchy, although it sounds like there might be a drum machine in use. I'm pretty sure this is a one-man studio band. This might be more art than I can take. Interesting to say the least. (xYosefx) (10-song CDR, lyrics included, $4 ppd from Bob Thompson, PO Box 521174, Salt Lake City, UT 84152, www.myspace.com/blitzkriegwitchcraftband)

BLOODY GEARS – With the ringing out of the first song's main riff the tone is set for these bitter, beaten-down, and captivating songs that are exceptional even by 7" standards. This band already has a sound that's their own, but likely draws from THE OBSERVERS and LEATHERFACE, and there's something very Midwest about these songs as well, making me think of early ARTICLES OF FAITH and HÜSKER DÜ. If side A is the soundtrack to a frustrated, grey day, driven by disillusionment to live out of one's own head, side B is that day's night, as the desperation grows and all there is to look forward to is more days and nights of the same. (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, 6 Wadleigh Pl., Boston, MA 02127, bloodygears@gmail.com, bloodygears.blogspot.com)

COCK SAY COCK DUNG – Quite the name, eh? Weirdness. These guys put NOFX, RANCID, and Manchester United in their thanks list, and they sound how you'd expect: by-the-numbers poppy punk rock with an emphasis on the pop and rock. Oh, and they throw in some third-wave ska too. Where's the passion and the anger? (xYosefx) (5-song CDR, lyrics included, 49, Jalan Rahim Kajai, Tmn Tun Dr Ismail, 60000 Kuala Lumpur, MALAYSIA, cscd_5@yahoo.com, myspace.com/bahangrambang)

THE FAMINES – Imagine, if you will, a much-anticipated yet unadvertised show in a crumbling brownstone in Buffalo or Baltimore, with MAYYORS opening for LIGHTNING BOLT and a reunited BASEBALL FURIES. This Edmondton, Alberta two-piece would finagle their way into the second slot and take the crowd completely by surprise with their brand of fuzzed-out, stompy garage rock that would get the boys and girls in their torn blue jeans and Converse stomping and shaking like some sort of dystopian *Footloose*, as the David Yow-esque singer would perform a vertical slither of sorts, occasionally taking random people in the crowd by the hand and dancing with them without missing a beat. Please play the Bay Area, and play somewhere cool like a condemned shack on Treasure Island and not a goddamn bar. (Dan)
(7-song cassette, lyrics included, www.thefamines.ca)

FOREIGN OBJECTS – Although I'm sure it's coincidence, I hear a lot of the BAYONETTES in the overall sound here, especially in terms of the contrast between cynical female vocals over frustrated but still relatively upbeat riffs, although FOREIGN OBJECTS' vocals have zero sweetness and instead put forth a betrayed, defiant, sometimes even Ian MacKaye soul-searching quality that lends itself well to the music. The band takes a fairly post-punk approach to songwriting and structure, including a number of changeups and song-endings that are genuinely unpredictable and interesting yet don't take away from the flow or musicality of these songs. Awesome. (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, foreignobjectsboston@gmail.com)

THE MOST – THE MOST was something of a Bay Area garage/art punk institution for the past four or five years, at least in my eyes. They featured two central players and a revolving cast of musicians at various times—21 people are credited as having played on the nineteen songs presented here on this "best of" compilation. Musically they ranged from stripped down garage punk to VELVET UNDERGROUND worshipping drug rock to poppy BEATLES-esque tunes to psych-inspired jams and a lot in between. Maybe it's because I more-or-less knew the key folks fairly well at one point in time, but this band always struck a chord with me despite most of their output being pretty far from the well-trodden path of my usual listening fare. The songs collected here work pretty well as a representation of their various incarnations and permutations, so if any of what I wrote above piques your interest you should track this down for your further perusal. Good shit. (xYosefx) (19-song CDR, no lyrics included, no contact info)

MENTHOLS – It seems like arty garage rock is all the rage these days. These folks play a groove-driven and stripped down form of the genre, but they lack the intensity and rawness that make it vital for me. It's all build-up and no release. I'm sure people are shitting themselves over this band, but it quickly turns into background noise when I'm playing it (which may be their intention for all I know). This doesn't grab me. (xYosefx) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included, Joe O c/o Amateur Depression, 650 Riviera Dr., Boynton Beach, FL 33435)

MILK MUSIC – This band hails from Seattle, and they wouldn't have sounded too out of place there in the late '80s or early '90s, during the "grunge" explosion. This could pass for a hardcore version of MUDHONEY, and that's not a bad thing. Mark my words, kids will be eating this up soon enough. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, Milk Music, 1722 E Thomas St. #5, Seattle, WA 98112)

THE MINC – Playing raw as fuck D-beat punk, THE MINC sounds like they could be from almost anywhere in the world—Finland, the UK, Japan, the States, just about anywhere. From the spiky hair and SKITSYSTEM shirts in the band photos to the images of war, devastation, and corporate greed in the inlay to the obligatory DISCHARGE cover ("Never Again"), this release could be from anywhere or nowhere. As it turns out they're from northwestern Russia, but regardless of the physical isolation of their home area they obviously stay connected to the hardcore punk underground and all of its subcultural signifiers. If you're looking for something that breaks the mold this isn't it. If you want to see how our little music scene can transcend national borders and in the process check out some pretty raging crust punk then check this out. (xYosefx) (10-song CDR, lyrics included, My Riot Inward, c/o Alexei Zaikov, 9-108 S. Kovalevskoi St., Petrozavodsk 185002, RUSSIA, www.myspace.com/myriotinward, scandalsp@mail.ru)

NERVE CITY – Very '60s psychedelic influenced, very lo-fi minimalist garage rock

performed and recorded by one guy at home. I'm not sure if there are effects on the vocals or if it's just the way they're recorded but his voice sounds strange and distant, like it was recorded in an echo chamber at the end of a tunnel. The guitar sound is eerie with some surf influence and is joined at times by drums and organ. Atmospheric, creepy, and worth tracking down if you want something weird to listen to late at night when you're alone. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, Joe O c/o Amateur Depression, 650 Riviera Dr., Boynton Beach, FL 33435)

NUCLEAR FAMILY – Strangely enough, this demo sounds like somewhat of an intersection point between the BLOODY GEARS and FOREIGN OBJECTS demos already reviewed herein (and was even recorded at the same spot as the former, even though this band is from Albany) and is just as good as both, so write these bands and get all three! Also of note is the singer's dynamic voice that she utilizes fully and even adapts well to the range of covers (DILS, BIKINI KILL, WIPERS, and BUZZCOCKS) on this demo. (12-song demo, lyrics included, 19 Grant Ave., Albany, NY 12206, computercontroll984@yahoo.com)

PAGRUS – All right, here we have folks from FUCK ON THE BEACH and BANJAX playing a curious blend of '80s US hardcore and snotty punk with an American (I believe) vocalist. Pretty good lyrics with a political bent. This didn't blow me away, but I enjoyed it and I'll be interested to hear whatever they put out next… (xYosefx) (6-song CDR, lyrics included, Dan Smolin c/o Pagrus, Parkside House #10, 2-33-20 Inokashira, Mitaka-shi, Tokyo 181-0001, JAPAN, www.myspace.com/pagrus, serrated-fang@live.com)

PASSIV DODHJALP – This is exactly what you'd expect when you hear the phrase "metallic Swedish crust." That's not a bad thing, I'm just saying PASSIV DODHJALP isn't experimental shit, it's straight-up metallic crust from Sweden in the vein of DISFEAR. All but one of the songs are in Swedish, but according to the little promo sheet that came with it this demo has a theme of betrayal running through all the songs. I can definitely get that, this is pretty dark, heavy and relentless shit. I can see myself keeping this is regular rotation. Recommended. (xYosefx) (8-song CDR, lyrics included, www.halvfabrikat.net)

POLLUTION – This is some seriously fucked up noise-drenched hardcore with genuine power behind it. Definitely the best demo I've had to review this month, hands down. Dark, ominous and disturbing in the way that only good hardcore can be. There were only 40 of these made so get one quick. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $5.50 ppd in North America, $7 ppd worldwide from Pollution, 450 Manhattan Ave. 5B, Brooklyn, NY 11222, pollution.c6@gmail.com)

RAW NERVES – Raw, heavy hardcore in a political vein from these Portland punks. This reminds me of ACTS OF SEDITION, who are one of the better bands around these days in my book. The lyrics are to the point and explicitly radical without relying on the vague apocalyptic metal imagery that seems to currently be in vogue. Oh, they feature members of FORCED MARCH, DUKE NUKEM FOREVER, and MURDER OF CROWS for those that care. This is really good, I'll definitely be catching them at Gilman in July with BORN/DEAD and DEADFALL. They'll be on tour throughout the West Coast and Midwest (as well as Texas) from late June until the beginning of August, check 'em out if you can. (xYosefx) (7-song CDR, lyrics included, $5 ppd from Tomorrow Belongs to Us, PO Box 11563, Portland, OR 97311, punkisaghetto@gmail.com, www.poisonedcandy.com)

SHIN KICK – Nine songs, fifteen minutes, pure thrash attack! Simple fast hardcore without a pause, all circle pits and no two-stepping. The recording is pretty lo-fi and muddy so this doesn't stand out, some of the time I can't really tell what's going on and even when their vocalist is talking it's pretty much indecipherable. Promising. I'm curious to check out the lyrics. (xYosefx) (9-song CDR, no lyrics included, $4 ppd from 4630 Mill Run Lane, Earlysville, VA 22936, thrashedtobits@gmail.com)

STORMSTRIKE – Garage rock with some serious DEAD MOON worship going on and a bit of a punk influence, though not too much. Elsewhere they verge on straight '60s rock 'n' roll. Pretty good, although the songs start to blur together about halfway through. I'm not really the world's foremost garage authority, so maybe you should check them out online and make up your own mind. (xYosefx) (10-song CDR, no lyrics included, Mad Cook, PO Box 145, Almond, WI 54909, madcookrecords@hotmail.com)

SUICIDE BOMB – No frills crusty hardcore punk without slowing down to catch its breath. Pretty fucking catchy to boot, definitely a few choruses on here that I could sing along to after my first listen. They'll probably hate me for saying it, but a couple of the songs remind me in parts of BLOOD FOR BLOOD, which is amazing. Oh, if you care, this has members of BORN/DEAD, DESOLATION, CONQUEST FOR DEATH, ARTIMUS PYLE, who cares, whatever, just check this out because it's good, OK fucker? (xYosefx) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/suicidebombhc)

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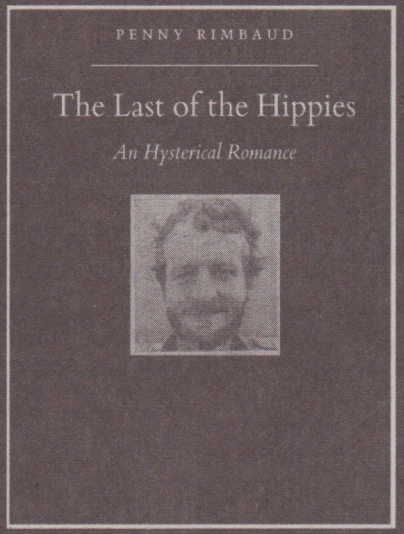

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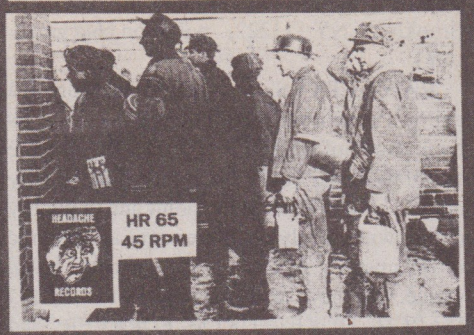

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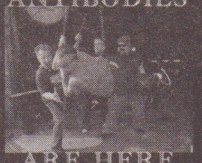

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8 LETTERS #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – photocopied – 52 pgs
8 Letters is a showcase for the art of the knuckle tattoo. Johnny Nopants, the author, has collected photos and interviews with punks that have their knuckles (and sometimes toes) tattooed. The interviews are short and most folks are asked if they regret the tattoos, or if they have trouble finding jobs. Of course, punks ain't concerned about that shit. A lot of the people got the tattoos when they were drunk or on a whim with a friend that happened to have tattoo equipment. *8 Letters* is a fascinating in that way—throughout the chats there is a sense from everyone of nonchalantly existing and living on their own terms. Punk. In between interviews Johnny has written asides that he relates to the people he's featured, but these anecdotes also offer some insight into Johnny's existence as a well-traveled punk that lives in NYC. These writings also give *8 Letters* a perzine feel but avoid the typical perzine pitfalls of self-indulgence and arrogance. I think *8 Letters* is the kind of zine that anyone can pick up and find something to capture their attention, which is a testament to its quality. I'd gladly give Johnny two bucks for the next issue. (CI)

Johnny / 1414 Lincoln Pl / Brooklyn, NY 11213

BLACK CARROT #12-14 / $1 or trade
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Issues #12 and #13 of *Black Carrot* are largely similar, content-wise. Both consist of unorganized musings on the author's Jewish identity, various family stories (more prevalent in #13) that are vaguely related to said identity, and the author's queer identity is brought up a bit as well. He occasionally touches on points that might be interesting if they were expanded on or if he connected some of the dots (such as the potentially rocky intersection between his sexual orientation and his devotion to his imaginary friend named Yahweh), but nothing here is particularly interesting or insightful. Issue #14 is organized into "50 short stories," with some of these being more rants than stories, and again, nothing here is particularly interesting or even funny. (DG)
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disdoom@gmail.com

CO-CONSPIRATOR #2-2 / free
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
This little zine out of Missouri is an enjoyable read, but really only takes about five minutes to get through. Is that good or bad? Well, it's free, so who's complaining, right? This issue centers on the theme of working, and mostly about our social system where labor is exploited for those in power. The articles are contributed from several people, which add a nice variety to the topic. The band New Madrid is given a fairly superficial interview and a few pages of interesting quotes and statistics fill out the issue. I wish more material was included in *Co-Conspirator* because the writings and artwork are compelling and should be expanded. I'd personally rather see an issue come out infrequently but full of content rather than a thin monthly obligation. The topics for future issues listed within look interesting and I look forward to seeing more from this crew. (BG)
blogs.myspace.com/the_co_conspirator
the.co.conspirator@gmail.com

DIRGE #4 & 5 / $2 or trade
6.5 x 7.5 – copied – 28 & 32 pgs
These underground hardcore zines are pretty sweet. Both issues are photo heavy, and make the shows in NYC look heck-of fun—lots of leather, studs, and sick kids. Issue #4 has been out for a year or so, but is just coming in for review now, and has interviews with the old Swedish band, Disarm (their discography will be released soon) and Japan's Contrast Attitude. The language barrier is noticeable with this one, so learn Japanese if you need to know more. Also a great Greek scene report appears, no photos though. The fifth installment interviews American bands SSR, Brain Killer, and Thriller. Sometimes the chaotic layout and transcription of every little comment works against them, but otherwise these are well done. These issues are worth the money, and I look forward to the next ones. (JM)
Eugene / 147 Rugby Rd. / Brooklyn, NY 11226
projectilepuke@yahoo.com

DISTORT #21 / RATCHARGE #19
8.5x11 – copied – 16 pgs
This is for the niche of people carving out a particular manner of being a punk in the early part of a new century, for those who are not content with meager satisfactions. For the people that understand, that know that what we do exists for those who don't need it explained and don't need a souvenir shirt to prove they were there. In this issue's *Distort* we have an illuminating yet perplexing Sex Vid interview, another with the Brisbane hardcore band Shock Value, and the usual outline of songs and sounds that

are currently festering in DX's brains. Using music as a way to disentangle paranoid theories and subcultural alienation; a nostalgic piece on the band A Chorus of Disapproval salutes and disparages straightedge culture and the need to belong, yet advocates somewhat the aggressive judgmental nature of said culture… *Rat Charge* is a French zine—in English this time for us mono-languaged fools—that covers punk in a GISM fueled manner. A tour diary of his band State Poison includes some Wanky's and Destino Final coverage. There's a moronic interview with Hjertestop and a paragraph on Margaret Thrasher's take on punk and feminism. Plus an extensive investigation into the conspiracy theory fueled visions of the writer of *Warning* fanzine. There's a piece on the Russian punk scene and a long interview with *Shit-fi* magnate Stuart Schrader in which he touches on end times capitalism and its effect on the sound of bands that sound like they are collapsing… I like how cut up this zine is, like fractured thoughts rather than long windbag digressions. If my pathetic descriptions have not made it clear, this zine is a must read. (LG)
Distort / PO Box 239 / North Carlton VIC / 3054 Australia
distorttheworld@gmail.com
Ratcharge / xxgluestickxxbrigadexxyahoo.fr

DOLL #263 / ?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 126 pgs – Japanese
Also known as "super rock magazine", this month's issue of the always-dependable *Doll* features a photo of Rancid mugging on the cover that has thrown me into an existential dilemma. If *Doll* and the images contained therein is a simulacrum of punk culture—an approximation of time-and-place specific aesthetics, than does a contemporary band likewise become a simulacrum for a real punk band if they embrace and adopt those same aesthetics even if not contemporary to their personal experience? It's easy to see the pictures of Japanese punks in *Doll* wearing leather jackets, spiky hair, and scowling in their most sincere imitation of a late-twentieth-century British punk, and to understand that they've adopted said aesthetic as a way to connect and make current that which has a great resonance for them. But when Rancid plays the same game of imitation, well it's just fucking weird. They pose as though they have survived the miner's strike, the poll tax riots, and several dozen Tottenham matches, when the reality is they come from just over the bridge from here. And there's an American flag behind them. While Rancid is given a lot of space in this issue, there are also dozens of other interviews with bands such as The Mods, The Bots, Kawakami Forever, and Hellbent, and a healthy portion of record and gig reviews. *Doll* is the classic, we get it every month, and for once, the review doesn't say, "I can't read this—it's in Japanese." (Except I guess it says that now!) (CR)
Doll / No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9, Kita, Kohenji / Suginami-Ku, Tokyo / Japan

EARTH FIRST Vol. 29 #4 / $4.50
11 x 17 – printed – 31 pgs
This issue reports on issues surrounding endangered species, the myth that is clean coal, various info on upcoming action camps, and critical analyses of mainstream environmental organizations and recent legislation. One article deals with Obama's interpretation of the Endangered Species Act, which I think is good to have out there given how little is reported about the business-as-usual side of his administration. There's also the usual letters section and prisoner updates, and I was taken aback by some of the responses in the former to last issue's article on parenting within the movement by people who seem to think that having even one child constitutes "breeding" and consider it antithetical that Earth First would even publish this article. I'm gonna guess that these people don't live in urban areas and are oblivious to the sometimes racist connotations of talking about "breeders." (DG)
PO Box 3023 / Tucson, AZ 85702

EAST VILLAGE INKY #41 / $3
5.5 x 8 – copied – 50 pgs
East Village Inky is one of those zines that has been around for way longer than I've even been reading zines, but it's never really been up my alley. I guess mostly because it seems to be more geared towards punks/members of alternative communities who are interested in raising kids, which I will certainly never do. This particular issue is almost entirely about The Strand Bookstore in New York. It features exciting tidbits of trivia about the famous Strand tote bag, which is supposedly a high commodity in Japan, as well as endless ramblings on the unfriendly demeanors of all Strand employees. The entire zine, apart from book reviews at the end, is a stream of consciousness that would be better as a blog post. (DA)
Ayun Halliday / PO Box 22754 / Brooklyn, NY 11202
ayun@ayunhalliday.com
www.ayunhalliday.com

HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE MYSELF, AND OCCASIONALLY OTHER MEN #1 / $?
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 18 pgs
This zine is very honest (about discovering your sexuality) and very funny (about life and also the cartoon drawings. Stick figures with boners? Score!) The author's brief tale starts out with him as a young adult, dating his girlfriend, hating girl sex, and wishing to nail his first dick. The end his journey has taken him from internet chat rooms to starring in gay porn! I liked this zine because it shows this transition in an earnest way that makes all the dirty details seem irrelevant, it is more the search for self that is important. (MJ)
Dave / PO Box 830 / Chicago, IL 60690

THE INNER SWINE Vol. 15, #1 / $2
8.5 x 11 – printed – 60 pgs
Speaking strictly in terms of writing style, *The Inner Swine* reads like the Livejournal of a *Monty Python*-loving college conservative who laughs at his own jokes. It's a bit irritating and too fill-in-the-blanks, with the whole "this is me deprecating myself and you too, but this is ultimately a defense mechanism for my ego, which I am stroking at the same time" thing going on throughout. The best evidence of this being the five-and-a-half pages he devotes to explaining why he got Facebook and Twitter accounts. Other than that, there's a semi-satirical guide to writing that can be summed up as "why you shouldn't write." This guide contains a guide to his own writing process, a piece on blogging, and a story that takes up the second half of the zine that is halfway interesting, but reads too much like it was tailored to fulfill requirements of a high school writing assignment, albeit one that would earn an A. He starts out by reprinting reviews of older issues, including two from *MRR*, so maybe my words will make into the next issue. (DG)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

LAST BREATH #5 / $?
6.5 x 8.5 – printed – 88 pgs – Serbia
Last Breath is an *MRR* style music zine from Serbia. It's utterly packed with content: columns, interviews, reviews, top tens, if you're holding an *MRR* right now, then you know the drill 'cos *Last Breath*'s got the same format. The interviews are with Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Brat Pack, Unison, Fistra, Nightstick Justice, FPO, Moonlee Records, and Ragman. There's Finnish, Belgian, and Bosnian scene reports and a photo section that contains pics dating from shows in 1990

(Fugazi, DI, All, etc.). On top of all that, the review section is pretty frickin' epic. All the text in this issue is in Serbian, so I couldn't read it, but for those that can, there's lots to absorb. The next issue will be in English, which is sort of a bummer 'cos I think it's cool when folks do zines that cater to their specific geographic locale. At any rate, this issue should be of high interest to any Serbian reading, internationally-minded punks. (CI)
Nemanja Boskovic / V. Vlahovic D3 1/7 / 19300 Negotin / Serbia
www.myspace.com/lastbreathzine

THE MATCH! #107 / free or donation (no checks)
6.75 x 9.25 – printed – 76 pgs
Impressive. That's the first word that comes to mind when reviewing this publication that has more conviction than most punk zines these days and it was started by hippies fercrissakes! This issue celebrates the 40-year anniversary. Not issue number 40, mind you, but *40 freakin' years* of anarchist and activist writing! And all along the same editor has been at the helm (with many contributors over the years). This man has my utmost admiration. The layout of the pages, the quality of the material within, and the overall aesthetic (including old school typesetting and a refusal to use computers) reveal experienced hands behind this collective effort. *The Match*'s statement of existence is a call for ethical anarchism "solely to criticize authoritarian society and religion in order to argue for the humane advantages of freedom and rationality." Can you dig it? I've reviewed *The Match* before, and I can attest that this is infinitely superior to most of the activist journals I come across. The format is a quality booklet-like layout with sporadic illustrations accompanying the articles. The essays and articles feature the usual suspects found in anarchist journals, but are written well and are enjoyable to read. Outstanding! (BG)
Fred Woodworth / PO Box 3012 / Tucson, AZ 85702

MODERN HATE VIBE #3 / $4
5.5x8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Easily my favorite zine right now—reading this makes me mad that this human being wasn't on my radar when I was growing up a million years ago, bored and into Black Flag in London. The cover has a pile of tapes with the bands and writings featured in this zine, including the much needed "Aimless Bile for Coptic Times." The Stupids get a tape, plus there's a tape for the Brian Walsby/Double Negative interview, that makes him seem like a grown-up, which I imagine he is at this point in time. There's dialogue with Chris Bickle of In/humanity, who as inventors of the genre emo-violence I have little time for, but maybe you do. Also a very entertaining piece on the briefly London based Australian hardcores Fashion. *But* it is not the interviews that make this my favorite zine; it's the writing of the person that put it together. The piece on the disappointments of pigeon-toed Brooklyn /Hoxton dwelling sweethearts who claim Raincoats and Phil Spector but emit only bargain basement indie dross was killer… I hate the feeling of listening to a band that someone claims are the direct predecessors of Kleenex and the Big Boys and yet it's just another shitty pouty clean living middle management scam! You either are or you aren't,

and I am afraid most clearly aren't at this point! Time to draw a line in the sand and let the haircuts squander their meager internet-gained wisdom on each other's blank eyed yuppie fates! I don't know, this is an excellent item created by a girl who is smart, caustic, sarcastic with killer taste. (LG)
bryony.beynon@gmail.com

MULTIPLICITIES 1# & 2# / $1 ppd or trade
4 x 5 – copied – 6 pgs
These zines are kind of just streams of consciousness, I really like them. They are basically about having multiple personalities, but not about it really, just a narration of living it. The author's ramblings of what the voices say in her head are reminiscent of Elisa Ambrogio's manic sputterings in Magik Markers. It's not really making a point, just snapshots of moments of confusion and hysteria. No pictures, no fancy formatting, just typewriter text and really short. I wanna see more. (MM)
Riot Grrrrrr Press / PO Box 29 / Athens, OH 45701

MY RIOT INWARD #1
5.5 X 8 – copied – 36 pgs – Russian
I like the layout of this zine; it has a rad cut and paste style, which a lot of zines lack these days. But I can't really comment on much more than the aesthetics because the writing is entirely in Russian. It seems like a pretty solid DIY venture, featuring interviews with bands like Nuclear Death Terror and Russia's Zorka, plus records reviews and a few comics thrown in. (DA)
Alexei Zaikov / 9-108 S.Kovalevskoi Street / Petrozavodsk / Russia, 185002
www.myspace.com/myriotinward
scandalsp@mail.ru

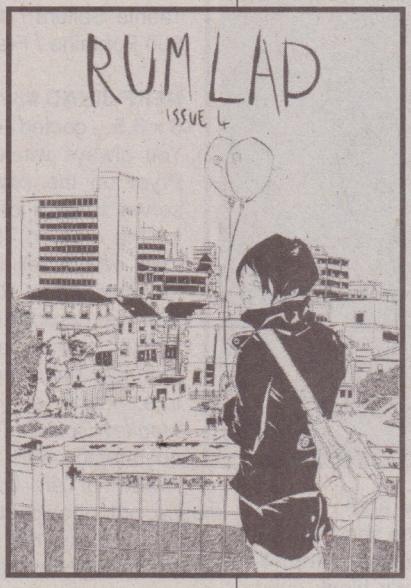
NANOZINE #4 / $? or trade
4 X 5 – copied – 6 pgs
Little zine, in French. The formatting is kind of weird. Like, it's quarter-sized and cut all weird and can be folded out into a poster. I'd say what it's about, but I don't know how to read French. (MM)
Taenia Solium / 10 rue yves farge / 38 600 Fontaine / France

NERF JIHAD #8 / $2
6 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
You always win when you put Richard Pryor on the cover. I think *Nerf Jihad* serves to kill a lot of time and frustration for the creator. The feel of it has small town written all over it. Good random thoughts, some Rich Mackins-esque letters to corporations (except actually funny!), stories of high school drama, grandeur delusional pictures of architecture, graffiti, and my favorite, comic of *Monkey Doctor*. There's a little bit of the ouch-factor with a sort of homophobic review of an Adam Sandler movie—maybe not phobic but, uh, homo-won't-sit-next-to. Actually, the ouchi-ness is from the absurd screenplay that is about a page long where somebody beats his girlfriend for ruining a sandwich. *But* if you can imagine that these are just out of context and that maybe not the sole identity of the performer, *Nerf Jihad* is actually really funny and I totally recommend it. It is like hanging out with your shitty little brother. (JB)
Matt Ford / PO Box 575 / Gosford NSW 2250 / Australia
matt@nerfjihad.net

OX FANZINE #83 / 4.50 Euros
8.5 x 11 – printed – 114 pgs
This thing looks and smells like *Rolling Stone*, all the way down to the header fonts and minus only the cologne samples, and it's written in German except for the occasional

taglines in English. Interviews with Propagandhi, The Thermals, Earth Crisis, Sunn O))), Supersuckers, and so forth, with a bunch of record, book, zine, and movie reviews that require a magnifying glass. There's also other articles of which I can't determine the nature, given the language barrier, and a sampler CD that includes European bands of a similar musical range as this magazine's coverage. *Plastic Bomb* goes to college? (DG)
PO Box 11 04 20 / 42664 Solingen / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

RAZORCAKE #50 / $4
8 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs
I could hear "We Are The Champions" practically trumpeting from the pages of this mag when I was flipping through. After eight years, the folks at *Razorcake* have put out their 50th issue and that's the theme, complete with a celebratory poster featuring covers from this and previous issues. There are also long-ass interviews with Shellshag, Tiltwheel, and Banner Pilot. All the columnists reminisce about how they got involved with the zine and subsequence experiences. Rev. Norb is the exception. He just wants to talk to you about his penis for some reason. And sports. I don't get it. He's like the Howard Stern of punk columnists. Kiyoshi Nakazawa's comic "I Hate Razorcake" is extremely cute and commemorates all the haters out there and their various typical complaints. Congratulations, *Razorcake*. Keep it up. Not Norb's penis. The zine. (JD)



PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

RISE AND FALL OF THE HARBOR AREA #13 / $3 cash
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Rise and Fall has got to be one of the most consistently great zines in the US. There are plenty of ads, as it's free down around LA, and there are some typical music reviews. But the interviews and photos are always strong. This time there are skate shots, including some nice road rash. The interviews feature local mogul Todd Congelliere (Recess Records, Toys That Kill, etc.) and the band Stab City. Joe Carducci contributes an essay comparing the major political shifts of the '70s and '80s in the US and UK with the focus of punk bile. He posits that the rightward shift of governments prodded punk to move from "a profound existential revolt" to one focused on left wing causes, and looks ahead to what effects the Obama administration and a Democratic Congress may have. A restaurant review looks at the street level politics of businesses cracking down on skaters, as well as critiquing the terrible service at the place. Finally, there is an interview with a big-name artist (who did the cover). This guy got a lot of publicity when he was sued by the Associated Press for making a poster from a photo they "owned." The artist says it was a mistake for him to then sic the legal system on somebody else for doing the same thing. Also, he says voting is the only way to affect change in the political system, which is gross, to put it mildly. Despite its tolerance for liberal politics, I am quite fond of *Rise and Fall*. (JM)
PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733
[fuck]myspace.com/riseandfall

RUMLAD #4/ $?
6x8 – printed – 40 pgs
ARG. I hate it when I get zines like this, that are obviously so well intentioned, and have had so much energy and hard work poured into them, but I just can't relate to the content at all. It just seemed really *bloke-ish*. Rumlad looks great, though the manga inflected drawing style is a bit of a bummer, in general the illustrations are great, really expressive yet sparse somehow… Confused yet?! It's sort of a travel journal/per-zine done in comic book style, but not at all like say, *Snakepit*. It's more open ended, and less like a traditional comic book, more of a personal zine that covers his travels and life that happens to include some graphic novel styled aspects. There's an interview with a long running local zinester, who does a zine called *Gadgie* and has been punk since the late '70s, and a tour diary about a trip to a German zine convention. This is basically a zine about being a punk, about hanging out with your friends, making zines, traveling, staying true to the DIY community and its ideals and listening to the music you love, and I think a lot of people would get a lot out of it. Every drawing is wearing a Gauze or some other band t-shirt, which is kinda funny. Merchandise it keeps us alive etc. (LG)
stevejipwit
@hotmail.com

SELF AWARE #3 / $2
8.5 x 11 – photocopied – 32 pgs
There's little that annoys me more when reading a hardcore zine than coming across an interview where the band's answers are all a sentence or two long. What gives? Someone has taken the time and energy to ask you questions, not to mention giving you space in their zine to get your band out there, and you can't bother to give serious answers to their questions? I honestly don't know what pisses me off more, the bands for their lackluster responses or the zine editors for bothering to waste the space including them. *Self Aware* features two such interviews, with Grids and Lowbrow, but also fortunately features more in-depth and interesting interviews with Seasick and ANS. Also included are record reviews, year-end top-ten lists (a bit belated, eh?), some miscellaneous short writings, and a "Metal Pioneers Word Search." Not bad, but not great either. Hopefully the editors can step it up a notch and make *Self Aware* a zine worth seeking out, rather than just something that's glanced through once. (VX)
204 Serenity Hills Dr. / Monroe, NC 28110
jrobbins85@gmail.com
itlwest704@hotmail.com

SHORT FAST + LOUD #21 / $? (contact for price)
6 x 8.5 – printed – 90 pgs
A pro-zine dealing solely with the faster and louder and, I believe, shorter sides of hardcore. Done by the good folks at Six Weeks, nice people if there ever were any (gave me a ride home once, thanks Athena!). Fucking *long* interview with Unseen Force courtesy of Sam Richardson, who I owe issues of my own zine to. They also talk to Gride, who I have never heard of but I believe are *Czech grindcore legends*, and Magrudergrind, who are not a grindcore band. An enjoyable read, and if you like hardcorepunkmetal you should by all means buy *Short Fast and Loud*. Reviews, columns, the whole deal *MRR* has but without me or Bruce Roehrs.

Buy it, you fucking moron. (BB)
Short Fast + Loud / 225 Lincoln Ave / Cotati, CA 94931
www.sixweeksrecords.com

TNS #5 / free
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
TNS stands for *That's Not Skanking*, which is the record label that this zine supports. There are lots of bands and subjects covered, not just ska, and it looks like the kids who make this are having a good time. I like the "tour challenge," which is like a treasure hunt for bands, although I think the only prize is notoriety and getting your pictures published. Topics covered are good manners for bands when dealing with promoters, the rising cost of seeing shows, vegetarian preachiness, promotion of the TNS label and radio show, and some interviews with Zeke, Sense of Urgency, Los Salvadores, and a preview of a festival called Strummer Camp. (JB)

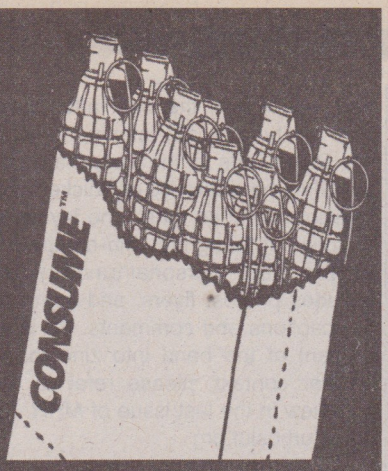
Flat B11 8 / Great Northern Tower, 1 Watson St. / Manchester M3 4EH
thatsnotskanking@hotmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #219 / contact for price
5.75 x 8.25 – printed – 32 pgs. – Finnish
Here's the latest issue of this long-running Finnish punk zine—if only I could read a word of it I'd probably enjoy *Toinen Vaihtoehto* immensely. This issue features interviews with Vitamin X, Death With A Dagger, and Viisikko, as well as lots of reviews and some other writings. I guess I should say that if you can read Finnish I'd recommend checking this out, but let's be real here—if you read Finnish you're much more likely to already be reading *Toinen Vaihtoehto* than *MRR*. (VX)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
tv@punkinfinland.com

TRUST #135 / $?
7.5 x 12 – printed – 70 pgs
German magazine that goes all over the place. This issue features interviews with crappy indie rock group Team Robespierre, a bunch of bands I've never heard of ever (BRATPACK [actually I know a guy in this band, because *I know a lot of people*], and 7 SIOUX, among others). And…wait, what the hell is this? An interview with the head staff of *Maximum Rocknroll*? IN GERMAN? Check out this classic Cissie Scurlock quote, "*Hefte mitzunehnmen, damit sie uberall erhaltich sin*," to which the quick Layla responds, "*Und es soll ja auch eine Bedeutung haben, z*." What rapport! What wit! I typed this into a translation website and Cissie is talking about pamphlets and Layla says that something means something. I guess if you're German buy this magazine. I don't know what I can do with it, recycle it I guess. Actually, definitely buy *Trust*, because we have a half-fuckin'-page ad in it and hopefully that'll mean we get some money, but I guess if you're reading this you already *know who and what we are*—like a snake biting its own tail. Blow me twice and call me tommorow, *auf weiderschnein!* (BB)
Dolf Hermannstädter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

TURBOSLUT TOUR DIARIES: October 2008 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 56 pgs
Beck writes near the end of the introduction, "In your hands is a mostly honest, unself-conscious document of what it was like to be us, and at its best, that is what Turboslut was, too," which is a fitting summary. Unlike some self-described tour diaries or journals that were actually composed self-consciously and after the fact, this one is made up of Beck, Jean, and roadie Jen's scrawled diary entries and doodles (organized roughly chronologically). These writings give glimpses into their heads and consequently read like they were not intended for my or your consumption. They offer a much more realistic perspective of the mundane ups and downs of the touring state-of-mind than some rosy touring zine that mentions "DIY" at least once a page. Sleeping in a king-size bed, pooping in the dark after questioning your ability to do so, listening to Flipper and the Spice Girls in the van, the thrill of discovering the existence of Snickerdoodle Soy Delicious, and so forth. The layout is in the chaotic-yet-thoughtful-and-competent spirit of the best personal/travel zines, and includes photos, flyers, and some typewritten captions and comments. It's is a logical tangent of the band into zine form. For a greater context, please refer to the band interview in the last issue of *MRR*. (DG)
www.turboslut.org

URINAL GUM #8 / $2
4.5 x 5.5– copied – 44 pgs
Some zines open with letters to the editor. This one opened with a letter addressed to Gold Bond corp thanking them for their fine product and explaining in detail all the graphic sexual and inappropriate uses they have had for the powder and then the response letter from the company. I have to say I prefer *Urinal Gum's* version of the opening letters. Also worth mentioning is the very self-conscious review of a Crystal Castles album. The author just wants you to know that they both like this album a great deal *and* are not gay or a hipster. Other bits you can find in this issue are half-assed list of dislikes (cell phones, something about masturbation, whatever, etc.), a restaurant review of Chuck E. Cheeses, and a short editorial giving parental advice about telling your kids about sex that provides the statistic that "on average, children ages 3-14 walk in on their parents having sex at least twice per day." The hilarity continues on from there. On the whole, this isn't exactly a bastion of thoughtful content, but I suppose not everything needs to be. (JD)
PO Box 1243 / Eugene, OR 97440
urinalgum@gmail.com



TRUST

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The Generators
Troublemaker
Shooting Lucy
Bum City Saints

Thurs., July 16 7:00
Paul Baribeau
The Boy Who Could Fly
Try the Pie

Fri., July 17
Sabertooth Zombie
Time for Living
These Days
Crucified
Grace Alley

Sat., July 18 • 8:00
Mika Miko
Audacity
Street Eaters
Boats!

Sun., July 19 • 4:00
Kepi the Band
The Sweethearts
The Dogs
Danger Death Ray
The Pillowfights!
Truckandroll!

Fri., July 24 • 8:00
Bodies
The Forgotten
Boils
Evacuate
Unit 6
Decent Criminal

Sat., August 1 • 8:00
Dead To Me
Rational Anthem
Turkish Techno

Sat., August 8 • 8:00
Triclops!
Psyched To Die
Deep Sleep
Broken Patterns

Shows are $7-10 and doors usually open at 8:00 pm; bigger shows at 7:30pm. Come an hour early to volunteer (and get in free!). $2 yearly membership required. All ages! No alcohol! We do not welcome violence or racist, sexist or homophobic behavior...

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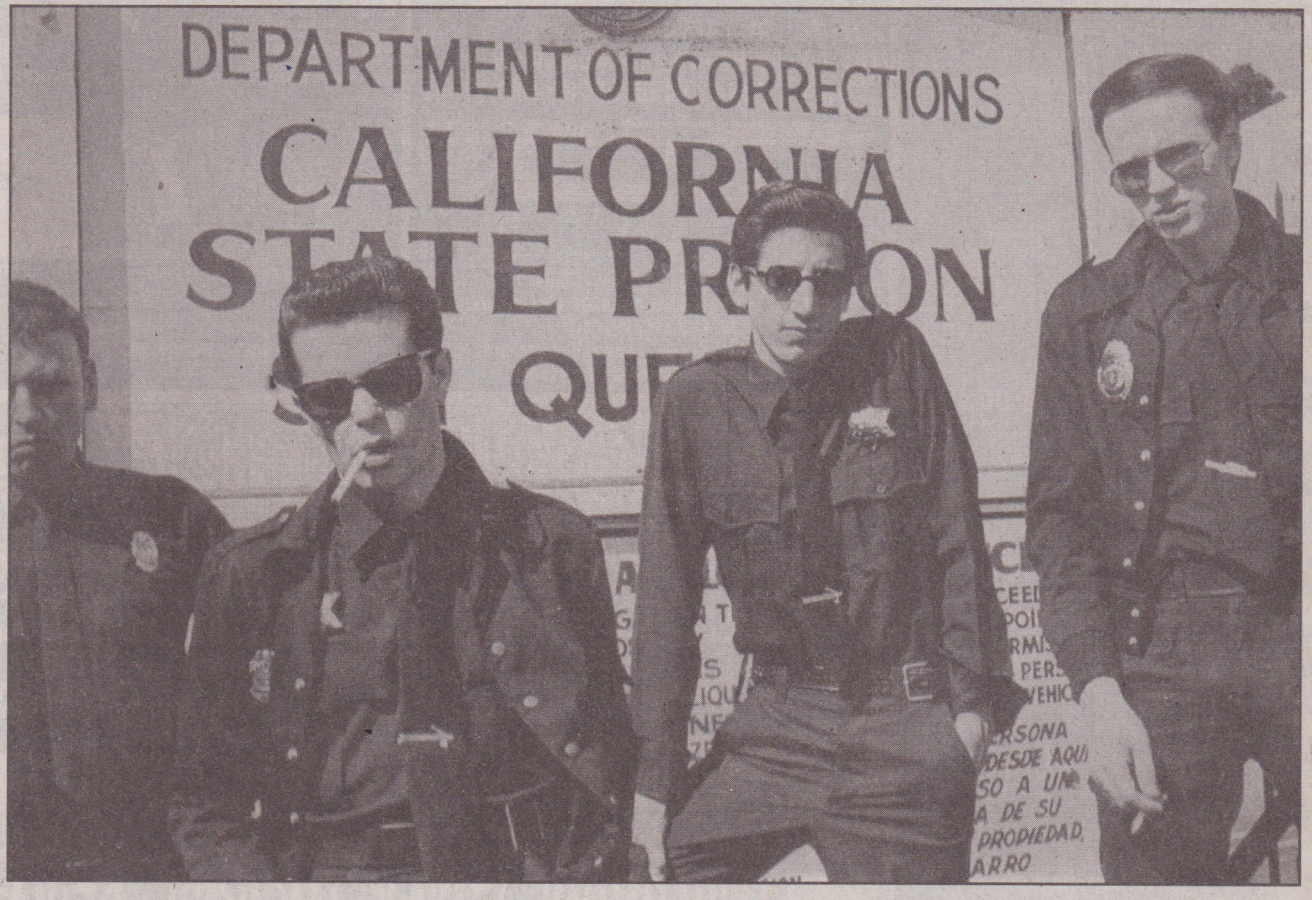

san francisco's doomed fest

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